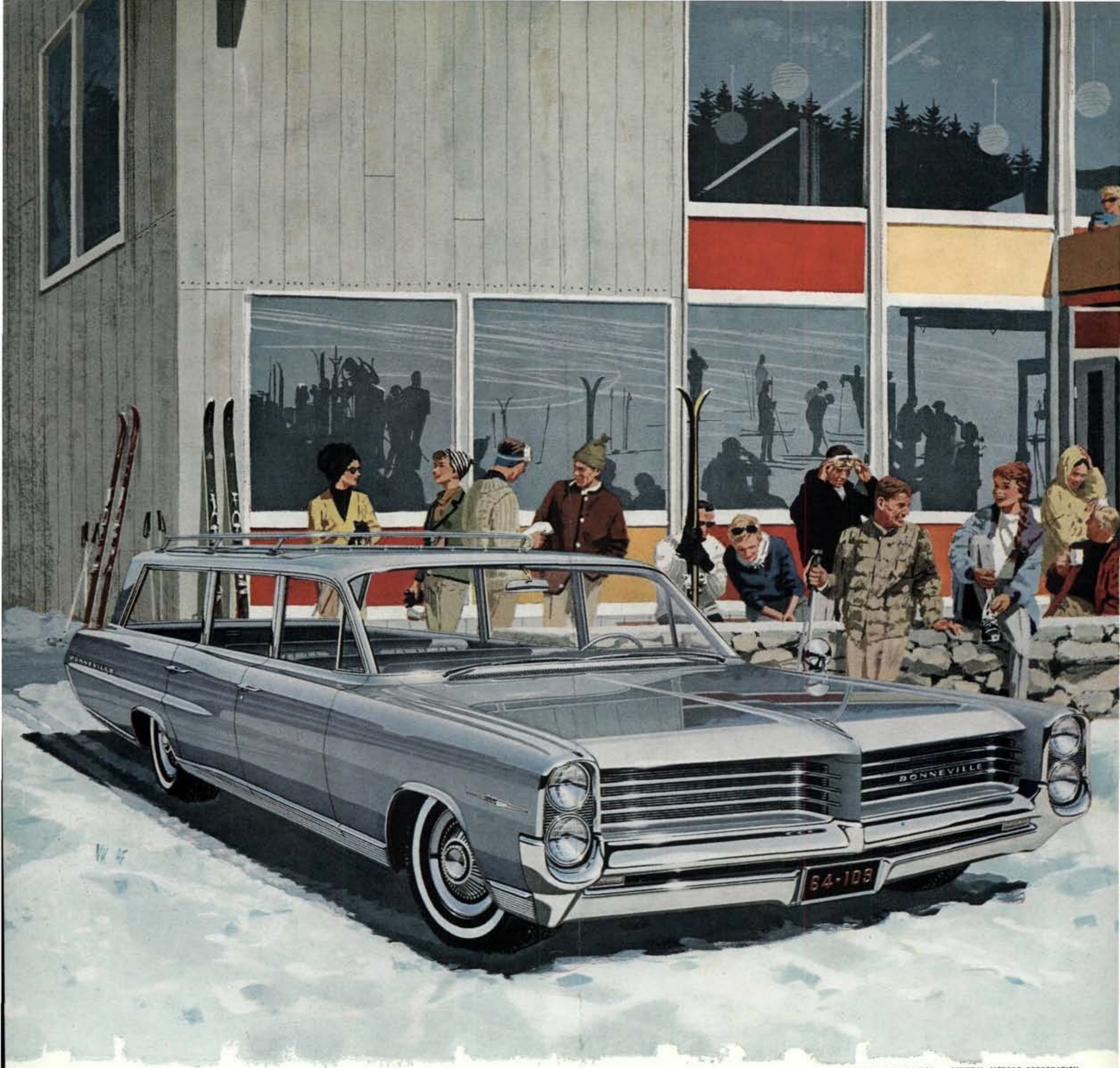
Jan. 25, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

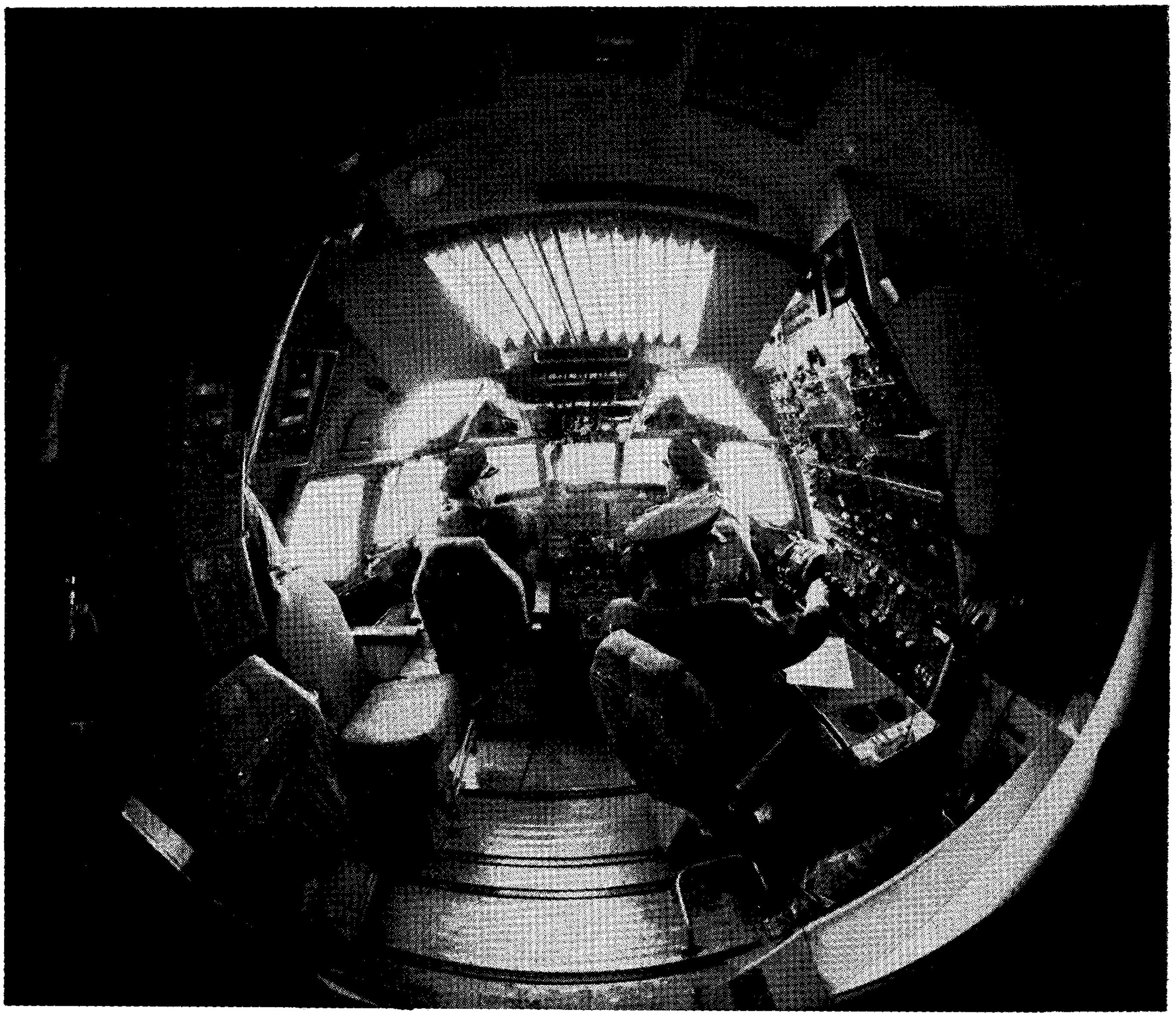
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 5 1993



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Imagine a car that goes like a Pontiac, rides like a Pontiac, looks like a Pontiac and works like a wagon. Hmmm, you just invented our Safari again. Imagine that. What we do, for you, is simply start with a load space (more than 96 cubic feet) which is very useful for hauling skis and evergreens and groceries all day and enough people for a party later on. Then we set it on Wide-Track, which is why you won't notice many bumps and curves any more. Up front we put a Trophy V-8 with enough gumption for exploring back roads or gobbling up turnpikes. Inside and out we lavish Pontiac styling, which leaves little to say once you've seen it. Now imagine yourself in a Safari, then think about how soon you can visit your Pontiac dealer. **'64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC**



This dramatic photograph of the cockpit of a United Mark IV DC-8 Jet Mainliner was taken through a special lens that "sees" a complete 180 degrees.

ONLY ONE JETLINER HAS BROKEN THE SOUND BARRIER...THE DC-8. ONLY UNITED FLIES DC-8 JETS NONSTOP COAST TO COAST.

The DC-8 Mark IV Jet Mainliner® is our long-range specialist. It is the only jetliner to fly faster than the speed of sound (a record), to fly as far as 7903 miles nonstop (a record), to fly above 50,000 feet (a record).

Naturally, United doesn't fly DC-8s this fast, this far, or this high. But if you're looking for reserve power, reserve speed and reserve strength, you have it in the DC-8.

You have a jet that was designed for passenger comfort. For instance, our engineers insisted on a broad fuselage for wide seating space. Double-sized windows on the DC-8 give you a better view. And the unique loading system is so fast that your suitcase often beats you to the baggage area.

For shorter trips, our engineers looked for jets with different characteristics. For medium-range flights, they picked the swift 720. For shorter trips and flights to smaller jetports, the Caravelle and the new tri-jet 727.

All this equipment aside, the thing that counts most is that we use our carefully selected jets for your convenience: United offers you more jets to more U.S. cities than any other airline.

UNITED®

THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Moaning in the gloaming in the Faulkner country or thereabouts. As adapted by Edward Albee from a novelette by Carson McCullers, the play has its moments of sinister fascination, although it never makes much sense. Colleen Dewhurst, Lou Antonio, and Michael Dunn are noteworthy as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 26.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but pleasant little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walk-up apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—Enid Bagnold's endorsement of senescence has plenty of wit but not much dramatic substance. Margaret Leighton, as the seventy-year-old heroine, never looked lovelier, or, for that matter, never less like a septuagenarian. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—A drama about an R.A.F. encampment where there is very little happiness. The play, written by Arnold Wesker, is rather shapeless, but it does have its dramatic passages. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luther—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. John Heffernan will succeed Albert Finney in the title role on Friday, Jan. 24. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

A Man for All Seasons—A two-week return engagement of the Robert Bolt play, with William Roderick, Bruce Gordon, and Albert Dekker. Opens Monday, Jan. 27, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 9. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, Jan. 29, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Marathon '33—June Havoc's account of the Terpsichorean endurance contests that helped to make the depression a period everyone would like to forget. The play is blatantly vulgar, and even the ingenious efforts of Julie Harris as the iron-legged heroine don't redeem it. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston bounces around engagingly in this comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Kirk Douglas and his associates are all very active in this story of a lunatic asylum rocked by inmates who have been inspired to revolt against discipline, but the play, by Dale Wasserman, doesn't make for sound entertainment. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 25.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, one a rather ordinary business about a young man's being taught to chase the girls, and the other—a big improvement—a farce about a far-out detective who is so effective in shadowing a lady that she presently finds it hard to get along without him. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964:** A diversion, now revised and with new material added, in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **ENTER LAUGHING:** Alan Arkin plays a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor. With Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... **MARY, MARY:** Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

The Girl Who Came to Supper—Tessie O'Shea and Florence Henderson, a pair of admirable ladies, almost succeed in making a go of this bit of Wiener schnitzel, which has to do with the emotional vagaries of a Middle European grand duke and a Milwaukee hoofer. The play has a limp book by Harry Kurnitz, based on a play by Terence Rattigan, but the music and lyrics, by Noël Coward, are sometimes sprightly. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, rendered by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving along in reasonable style. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4164. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays

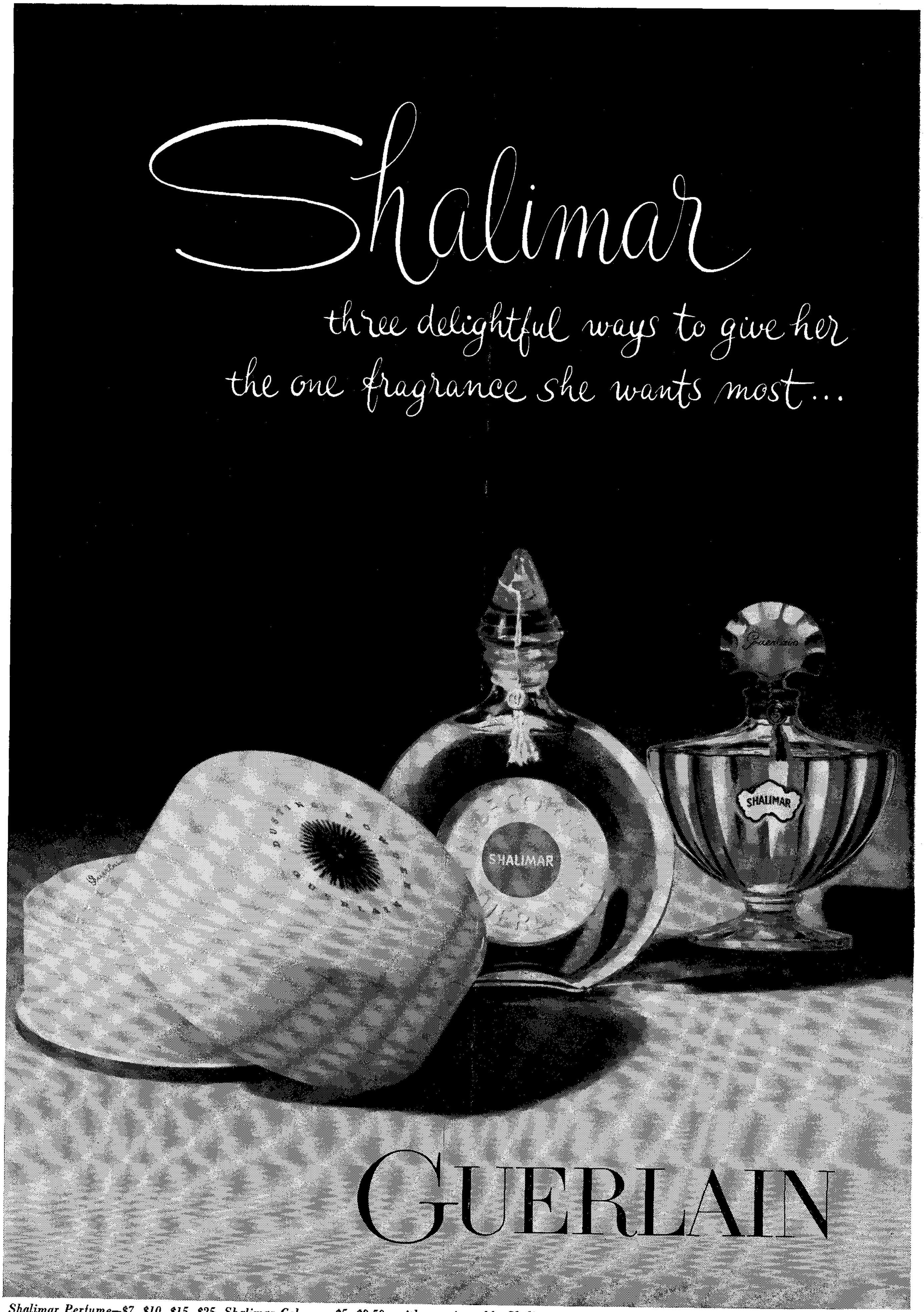
Page
BOOKS 102
THE CURRENT CINEMA 40
LETTER FROM LONDON 58
LETTER FROM PARIS 80
MUSICAL EVENTS 94
JAZZ RECORDS 97
THE RACE TRACK 92
THE THEATRE 72

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Advertising offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W. 1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 49, January 25, 1964. Second-class postage paid in New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.


Shalimar
three delightful ways to give her
the one fragrance she wants most...
SHALIMAR
SHALIMAR
GUERLAIN

Shalimar Perfume—$7, $10, $15, $25. Shalimar Cologne—$5, $8.50; with atomizer, $6. Shalimar Dusting Powder at a new low price, $5. All prices plus tax.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Joel Grey. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 1.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Arthur Miller's "After the Fall," directed by Elia Kazan and featuring Jason Robards, Jr., and Salome Jens, is the inaugural play of the company's initial season. Opens Thursday, Jan. 23. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cabin in the Sky—Rosetta LeNoire in a revival of the Lynn Root-Vernon Duke-John Latouche 1940 musical. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Funnyhouse of a Negro—A one-act play that portrays, in expressionistic fashion and with a kind of grim wit, the anguished, spectre-ridden world of a desperate Negro girl. Adrienne Kennedy is the promising dramatist. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 and 10, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Jerico-Jim Crow—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30.)

A Lovely Light—Dorothy Stickney in a return engagement of the one-woman show that she adapted from the poems and letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.)

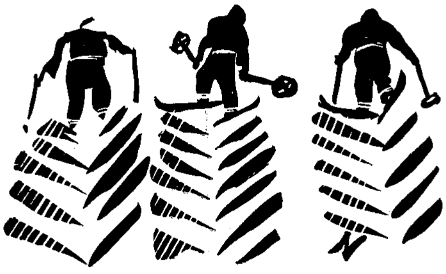
Play and The Lover—Samuel Beckett's "Play" involves three corpses, encased in urns, who talk separately and in chorus, to no apparent purpose. "The Lover" is Harold Pinter's very funny new comedy, which may be part parody of Noël Coward and Edward Albee but is stamped in every line with Mr. Pinter's own delightful originality. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Too Much Johnson—Burt Shevelove's adaptation of William Gillette's farce about an attractive deceiver. The production is full of shenanigans, some of which are appropriate and some of which are not. John McMartin is exactly right, as the plausible hero. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—The combination of a set of poems, by James Weldon Johnson, with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Jan. 23: "Divertimento No. 15," "Quatuor," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 24: "Bugaku," "Apollo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 25: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Meditation," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 25: "Divertimento No. 15," "Bugaku," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 26: "Concerto Barocco," "Episodes," "Tarantella," and "Firebird."... ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 26: "Four Temperaments," "Raymonda Variations," "Waltz Scherzo," and "Gounod Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

National Ballet of Canada—A company of eighty, plus the National Ballet Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—A simple, homespun story line (I want what I want when I want it) threads the ditties intoned by Pearl Bailey, a girl quite likely to get what she wants. She issues her ultimatums to all twice every night but Sunday in the Royal Box, where there is plenty of dance music.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with Dickson Hughes at the piano

ELEPHANTS
HAVE
RIGHT OF WAY

Peugeot encountered many extraordinary signs—and difficulties—in winning the recent East African Safari. Lions, giant anteaters, hub-deep mud, stampedes, cloudbursts and hairpin turns were a few of the joys of the annual event some auto manufacturers shun like the plague. One leading weekly calls it: "The most punishing ordeal on earth for drivers and stock cars." Another publication says: "If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles, there would be no East African Safari."

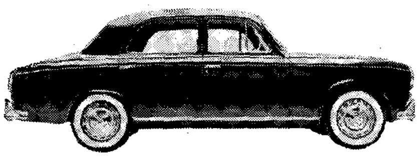
The 1963 version of hell on wheels was the most fantastic in history. 84 cars began. Exactly 7 finished. *3 of the seven were Peugeots, the winning Peugeot finishing an hour and fifteen minutes ahead of its nearest competitor!*

As the rally got underway, torrential rains had washed out many of the trails that are laughingly called roads, and cars bogged down right and left. Rocks slashed the gas tanks and tires of other cars. Once the front-running Peugeot, blocked by two stalled cars, had to swing off the road and smash through a tropical forest in order to continue the course. The Peugeot entries completed every tortuous inch of the 3130-mile course taking first, fifth and sixth places in overall rankings and first and second in their class.

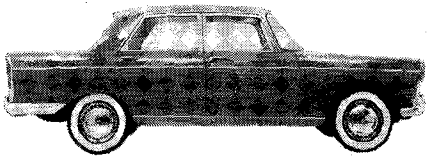
What does all this prove, since none of us will ever face similar driving conditions? It proves that Peugeot is built with integrity. Body steel is heavier. Bumpers and trim are stainless steel, not chrome. Every single Peugeot is test-driven. Every part, down to nuts and bolts, is scrutinized. Peugeot has earned a nickname we're proud of. The Indestructible. This car combines extraordinary performance with amazing durability. Test drive a Peugeot and you'll see what we mean.

PEUGEOT

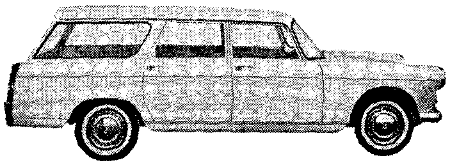
(Say Pooj-oh)



PEUGEOT 403: $2295 East Coast POE, $2387 West Coast POE.
Called one of the seven best made cars in the world by John Bond, publisher of Road & Track.



PEUGEOT 404: $2645 East Coast POE, $2736 West Coast POE.
Designed to be even better than the 403.



PEUGEOT STATION WAGON: $2795 East Coast POE, $2875 West Coast POE.

For brochure write: Peugeot, Inc., 97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York.
For overseas delivery write: Cars Overseas, Inc., 555 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. or see your local dealer.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from five-thirty to seven-thirty, a clutch of Cuban strings and tenors thence until nine, and then three-bounces-to-the-ounce dance tunes by Charles Turecamo's band and the Cubans until one. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Through the looking glass. A certain animation is imparted to the tableau by Freddie Jagels' good little band and Freddy Alonso's Latinists. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Renato Rossini, an unfailing romanticist when he takes to his guitar, graces the Café Pierre every night but Monday, and a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest musicmakers do a hand gallop every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Watching Juliet Prowse go through the carefully arranged (or overarranged) ritual devised for her début in the Persian Room, one can't help thinking that she'd be an unsolvable subject for "What's My Line?" She's on hand at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's big orchestra and Mark Monte's small one turn out quantities of dance music the evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, whose décor is now red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club is back at its old tricks—dinner and supper garnished with dancing. Milt Shaw's band is the wherewithal, from eight to one during the week and from nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Oscar Brown, Jr., who takes the inequities of life quite seriously, sets his thoughts about them to his own very bop tunes, and performs this odd mixture with personable skill; Nancy Wilson bites with oceans of zeal into every ballad that comes her way. They're on hand at dinner and after the theatre. The best of the Meyer Davis orchestras and Horace Diaz' band are the rest of the Empire Room *mise en scène*. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

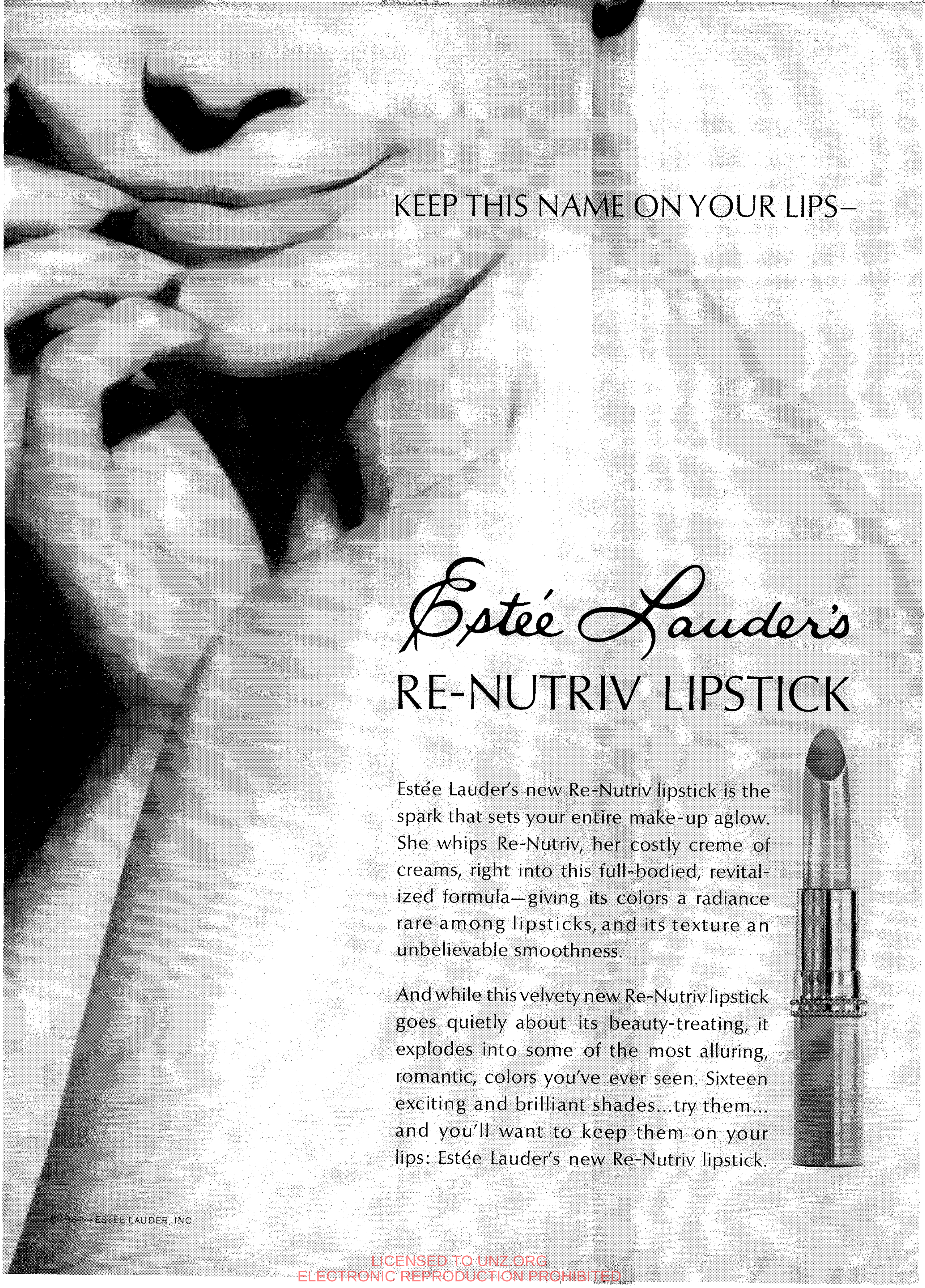
GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. Aldo Bruschi is impresario, pianist, basso profundo, and (from Thursday through Sunday each week) dance master in charge of a trio. Three or four all-out singers assist his opera-house maneuvers. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

. . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, will arrive on Monday, Jan. 27, to put them into execution. His tour of duty will run from seven to ten every night but Sunday. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): The Downeys, of the renowned Eighth Avenue greenroom of the same name, are engaged in a smaller East Side counterpart, where Hugh Shannon, repatriated from Stresa, deals out piano constructed of bonhomie and barroom bounce, and lyrics full of the quip that cheers. Michael Burr is his bassist; ten to four is the daily-except-Sunday stint. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered across the moat. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. A lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano cajoled by Ralph Strain, whose manner is social occasional. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranchhouse in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time during the week, by a duo on Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five-thirty to seven and again from eleven to three—there is organ music of a serenity quite appropriate to the setting. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The care and feeding of guests, done with Italianate ceremony, is enhanced by a small, soft-spoken instrumental group from seven o'clock on most nights of the week, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. There's even a minute dance floor, ready for occupancy at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There's nothing here for dinner or supper but crusts—all of them upper, though. The crunching is accompanied by George Feyer's helter-skelter piano. Sundays are his holidays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody, from busboy to chef, wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's night-lifers, who are at table until ten-thirty and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this miniature Alhambra. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State of grace is the mood, and three hours at dinner is par for the courses, which can run to six or seven. Jules Kuti, whose piano knows its way around our town and the European capitals, is in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop, becomingly assuming the role of doyenne in the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, lets her dulcet piano run from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A hitherto undiscovered fairy tale, "Diamond Fair," is inclined toward aesthetics and not toward the pointing of a moral. The princes do handstands, carom off trampolines, and produce doves out of thin air; the princesses are gowned—at (and in) the very least—for the sunny seacoast of Bohemia. It has been grandiloquently staged by Alec Shanks, of London, and blithely choreographed by our own Donald Saddler. Not only that, but there's far-flung ballerina work by Giselle Szony and a the-boy-grew-up act by Bobby Breen, the one-time wee lad of the Hollywood studios. Mlle. Szony disappears on Tuesday, Jan. 28; the rest carry on. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Miriam Makeba, whose mien and manner come naturally to one of such royal African lineage, unbends wonderfully (flashing eyes and all that) when she gets to work on folk music that seems wholly indigenous



KEEP THIS NAME ON YOUR LIPS—

Estée Lauder's
RE-NUTRIV LIPSTICK

Estée Lauder's new Re-Nutriv lipstick is the spark that sets your entire make-up aglow. She whips Re-Nutriv, her costly creme of creams, right into this full-bodied, revitalized formula—giving its colors a radiance rare among lipsticks, and its texture an unbelievable smoothness.

And while this velvety new Re-Nutriv lipstick goes quietly about its beauty-treating, it explodes into some of the most alluring, romantic, colors you've ever seen. Sixteen exciting and brilliant shades...try them... and you'll want to keep them on your lips: Estée Lauder's new Re-Nutriv lipstick.

© 1964—ESTEE LAUDER, INC.

Sweater dress

with a penchant for the good resort life—sheath of Bloomsburg rayon, embroidered acrylic sweater. Lemon, aqua, pink, 8 to 18, 35.00 Career Shop, Lord & Taylor, New York—and all suburban stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to her; Stan Getz blows pretty and/or pungent bubbles in the air for his quartet to catch; Bill Cosby, a fledgling newscaster, works a trifle hard to make himself amusing. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," the new Julius Monk revue, picks (like its predecessors) on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking, done mostly to a pleasurable score by William Roy, is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—in especial Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. Frank Wagner is the choreographer; Mr. Roy, Paul Trueblood, and Robert Colston are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vaughn Meader in his new and satisfying incarnation as roving philosopher and jokester; Fredricka Weber, whose arias are compounded of sassafras and witch hazel; and the All Night Singers, earnest new believers in folk music. All this happens right after dinner and during supper.... ¶ A trio gyrates in the lounge from two until closing every night but Sunday.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City troupe, whose revues are always a commingling of ingenious planning and will-o'-the-wisp impromptu, are breaking in their new prodigy, which gets Tom O'Horgan's harp as underscoring. Severn Darden and Barbara Harris, who are revue artists as good as they come, are the principals, and Bob Dishy is part of the ensemble. The charades start at nine and eleven-thirty, except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty), and on Sundays (when there's an eight-thirty and eleven showing). Mondays, darkness prevails.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe" *réclame,* views the world through morose-colored glasses as he thinks up the conversation indulged in by Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, Roddy Maude-Roxby, and Carole Simpson, who are the wholly admirable cast of the third edition of a revue stemming from London's Establishment. The lyrics that Miss Simpson declaims are the work of Stephen Vinaver. Marian McPartland's progressive jazz trio is the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty; Sundays at four and eight; Mondays not at all. The McPartland trio plays in the bar after the second show.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): David Shepherd, offshoot of the Compass Players, is the man behind the throne of a small revue-with-music that, instead of standing on ceremony, treads on the toes of urban, suburban, and exurban folkways. Some of it is mild, a lot of it is bumptiously funny, and the participants—Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, MacIntyre Dixon, Jane Alexander, and Richard Libertini—are just right. "Twice Over Nightly" is the name; nine-fifteen and midnight are the starting times. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** there are Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour,* which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art, and Sam Hamilton, by hereditary right her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Wednesday, Jan. 29, brings all this to an end; thereafter, the tiny stage will be occupied by a tiny revue (its principals are Marian Mercer and Carol Morley) composed by Michael McWhinney and Rod Warren. Nine-fifteen and midnight will be its schedule. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The invincible Chavales de España, assisted in their formations and fanfares by a brace of flamenco dancers, do not only drill work but dance music. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps.... ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the waywardness of Spanish love life.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Marcelo, who could lead the parade in any strutters' ball, spills Latin footwork and temperament all over the wee stage in the course of his ballet, in which a few aides are also concerned. He does this twice a night during the week, three times on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing for the guests as well.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Roland Kirk's foursome is the current apostle of the new-form music. There's an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): At the moment, it's a home for part-time workers, but pretty damn good ones. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, and again on Jan. 31-Feb. 1, the roster will offer Sabicas, whose flamenco guitar is compulsory listening; Judy Henske, a jolly, what-care-I? purveyor of double-jointed folk music; and the combined forces of Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, who sing like a choir of saxophones loosed in a high-ceilinged heaven.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. The Serendipity Singers, whose rampant arias come from America's rocks and rills and templed hills, are the mainstay. Jake Holmes, lately of the witty folk group called Allen & Grier, is now going it alone. They're off duty Tuesdays.... **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Matt Dennis, who writes his airy, artful love letters for voice, piano, trio, or all three right onstage, departs on Saturday, Jan. 25, along with Ginny Dennis, lawful spouse and soprano. On Monday, Jan. 27, Jackie Paris, who knows plenty of sly little vocal tricks himself, moves in. Ernie Furtado's trio remains at its post. They all stay home Sundays, when Benny Golson heads up a new-school group of musicians.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them are what confront the listeners here. Twist is the music early in the evening; later, Red Allen, that Roman candle, opens up with his quartet, and Marty Napoleon's quintet of snipers picks off any surviving eardrums. Guest performers snatch up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Gerry Mulligan's thirteen-man pressure group winds up, in a final burst of brass-bound glory, on Sunday, Jan. 26. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet will have the floor.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. The quartet marked by John Coltrane's ad-infinitum solos departs on Thursday, Jan. 30; next evening, Ben Webster, a splendid reminder of the hearty old days, brings aboard his foursome. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Lawson. Closed Sundays.... **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Where once Nick's steaks and jazz sizzled, the G-String Strugglers, a sort of skiffle band (three banjoes, a washboard, a tuba, and a trombone), roam the range from about eight to about two. Herbert Jacoby, past master of the boîtes called Le Ruban Bleu and the Blue Angel, is the entrepreneur, and period-piece is the décor.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, a force so apocalyptic that on occasion his bass fiddle seems to turn into a sword of Damocles, leads a sextet into the fray. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six play, but only after a fashion, for

When you see a Continental, take a second look.
Notice the kind of person who enjoys it.
Then experience the Continental yourself.
Discover its increased spaciousness, its ride, its luxury.
You will know why more than half the people
who buy in our price range
choose the Continental, the modern American classic.
Lincoln Continental.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY

There's a Lady in the house

The house is Manhattan®. The lady is Lady Manhattan.
You can trace the royal lineage in the cut of the collar, the minuscule stitches, the self-assured look.
Man-tailored? Of course. Man-admired? Obviously!
She's wearing a vivid green shirt with pleated bosom and such Lady Manhattan® specialties as longer shirt tails and contour tailoring.
No-iron 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% cotton in green and other dazzling colors. Sizes 8 to 18. $8.00.
Priced slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.
A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

Lady Manhattan®

At these and other fine stores: Macy's, *New York;* Jordan Marsh, *Boston;* Polsky's, *Akron;* Rich's, *Atlanta;* Maison Blanche, *New Orleans;* Famous-Barr Co., *St. Louis;* The Dayton Co., *Minneapolis;* Titche-Goettinger, *Dallas;* Macy's, *San Francisco.* Also available in Canada.

listening and dancing, and David Amran's quartet alternates with them. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not exactly what you'd call a listeners' post, but Jonah Jones, whose trumpet never tires, and his foursome blast away anyhow. Sundays, someone else does the job. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's riverboat piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night but Monday and Tuesday, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a set of banjoists called the Red Onion Minstrels takes over.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN (1899-1949)—Large oils and small watercolor figure groups and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Abstract sculptures, in plaster and bronze; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BRODERSON—Paintings of birds, beasts, and myths; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN BROWN—Still-lifes and figure paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BURLIN—Abstractions; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID BURLIUK—New oils by this eighty-one-year-old artist; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

MOSHE ELAZAR CASTEL—Paintings by an Israeli artist; through Feb. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARMEN CICERO—Brush drawings, gouaches, and pastels; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—Assemblage "boxes" and collages; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 9 to 7; Sundays, noon to 7.)

LEONARD DELONGA—Semi-abstract metal sculptures and constructions; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

VILLARD DENIS—Paintings by a Haitian artist; through Feb. 16. (Coimbra, 160 E. 64th St.)

LAMAR DODD—"Rhythms" is the theme of a showing of watercolors, ink drawings, and oils; through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

MICHEL ELIA—Marble sculptures, semi-abstract in style; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PETER FORAKIS—Hard-edge paintings and two constructions; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

EMILE GILIOLI—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY AND ALFRED H. MAURER—Still-lifes; through Feb. 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD HOFFMANN—Paintings of natural rock forms; through Feb. 8. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

HARRY JACKSON—A large painting, "The Range Burial," together with its preliminary drawings, oils, plasters, and bronzes; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

BEN KAMIHIRA—Landscapes done in Spain, figure paintings, and small still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

HENRY KOERNER—Figure paintings, landscapes, and portraits; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris School; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

SAUL LISHINSKY—Figurative and Impressionistic paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Braverman, 23 E. 67th St.)

TOM MORIN—Abstract cast-aluminum sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNST WILHELM NAY—Abstract paintings by a contemporary German artist; through Feb. 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings by a Japanese-born artist; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—Early, representational works; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.). . . ¶ A benefit loan exhibition tracing his development from the early figurative paintings to the all-over abstractions of his later years; through Feb. 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Paintings by a pop artist; through Feb. 8. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

REGINALD ROWE—Oils mainly; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

MORTON L. SCHAMBERG—A memorial exhibition of paintings by one of the pioneering American abstractionists, who died, in his late thirties, in 1918; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

HERBERT SIMON—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

FRANK STELLA—Geometric paintings; through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

TANIA—Color structures; through Feb. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

PAUL ZIMMERMAN—Landscapes and still-lifes; starting Saturday, Jan. 25. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

ART OF TUSCANY—Paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

CHINESE ART—Paintings and calligraphy by masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Feb. 29. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Watercolors, caseins, pastels, and the like, by Arthur G. Dove, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Joseph Stella, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Four "environments" by four leading pop and hard-edge artists mixed—Jim Dine, Claes Oldenburg, James Rosenquist, and George Segal—who have been given a room apiece to have their way with; through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: The thirty-second annual show of works in all mediums by the gallery artists, among them Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Nathan Hale; through Feb. 15. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, John Singer Sargent, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century ar-

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
WHEN YOU WEAR
FAME
FAME
PARFUM DE CORDAY
THREE-FIFTY TO THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS
©1962 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC

BONWIT TELLER

MISS BONWIT SAYS BONJOUR TO SPRING

Hers alone...a dress of crisp diagonal twill, its body-following fit newly borrowed from Paris. Rayon and silk; SiBonne lined. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. Nautical blue or sand white, 6 to 14 sizes, 55.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

MISS BONWIT DRESSES
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tists; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NORDNESS,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rico Lebrun, David Aronson, and Milton Hebald; through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **PACE,** 9 W. 57th St.: Seven young pop artists, mainly satirizing cheap "cover art" in a show called "First International Girlie Exhibit;" through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: An exhibition of American folk arts from the Stony Point Folk Art Gallery, in Stony Point, New York. On view are (for instance) stone sculptures by William Edmondson and life-size images made by Clark Coe of Killingworth, Connecticut. Through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BODLEY,** 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: The opening exhibition at the gallery's new location is made up of works by six Surrealists, including Matta, Victor Brauner, and Thomas Chimes; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Among the exhibitors in a showing of white-on-white paintings, sculptures, and intaglios are Chryssa, Josef Albers, and Antoni Tàpies; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: "For Eyes and Ears," a display of sound-producing works by Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Jean Tinguely, Larry Rivers, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRIED,** 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Philip Guston, Salvador Dali, Kurt Schwitters, and other modern artists; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Karel Appel, and Philippe Hosiasson; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Agam, Len Lye, and José de Rivera are three of the dozen participants in "On the Move," a selection of mobile constructions; through Saturday, Feb. 1.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Vieira da Silva, Jean Arp, Pierre Soulages, and other twentieth-century painters; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **IOLAS,** 15 E. 55th St.: A sizable collection of oils and drawings by Ernst, Léger, Braque, Magritte, Miró, and Picasso; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Impressionist paintings by (to mention a few) Renoir, Monet, and Cézanne; through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Egon Schiele, Oskar Kokoschka, and Gustav Klimt are three of the artists represented in a showing of watercolors, drawings, and prints by nine Austrian Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan. 25.

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Prints by forty-five artists from eleven countries; through Feb. 8. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including items from every century since the fifteenth by such artists as Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Thirty-five purchase-prizes (by Will Barnet, Robert Conover, Antonio Frasconi, and others) from the Museum's past print biennials; through Feb. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of sixteenth-century Venetian paintings by, among others, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings in black and white by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, and others; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Liturgical manuscripts and books (of the eighth to the eighteenth centuries) for the Mass and the Divine Office; through March 21. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of recent French hand-bookbinding; through Feb. 23. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Toys and Amusements," a display of objects from the early nineteenth century—large circus and carrousel animals, circus posters, paintings, handmade articles, and manufactured toys; through March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru," an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, composed of silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

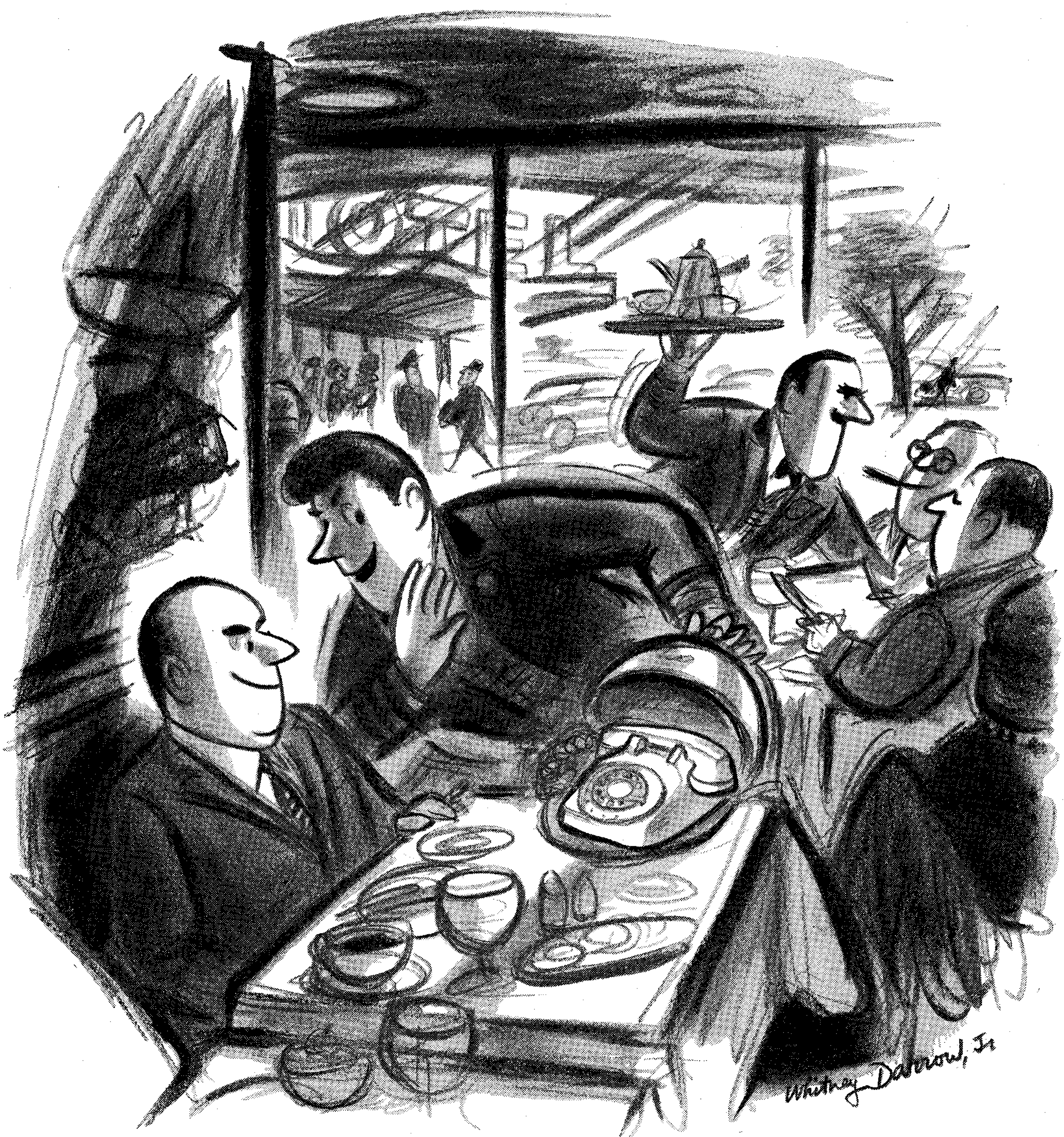
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1963 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, comprising paintings by a hundred and forty-five artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Hans Hofmann, and Andrew Wyeth; through Feb. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8: The American première of Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Nicolai Gedda, George London, Morley Meredith, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Gianna d'Angelo, Lynn Blair, George Shirley, Walter Cassel, Cesare Siepi, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Luisa Malagrida, Biserka Cvejic, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Flaviano Labò, Anselmo Colzani, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Gianna d'Angelo, Teresa Stratas, Jess Thomas, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Flaviano Labò, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Rosalind Elias, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Vladimir Ruzdak. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1:30: "Lohengrin," with Régine Crespin, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Biserka Cvejic, Franco Corelli, and Mario



"Confidential call for you, sir"

The table-side convenience of **Portable Phones** is a specialty of the house at hotels and motels offering **Guest-Dial Phone Service.** Other time-saving favorites of business travelers include: **Guest-Dialing** that lets guests make local calls direct, reach the Long Distance operator with one spin of the dial . . . **Message Waiting Service** with a little light on room phones tells guests that a message came while they were out . . . and **Guest Reservation Service** makes and confirms reservations quickly by Long Distance or teletypewriter. The Bell System's **Guest-Dial Phone Service** adds value and enjoyment to trips, meetings and conventions. Look for it the next time you travel. It's offered by the country's leading hotels and motels.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Serving you

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Textured silk
expressing the soft and feminine ways of spring with pretty neckline, panel front flair to the easy skirt and a lucky leaf pin. Beautiful background for any occasion. Fully lined with SiBonne for shape retention. Black, navy, azalea pink or new green. Sizes 10 to 20. (N-217) 55.00

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
New York Store Only

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sereni. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call YU 6-6094.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 24, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3 (all with John Corigliano, violin). . . . ¶ Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30, and Friday, Jan. 31, at 2:15 (both with Charles Treger, violin). . . . ¶ Pedro Calderon conducting on Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3 (both with Charles Treger, violin).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30, a Bach-Bruckner program.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-French program, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 27, at 8:40.)

Temple University Concert Choir—Robert Page directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Eunice Alberts, mezzo-soprano; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; William Warfield, bass; and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Philadelphia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Ronald Turini—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Norman Shetler—Piano, with the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet and Benita Valente, soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Justino Díaz—Bass. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:45. For tickets, call PL 5-1612.)

Gérard Souzay and Gold and Fizdale—Baritone and duo pianists, in a program of music by Francis Poulenc. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

New York String Trio—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 5:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Elizabethan music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Aldo Parisot—In the last in a series of programs called "Cello Through the Centuries," this one ("Romantic, Impressionist, Contemporary") with Ward Davenny, piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Cesare Valletti—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus—In a program of four-hand piano music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—In the first in a series of four programs of Mozart piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Paganini Quartet, with William Primrose, viola. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Davis Shuman—Trombone. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Glenn Gould—In the first of two lecture-recitals on "The History of the Piano Sonata." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:40.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Note—The Quartetto Italiano will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 27, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 25: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 28: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1: Knicks vs. San Francisco. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—Gregorio Peralta vs. Wayne Thornton, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 21.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting a program of music by Paul Hindemith. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 25, at noon.). . . **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "Aïda," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.). . . **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman directing a program that will include a staged musical play, "Young Tom Edison." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 11.)

Recital—Tom Glazer, folk singer, in a benefit performance. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call SC 4-2818, Mondays through Fridays.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2.). . . **children's theatre wing:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25-26, at 2 and 3:30.). . . **explore, inc.:** "Androcles and the Lion." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 1.). . . **gramercy arts children's theatre:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7738. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.). . . **kaufmann concert hall, y.m.h.a.:** The Nancy Cole Puppets presenting "Punch and Judy" and the Blue Peacock Players presenting fables and dances of India, Bali, and Siam. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2:30.). . . **maximillion productions:** "Gabriel Ghost." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.). . . **musical theatre for children:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.). . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood."

(Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Aesop's Fables." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Long, Broad and Quick-Eye." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 1:30 and 3, and Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **UNICORN PLAYERS:** "Robin in the Enchanted Forest." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 11.)

SAHM-CHUN-LI—A company of Korean dancers, singers, and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Galileo and the Stars," demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby *no earlier than thirty minutes before* the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—About five hundred craft are on hand for the annual winter jamboree. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 23-24, from noon to 10:30; Saturday, Jan. 25, from 10:30 to 10:30; and Sunday, Jan. 26, from 1 to 7.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—American, European, and Asiatic furniture and objects of art, as well as historic paintings and documents, jewelry, and silver, displayed by a hundred dealers in a benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 23, from 1 to 7.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 2, from noon to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 24, at *10:15 and 1:45, and* Saturday, Jan. 25, at 1:45: Oriental Lowestoft porcelain; Staffordshire, Leeds, and other wares; Georgian silver and Sheffield plate; Early American glass, brass, copper, wrought iron, and wood carvings; and eighteenth-century American furniture, needlepoint, and hooked rugs. From the collection of George Frelinghuysen. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 28-29, at 1:45: English and American books and manuscripts, including Western Americana, Nathaniel Hawthorne items, and a George Borrow manuscript, plus some Indian Peace Medals; the property of Edward A. Ribal and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8: American paintings and drawings by such artists as Albert Bierstadt, Charles Burchfield, Charles Schreyvogel, and Frederic Remington; owned by Mr. and Mrs. Clyde B. Hurtt and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 24.

A STAY IN ITALY OFFERS YOU:
CITIES FULL OF ART TREASURES — SUNLIT SHORE RESORTS — PICTURESQUE LAKES — MAJESTIC SNOW-CAPPED ALPS — RESPLENDENT VALLEYS — SEASONAL SPORTS — ENRICHED BY FOLKLORE — CULTURAL EVENTS — A GAY SOCIAL LIFE — TEMPTING FOOD AND WINES — AND FOR DISCRIMINATING FEMININE TASTE: THE WORLD FAMOUS ITALIAN FASHION AND PRECIOUS HANDICRAFTS.

PISA
See Italy first

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—ENIT

ENIT

NEW YORK — 626 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO — 333 North Michigan Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO — St. Francis Hotel, Post Street
CANADA:
MONTREAL — Place Ville Marie

. . . and all Travel Agents.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A beautiful and touching act of family piety by Elia Kazan, whose Greek ancestors appear to have been a determined and attractive lot. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy with Tom Courtenay, in which it turns out that honesty is the best policy but not much fun. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Jan. 29, tentative.)

Cleopatra—*Oh, go ahead and see it.* (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—A somewhat weary womanizer woos and wins a virtuous girl, who proves more passionate than her astonished mate would like. A harsh but very funny Italian film, starring Ugo Tognazzi and Marina Vlady and directed by Marco Ferreri. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 28, tentative.)

Divorce–Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a delectable cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 24-27.)

Dr. No—A slick thriller, not a second of which you need to believe. Based on the Ian Fleming original, with Sean Connery as the hard-boiled but ever so suave English Intelligence agent and Ursula Andress as the pretty girl he takes in hand. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 28.)

The Easy Life—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

High and Low—A remarkably good suspense film from Japan about a kidnapping and its consequences. Starring Toshiro Mifune and directed by Akira Kurosawa. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Jan. 24.)

Hud—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. A bleak, strong story, distinguished by the superb performances of Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski, who wrote and directed this comedy, is plainly to be watched. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 29.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook has adapted William Golding's exercise in atavism with dashing enterprise and a fine ear for English public-school chat. A magnificent performance from Hugh Edwards as the pragmatic Piggy—a diminutive C. P. Snow. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 29.)

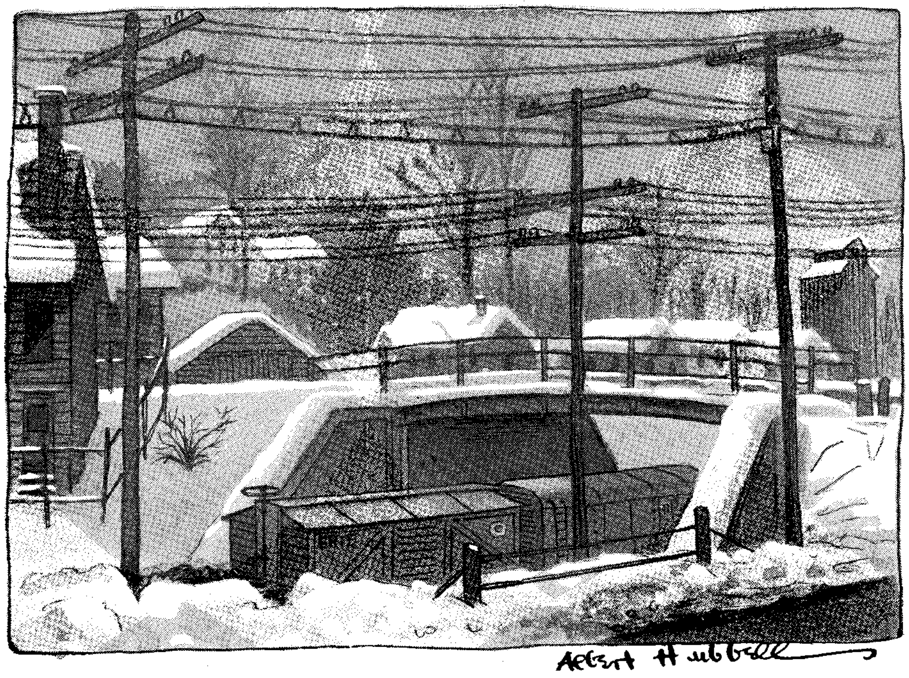
Point of Order!—The Army-McCarthy hearings, a TV sensation of nearly a decade ago, are as thrilling and dismaying as ever in a skillfully edited documentary. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Sound of Trumpets—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Expertly directed by Ermanno Olmi, with Loredana Detto and Sandro Panzeri. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 27.)

This Sporting Life—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is splendid as the tragic hero, and so is Rachel Roberts, opposite him. Lindsay Anderson is responsible for the pretentious direction. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 25.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—A pleasing Italian comedy, not at all like its title. With the great comedian Alberto Sordi. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)



REVIVALS

Chaplin Comedies—"Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Pilgrim," all mementos from the silent past. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Jan. 28.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Jan. 27.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 25.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 23.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—More Marx Brothers, this time in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 23.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Jan. 28.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 28.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 24.)

Mississippi (1935)—W. C. Fields again, this time with Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 23.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, *this* time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 23.)

Poppy (1936)—Still more W. C. Fields, here on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 24.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 24-27.)

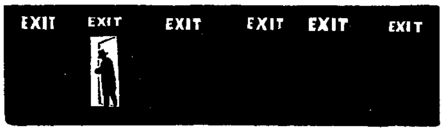
Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 24-27. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 29. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 28.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 28.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Jan. 28: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Jan. 29: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Doll" (in Swedish).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Comedy of Terrors," Vincent Price, Peter Lorre.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Bandits on the Wind" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Jan. 28: "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery.
From Jan. 29: "Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb," Peter Sellers, George C. Scott.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Jan. 28: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
From Jan. 29: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 28: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "The Man from Galveston," Jeffrey Hunter, Preston Foster.
From Jan. 29: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 28: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Jan. 29: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 28 (tentative): **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and "Carry On Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Jan. 28: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.
From Jan. 29 (tentative): **BILLY LIAR.**

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Jan. 26: "4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From Jan. 27: "The Seventh Juror" (in French), Bernard Blier, Danielle Delorme.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 28: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "The Man from Galveston," Jeffrey Hunter, Preston Foster.
From Jan. 29: "The Haunted Palace," Vincent Price, Debra Paget; and "Cry of Battle," Van Heflin, Rita Moreno.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
". . . And Suddenly It's Murder!" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi, Vittorio Gassman.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Jan. 27: **CITY LIGHTS**, revival.
From Jan. 28: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Jan. 28: **BILLY LIAR.**
From Jan. 29: "Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb," Peter Sellers, George C. Scott.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Jan. 27: **DR. NO**; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.
From Jan. 28: "The Fiancés" (in Italian), Carlo Cabrini, Anna Canzi. (Admission will be free on Jan. 28.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
POINT OF ORDER!

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
HUD.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 28 (tentative): "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.
From Jan. 29 : To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 28: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "The Man from Galveston," Jeffrey Hunter, Preston Foster.
From Jan. 29: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 28: "Strait-Jacket," Joan Crawford; and "War Is Hell," Tony Russell.
From Jan. 29: "Children of the Damned," Ian Hendry; and "Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 23: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz; and "Eve Wants to Sleep" (in Polish), revival.
Jan. 24-27: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Jan. 28: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 25: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and **DAVID AND LISA**, revival.
Jan. 26-28: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "Two for the Seesaw," revival, Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.
From Jan. 29: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 26: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.
From Jan. 27: **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Jan. 23: "Hallelujah the Hills," Peter H. Beard.
From Jan. 24: **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 28: "Strait-Jacket," Joan Crawford; and "War Is Hell," Tony Russell.
From Jan. 29: "Children of the Damned," Ian Hendry; and "Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 28: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon; and "Time Out for Love" (in French), revival, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle.
From Jan. 29: **LORD OF THE FLIES.**

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Jan. 28: "The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and "The Man from Galveston," Jeffrey Hunter, Preston Foster.
From Jan. 29: "The Haunted Palace," Vincent Price, Debra Paget; and "Cry of Battle," Van Heflin, Rita Moreno.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Guest," Donald Pleasence.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 28: "Strait-Jacket," Joan Crawford.
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The War of the Buttons" (in French), with a cast of children.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 28: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Jan. 29: "Children of the Damned," Ian Hendry; and "Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.

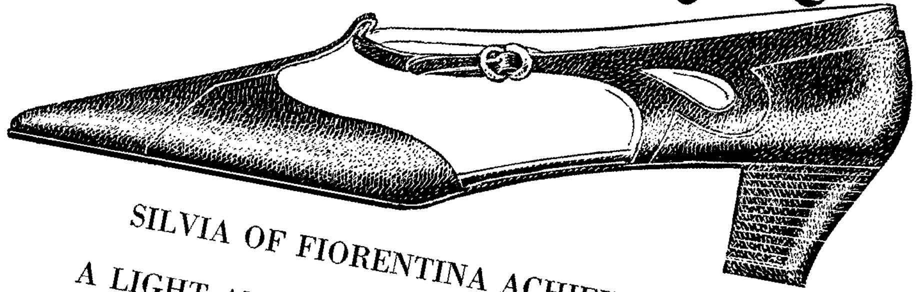
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 23: **MISSISSIPPI**, revival; and **HORSE-FEATHERS**, revival.
From Jan. 24: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival; and **POPPY**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 28: **DR. NO**; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.
From Jan. 29: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

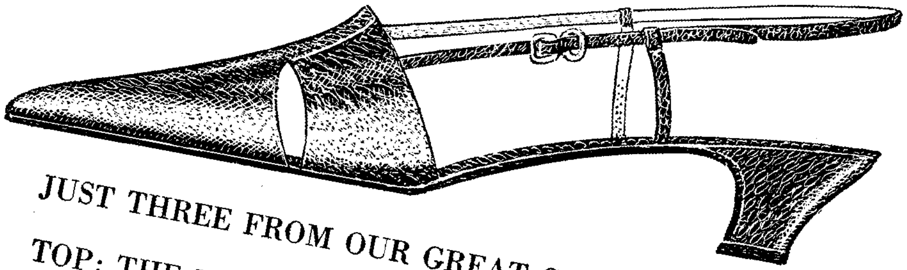
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 23: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
Jan. 24-27: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.
From Jan. 28: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and **THE TRIAL**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 28: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.
From Jan. 29: **LORD OF THE FLIES.**

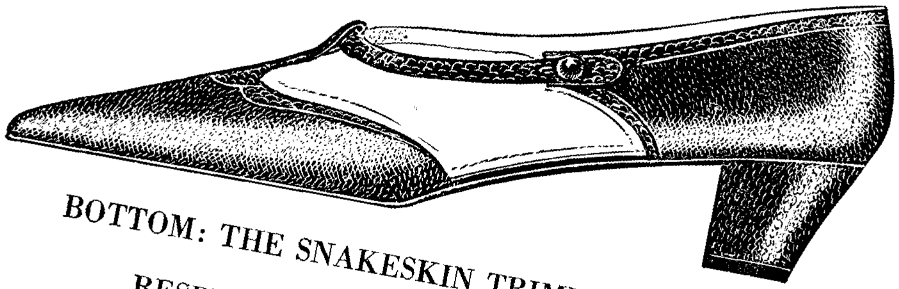
B Altman & Co



SILVIA OF FIORENTINA ACHIEVES HERE
A LIGHT AND AIRY GRANDEUR WITH STRAPS
AND CUT-OUTS...THE MOOD IS ELEGANT AND SPIRITED.



JUST THREE FROM OUR GREAT COLLECTION...
TOP: THE TEAR-DROP T-STRAP, IN CALF, 35.00.
MIDDLE: THE SLING, SNAKESKIN, 40.00



BOTTOM: THE SNAKESKIN TRIMMED T-STRAP,
RESPLENDENT IN SHINY CALF. 36.00
THE DESIGNER SHOP, SECOND FLOOR, FIFTH AVENUE
AND AT SUBURBAN STORES.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE New York World's Fair may not have attracted as many foreign exhibitions as some World's Fairs of the past, but it surely must have broken the world's World's Fair record for amassing domestic public-relations men. Every few days, it seems, we run across the handiwork of a public-relations man assigned by the Fair to some aspect of our daily routine. Several weeks ago, the Public-Relations Man in Charge of Subways—described in the *Times* as "a public relations representative who is a consultant to the [Transit] Authority on behalf of the New York World's Fair"—asked the National Broadcasting Company to assure its viewers that an N.B.C. drama in which two young thugs terrorized the passengers of a subway car was fictional, since anybody who thought that such a thing could happen in a New York subway might change his mind about coming to the Fair, especially if he had been looking forward to the pleasant adventure of an I.R.T. ride to Flushing Meadow. (N.B.C. refused, and could have pointed out that three days earlier an off-duty detective had been shot to death on the I.R.T. by thugs very much like those in the television play. The refusal evoked no comment from the Public-Relations Man in Charge of Subways, who was probably busy telling the Public-Relations Man in Charge of Central Park how to inform potential Fairgoers that nobody ever gets mugged there.) Last week, we gradually began to notice the efforts of another transportation expert, the Public-Relations Man in Charge of Taxicabs. We have always liked to imagine that the variety of color combinations in two-tone taxicabs is the result of the unexpectedly whimsical nature of body-shop foremen or the diverse fashion tastes of independent cabbies' wives; if cab companies hire color consultants to discover what combinations are likely to attract the soot-filled eye of a weary shopper, we'd rather not know about it. But lately we have been unable to escape the conclusion that a more purposeful hand is guiding the paint-sprayer; almost every second cab seems to be orange and blue—New York City's official colors, which are also the colors of the World's Fair. The Public-Relations Man in Charge of Taxicabs must have figured that people who come to New York to see the World's Fair—those who have not been frightened off by the National Broadcasting Company—might forget the reason for their visit if they were not constantly reminded by orange-and-blue taxicabs. He obviously chose this form of reminder on the theory that the orange-and-blue combination is too unattractive to be the colors of any school or university, and therefore is bound to remind visitors *only* of the World's Fair. In this supposition, he is wrong. Danbury High School, in Danbury, Connecticut, and the University of Florida, in Gainesville, Florida, come to mind immediately as two places where the cheering section is likely to be heard screaming "Go, you Orange and Blue!" Knowing that public-relations men rarely allow any such small error to slow the progress of what strikes them as a good idea, we can only hope that in the time remaining before the opening of the Fair the Public-Relations Man in Charge of Taxicabs is not chosen to be the Public-Relations Man in Charge of Buildings.

Rent Strike

WE drove uptown the other day to the headquarters of the Community Council on Housing, to talk with Jesse Gray, the director of the Council and the organizer of the current rent strike in Harlem. We rode past the tall, pale apartment buildings on Park Avenue in the Sixties and Seventies, and past the small shops and galleries on Madison in the Eighties, turned into 117th Street, and stopped between rows of dark, dilapidated tenements just east of Fifth Avenue, in front of a store that looked abandoned. A partly obscured sign in the window read "Community Council." We knocked on a knobless red door set at an angle to the sidewalk, but no one answered, so we tapped on the window. A Negro man appeared, looked out at us, and, after a moment, opened the door.

"Mr. Gray?" we asked.

"I'm Mr. Brown," the man said, and led us into a back room furnished with a desk, a couple of chairs, a wall telephone, and a typewriter on a table.

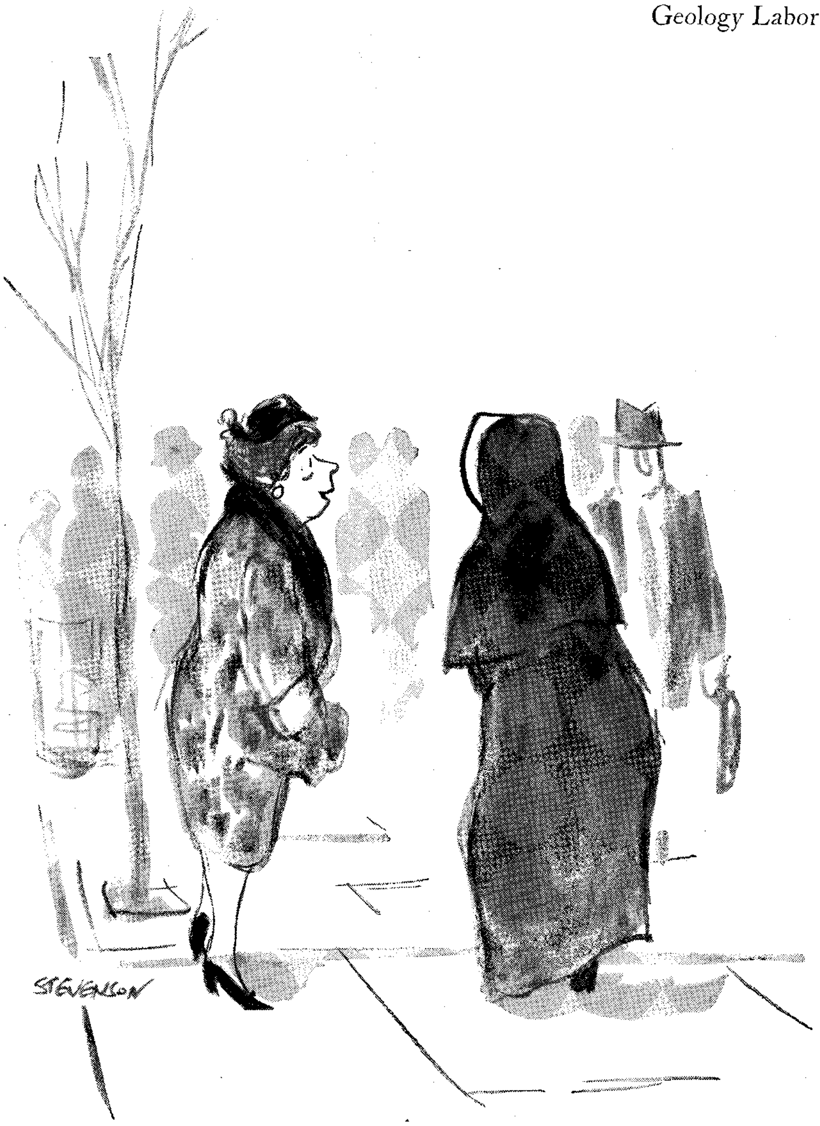
A white youth wearing a brightly striped scarf had just answered the phone. He handed it to Mr. Brown and introduced himself to us as Danny Schechter, a member of the Northern Student Movement. He told us that Mr. Gray was on the phone in the next room, which was his office, and gave us a handbill advertising a Mass Rent Strike Rally. He was a senior at Cornell, he said, but had decided to leave college for a while. Mr. Brown, on the phone, was saying, "We need help. We need all the help we can get," and we heard a voice in Mr. Gray's office saying that the Board of Estimate had just informally approved the appropriation of a million dollars for a campaign against rats.

A moment later, Mr. Gray, a middle-sized Negro with a mustache and an energetic manner, came out of the next room and invited us in. Just as he shut the door behind us, a woman entered the store and announced to Mr. Brown that she had no heat. Shoving a chair against the door to keep it shut, Mr. Gray explained that the Community Council on Housing was the latest name of an organization that had come into existence about ten years ago, when he had first become involved in housing problems; his apartment had been without heat for a week, and so he had founded the Council. "I was cold," he said. Carpenters were working in another part of the store, and from time to time the screech of a saw forced the conversation to a shout. "The Council's official concern is improved housing for Negroes and Puerto Ricans," Mr. Gray said, "but once you walk into a house, you end up trying to deal with all the problems that you find in that house." He smiled, and went on, "The rent strike isn't a new idea. The publicity and the action we're getting now are partly due to the general civil-rights movement in this country. There was a Petition for Heat and Hot Water back in 1913, and we held a rent strike in 1959, with ten or fifteen buildings participating. That forced improvements in eight of the buildings."

The phone on Mr. Gray's desk rang. He answered it, and advised the caller to call Roy Campanella's Liquor Store, on West 134th Street. "Wrong number," he explained to us, and continued, "At the moment, there are two hundred and three buildings on strike, and by next week there will be over two hundred and fifty. Before striking, the tenants in a building hold a house meeting, and get the Buildings Department to make an inspection for violations. Seventy-five per cent of the tenants must agree to strike and to pay their rents into some kind of account—escrow. Sometimes they're afraid to strike, or they weaken later. Maybe the landlord turns on the heat, and they decide he's not so bad. Or he may threaten them with eviction, but that doesn't happen so often."

Mr. Gray became silent, and then said, "You ought to talk to somebody who's been bitten by a rat. I don't know what kind of people the landlords are. All I know is that they don't give heat and hot water. Most landlords are like rats." Struck by greater possibilities for his rat simile, Mr. Gray said, "The tenants are like rats now. Rats feel their power, and they come out in broad daylight and just sit there. Once the tenants feel *their* power, they stop running, they're not afraid any more. We've shown them—and they see now—that they have rights whether they live on Park Avenue or on Lenox Avenue. The court decisions in the past three weeks have helped, and we've put pressure on Mayor Wagner. The city government has power that it can use *now;* it can take over buildings and make repairs under present laws. If the landlord thought he would go to jail, if he knew he would have to pay a stiff fine, there'd be heat and hot water. Our most important aim is to give the people a consciousness of their rights. Then landlords will wake up *down*town and come *up*town and see what is happening."

Danny Schechter pushed the door open, stuck his head in, and said that he was going out to look for someone to paint a sign and for someone to drive a truck. As we got up to go, the phone rang. Mr. Gray answered it, then put his hand over the mouthpiece in order to say goodbye to us. "A man came to me today who was bitten by a rat in December," he said. "He woke up, and there was a rat sitting on his chest! Have you ever seen a rat? The man was poisoned. He has to go back to the hospital now, and he may die."



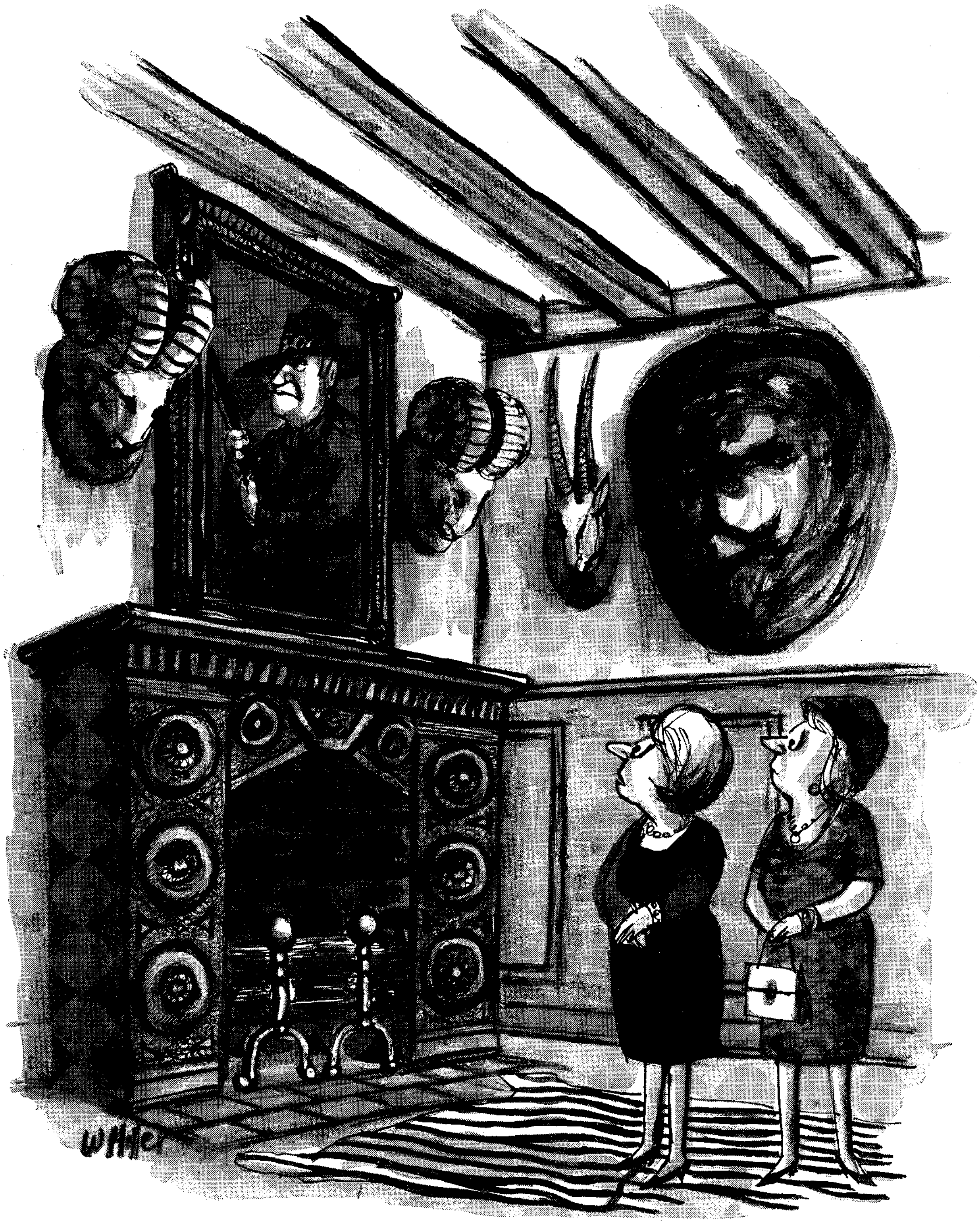
"Do you sing?"

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (RALLY ROUND THE ROCKS AND RILLS, XENOPHOBIC BOYS, DIVISION): An exhibit in the entrance hall of the Kline Geology Laboratory, at Yale, bears the title "Unamerican Geology."

Synaesthesia

AS we were beating our way down Madison Avenue one afternoon last week, tacking back and forth against a bitter wind and putting into doorways for warmth, a sudden, fortuitous gust blew us into the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery, at Seventy-sixth Street, where a show called "For Eyes & Ears" was in progress. We gazed about in wild surmise. Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by twenty-seven artists surrounded us, and nearly every one was making a noise of some kind. Just to the right of the door, Allan d'Arcangelo's "Metronomes," in the form of windshield wipers on a sheet of black glass, was making metronomic windshield-wiper sounds. From Alfonso Ossorio's treelike "Adam and Eve" came



"One day last October, he said, 'I must go where the wild goose goes,' and I haven't seen him since."

lifelike birdsong, produced, logically, by a live bird in a cage. A tape recorder attached to Bruce Conner's "Tick Tock Jelly Clock Cosmotron" gave out chthonian noises, suggestive of a welder's atelier. A mock Matisse painting by George Ortman and a small gray box by Robert Morris, placed side by side, emitted rival versions of an amplified human heartbeat. Two sculptors, Paul Brach and Takis, had enlisted the aid of two avant-garde composers, Earl Brown and Morton Feldman, to lend musical voices to their sculptures, while a musician-turned-sculptor, Joe Jones, had concocted a fantastic no-man band called "Music Set," consisting of an upside-down skeleton of an umbrella, from whose splayed ribs hung a cymbal, bells, a violin, and eleven small drums, all of which burst into action when some switches were flipped. A highly learned exhibition note by Nicolas Calas, one of the organizers of the show, informed us that what we were so happily experiencing was "synaesthesia, in which the stimulation of the auditory sense is accompanied by illusions of color, and the stimulation of the visual sense by illusions of sound." Not until Jones' "Music Set" suffered a temporary breakdown did we manage to tear ourself away.

Our next stop, equally fortuitous, was the Howard Wise Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street, where another group show, called "On the Move," offered kinetic sculptures by some of the artists we had just seen exhibited at Cordier & Ekstrom and by many others as well. More sounds, more synaesthesia! Small, motorized Tinguely sculptures whirred and twittered. A hanging "Cone Forest," by Ivan Chermayeff, murmured softly. At the far end of the big room we spied Len Lye, whose "tangible motion" sculptures are, to our mind, among the most beautiful kinetic works anywhere. "Come here and look at this!" he called. We went over and found him tinkering with a recent piece of his called "Loop," a ring of polished steel, five feet in diameter and six inches wide, whose natural camber, he said, caused it to spring into sinuous motion when it was activated by an electrical impulse. Lye and an electrician were changing the timing of the electrical impulse, and the great steel ring stood by itself on the rug. "High-tempered high-carbon steel. Marvellous stuff," said Lye, patting it affectionately. "Listen." He pushed down on the top of the ring, released it, and, as the steel sprang into action, rapped it smartly with the flat of his hand. A clear, fluctuating tone rang out. He tapped it with a cigarette lighter, and a different tone joined the first. "We'll get these in parks and gardens, and have tapes of the sounds they make playing along with them—have them dancing to their own music, you know. Marvellous!" We agreed.

Back in our office at last, what should we find on our desk but a note from Jason Seley, a sculptor who now works exclusively with cut and welded automobile bumpers. The note was an invitation to come down to his studio, on East Thirteenth Street, that evening for a "Concert of Compositions and Improvisations" by Herbert A. Deutsch, part of which was to be performed on Seley's sculptures. Refusal was obviously unthinkable. We quickly cancelled our tickets to the Philharmonic, and beat our way down to Thirteenth Street, where we found Seley, Deutsch, and five assisting musicians, all in formal dress and all beaming with anticipation as they set out the last of two hundred folding chairs. At the far end of the studio—a spacious one, on the ground floor of the building—was a wooden platform, on which stood a piano entirely hemmed in by softly gleaming bumper sculptures. "We sent out four hundred invitations, and we're hoping two hundred will come," said Seley, who is dark-haired, forty-four, and genial. "We've had the idea of the concert for about two years, I guess. Both Herb and I teach at Hofstra College, on Long Island, you see, and our classrooms are close together. Before I got this studio, I used to do all my work out there, and Herb's music students were always wandering in and banging away on my sculptures and saying, 'Boy, there's a great note!' The idea just sort of evolved. About six weeks ago, Herb and I said to ourselves 'Well, why not?' and started getting ready. The musicians are all Hofstra students, or else former students—like Steven Elmer, the percussionist, who dropped out last year and makes his living now as a jazz musician. Steve came in a couple of weeks ago and tested all my sculptures and picked out the three whose sound he liked best. Herb has done a lot of electronic experimentation; he made a tape mix over Christmas vacation to go with the percussion sounds. He and Steve have been rehearsing together for about a week. It's an improvisation, but not completely; each one knows what the other's likely to do."

Deutsch went up on the stage and started stripping off the top of the piano, so that he could have access to the strings during the performance.

"We had quite a time with the piano tuner this afternoon, Herb," said Seley. "He asked if the sculptures were for decoration, and I said no, they were going to be used in the concert. 'Do people like this kinda stuff?' he asked. I said some people did. 'Well,' he said, 'thank goodness after all these years we still have Guy Lombardo and Lawrence Welk!' Excuse me. I think I hear somebody at the door."

The studio began to fill up with synaesthetes, including artists and sculptors, Hofstra students and faculty members, and Miss Dorothy Miller, from the Museum of Modern Art, which had Seley's bumpers in its recent "Americans 1963" show. By eight-forty-five, most of the seats were occupied. Seley turned off the lights, and the concert began. Electronic-tape sounds combined with live piano sounds (Deutsch) and oboe sounds (David Hoffman) made up the first composition. Flute, cello, piano, alto-voice, and conventional percussion sounds made up the second. Then, amid rising expectations, Elmer took the stage, solo, and laid out brushes, sticks, and two wooden mallets. He started softly, with brushes, against a background of Deutsch's tape mix. Changing to mallets, he addressed one of the gleaming bumper constructions and let fly. A sculptural medley with echoes of the auto-repair shop! Another sculpture took voice, and another. Louder and louder rang the bumpers. Faster and faster beat Elmer. At the end, there was frenzied applause, with shouts of "Bravo!" After an intermission came a performance of Deutsch's "A Christmas Carol—The Spirit of Christmas Present" (on tape), which was followed by two percussive improvisations by Deutsch and Elmer, the first improvisation being tape-recorded in performance and then played as background to the second. Elmer outdid himself, reaching new heights of bumper virtuosity. "Encore! Encore!" cried the audience.

We waved goodbye to Seley and Deutsch, and headed for home.

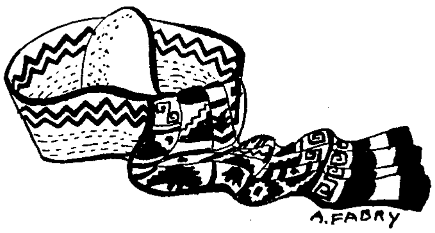
•

SIGNS on the tiger cages and leopard cages of the New Delhi Zoo read:

DANGEROUS ANIMALS
KEEP ALOOF

The Last Obstacle

SINCE we have long believed that a steady advance toward luxury in pleasure boats might someday produce a yacht only a trifle less comfortable than a cramped two-room apartment on land, we were happy to read in a press release from the 1964 National Motor Boat Show that "rich, plush comfort seems to be the direction that builders of cruisers and runabouts, in both inboard and outboard versions, are taking in earnest," and that "it is a rare runabout, for instance, that does not have upholstered seats and complete equipment as standard, and most of the cruisers are equipped right down to full carpeting and color-keyed interiors." We had to admit to ourself that we'd been in a number of two-room apartments that were neither fully carpeted nor color-keyed, and we were further impressed by the information, two or three paragraphs down the page, that "the largest boat in the Show is the 43-foot Double Cabin Pacemaker cruiser built by C. P. Leek and Sons, which . . . includes an electric dishwasher, removing the last obstacle to cruising fun." The last obstacle to cruising fun for some people we know is a morbid fear of the water, but, always being interested in seeing anybody's obstacle to fun removed, and having gained from the release the additional information that "the Show also has a real live queen," we waded through the slush to the Coliseum.

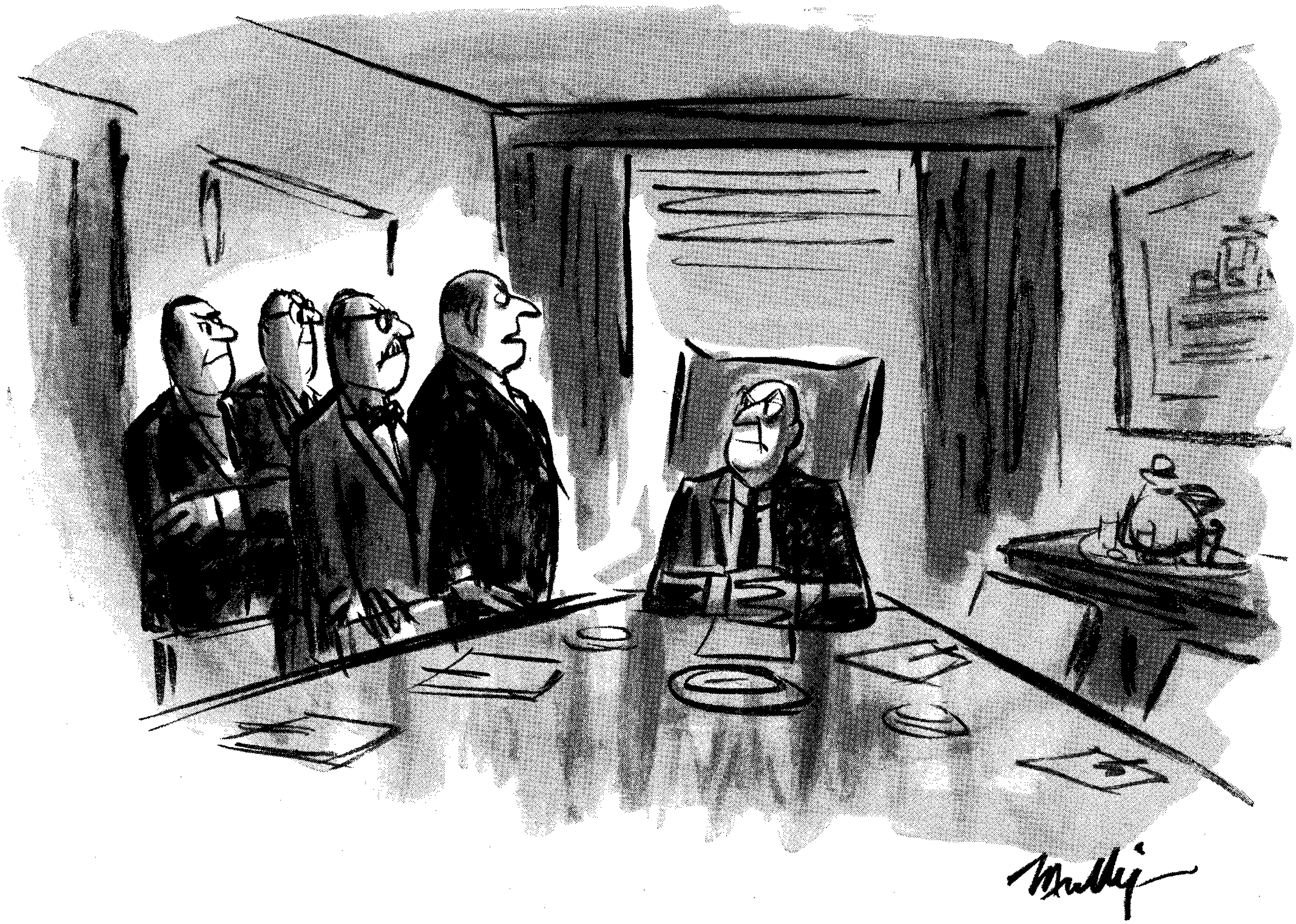


The Queen, we learned from the first official we encountered, was somewhere in the building and would be happy to meet us in half an hour. We devoted that half hour to scrutinizing four floors of boats. Most of the boats had romantic names—Chris-Craft displayed the Challenger, the Roamer, the Cavalier, and the Commander—and on each floor they were all packed so close together that they gave the place the look of a very crowded Long Island harbor that had suddenly been drained. On the day of our visit, the Show was open only to the trade, and quite a few of the visitors, we noticed, were old acquaintances, greeting each other with such questions as "What kind of boat you runnin' now?" and "Where are you folks staying this year?" Many people were wearing badges that listed their name and company—Toms River Yacht Sails, Eaton Marine, Bardahl—and some were doubly identified by blazers that had their company's name and insignia sewn on the pocket where some people wear college shields.

The Queen, Marlene Lieblein, was right on time. She looked both real and live, and very much like one of those healthy young blond girls in California who are always humiliating their elders in swimming races. She was wearing a yellow tailored suit, and she had on a badge that said "Queen" in the space for company identification.

"Have you ever seen a boat with an electric dishwasher in it?" we asked the Queen.

"Oh, my, no!" she said. "My father has a fishing station in Southold, Long Island, and I've worked there every summer since I began high school, but we have mostly runabouts in addition to the outboards we rent out for fishing. I'm a freshman at the College of New Rochelle now, studying math. The nuns let me come down this week—maybe because part of the prize is a seven-hun-



"We are a junta, B.J., and this is a coup."

• •

dred-and-fifty-dollar scholarship—and it's been just like a dream, but I have to go back for an exam Monday. The sports editor of the *Journal-American* fishes at our place, and he talked me into entering the contest. I didn't want to—I thought it would be one of those bathing-suit things—but it's just been great."

As we walked toward the boat that had the electric dishwasher, a man in a green blazer stepped aside and said, "Make way for the Queen." The Queen smiled.

"Holy cow!" said the Queen when we reached the Double Cabin Pacemaker. "Do you think we can just go right on?"

We reminded her that she was the Queen, and escorted her past a desk where two carefully pretty girls who looked the way we had expected the Queen to look were handing out brochures, and a man wearing a blue blazer with a Pacemaker emblem was intently explaining the brochure.

On the way up the gangplank, we asked the Queen if she could handle a boat herself.

"Well, mostly just runabouts," she said. "Sometimes our people get out in the bay and it gets rough and they're afraid to come back. So they call from Shelter Island, and we have to go and get them. When they see *me* coming, they feel like two cents. I deliver boats by water sometimes, and I like to fish for bluefish—usually at Plum Gut, between Plum Island and Orient Point. You have to jig for bluefish—you know, a jig is a diamond-shaped, silver-colored plug, and you have to reel it in and out—and it's more exciting to jig than to just sit there and wait for a fish to come."

We walked into the pilothouse, which had wall-to-wall carpeting, a built-in bar behind the pilot's seat, some rattan furniture, and a coffee table holding a bowl of wax fruit and a sign that said the entire boat, with extras, could be purchased for $41,567, F.O.B. Egg Harbor, New Jersey. Walking down the fully carpeted stairs, we arrived in a fully carpeted salon, which was decorated with Danish modern furniture, a television set, an air-conditioner, and a coffee table holding a bowl of wax fruit. The salon was color-keyed.

"Where's the electric dishwasher?" the Queen asked.

We walked into the galley—which had some wax vegetables on the drainboard—reached up to what looked like a wall oven, and pulled it open. There was the electric dishwasher.

"Oh, boy!" the Queen said. "It really does have an electric dishwasher!"

In the master stateroom we found three more visitors, two of them in blazers. "Nicely done," one of them conceded as he glanced over the fully carpeted, color-keyed room. We noticed a vase of wax flowers that had a price tag showing it was marked down from $8.98 to $7.20, but we decided not to tell the Queen. On the way back to the salon, we inspected a roomy closet that contained five orange life jackets and a vacuum cleaner.

"What do you think?" we asked the Queen as we left the Double Cabin Pacemaker.

"Well, it's a nice boat," she said, smiling toward the man in the Pacemaker blazer. "We'll take it."

•

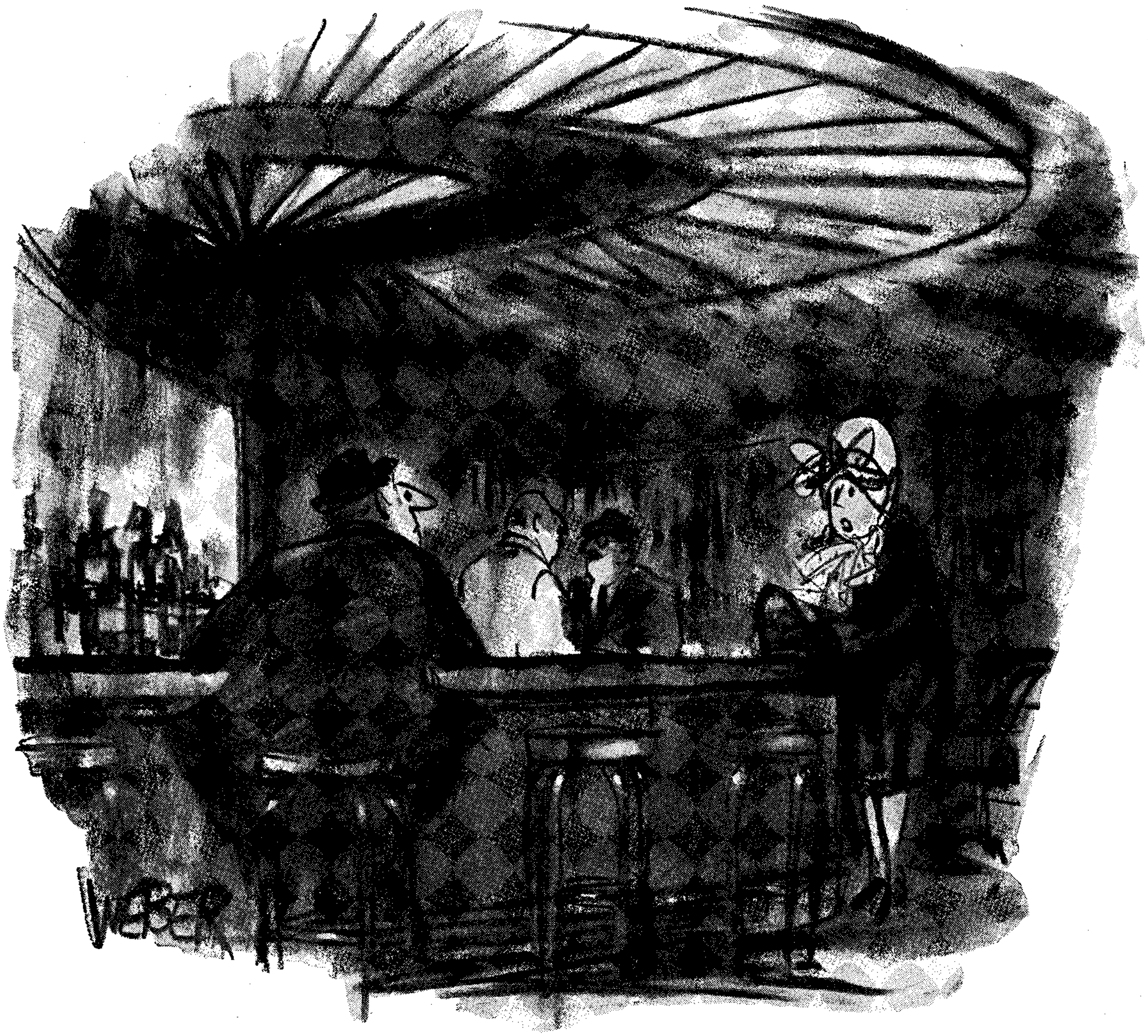
OVERHEARD just inside a Doubleday's, young-looking father to three- or four-year-old child about to take off for the children's section: "Be nice to the books."

IF A SLICKER MEET A SLICKER

I shall always remember the day I purchased my first Burberry. The moment I slipped it on I suddenly knew we were going to be inseparable companions. I can only liken the feeling to the way some men respond to a car; or a favorite pipe or hound. Well, sir, I just put it on and that was that. What a time we two had! Slogging through the heaviest English downpours. Never fazed us. Then off to the Possessions and the wars. My Burberry and I made a bit of history at Somaliland. Kenya. Ypres. Gallipoli. We knocked about in almost every corner of the Empire. Then . . . home again. I sometimes think the Burberry took it all better than I. My friends at the club began calling me a sentimental old duff. Rightly so, I expect. Because I just couldn't bear to part with my old friend, the Burberry. After so many years, so many adventures, a part of my life had become woven in that cloth. But, heaven knows, we were both showing our age. Finally I decided it was high time to retire myself and my good old Burberry and get another.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

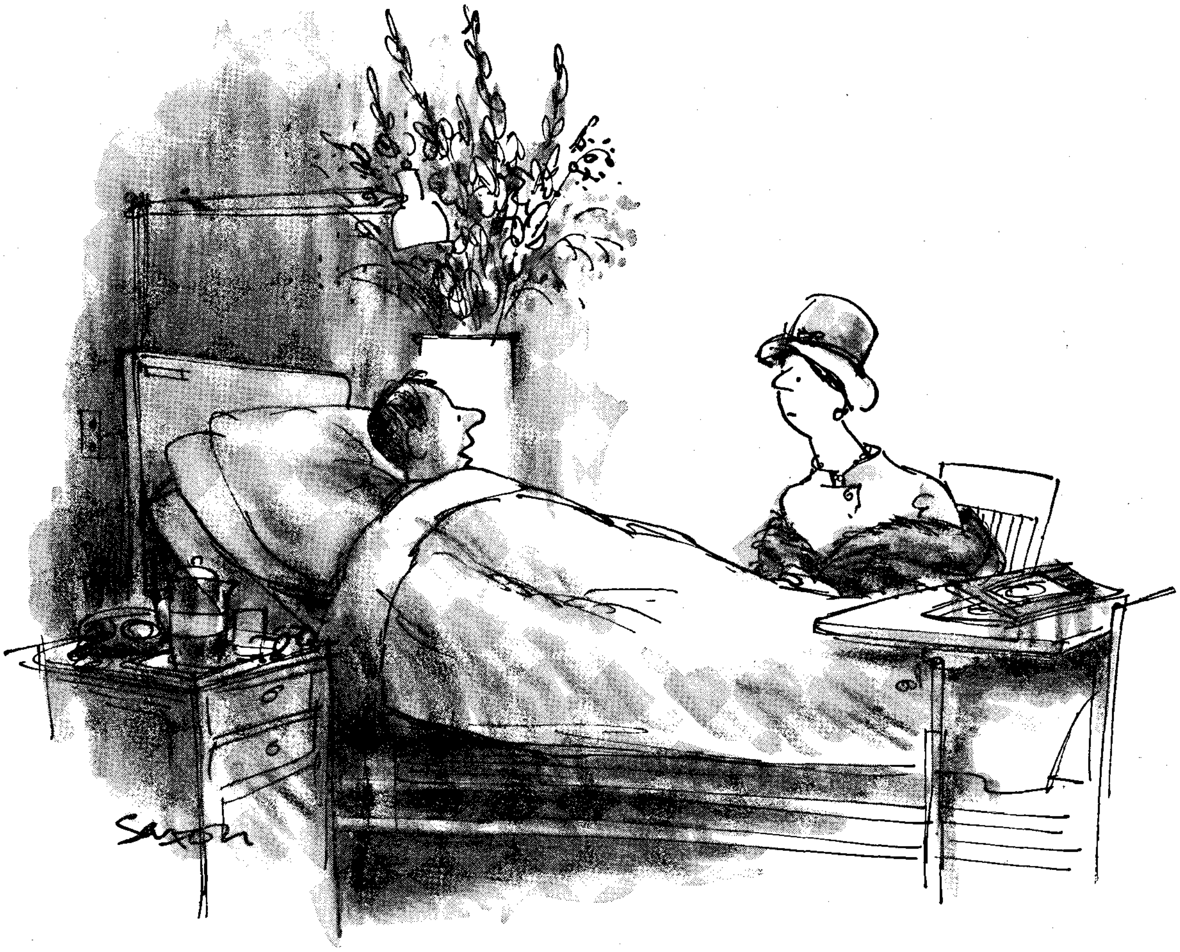
OH, he's a fine, substantial figure of a man, to be sure, is Mr. Julian Vicissitude, lounging there in that new mackintosh of his, a high-grade hat in one hand and a smart bamboo stick in the other, smirking into the camera as though the whole world were his private oyster. A typical empire builder, you'd say—one of those solid, foursquare chaps you'll meet along Threadneedle Street of a morning, brisk and yet twinkling, because he's just brought off this little deal, don't you see, whereby forty thousand quid gives birth to eighty and nobody the wiser, tee-hee, especially the Department of Inland Revenue. I mean, the sort of old reliable family friend you wouldn't hesitate to trust with your investments or your niece, and then one fine day the news item datelined Hendaye about the Spanish authorities having detained a certain prominent industrialist and his blond companion for questioning. Ah, yes, the butter hasn't been churned yet that would melt in Mr. Julian Vicissitude's mouth. As for that new raincoat draped over his body, so crisp and sweet, every blessed button in place, well, I wish it joy of him. Wait till he starts showing his true colors; wait till he repays its years of devotion as he did mine. I was the only waterproof he ever loved, he used to say, and I was fool enough to believe him. Oh, I know how bitter it sounds, but as long as he's washed his hands of me so publicly, he needn't expect me to remain silent. So I'm just an old bit of rainwear to be exploited and cast aside, am I? We'll soon see about that.

I may as well begin with the way we first met, the day he "purchased" me, as he calls it—and there's a euphemism if ever I saw one. The plain truth is that I was hanging in the cloakroom of Iscariot's, this Cypriot restaurant in Soho, scarcely an hour after an overseas visitor had bought me at a shop in Shaftesbury Avenue. He was a rancher—an Australian, I gathered from his accent—the big, beefy kind that rips apart your shoulder seams unless you're double-sewn, as I am. Well, halfway through lunch I felt a hand stealthily rummaging through my pockets, and a second later I was unceremoniously whisked from the hanger, folded over someone's arm, and carted off. In that position, naturally, I'd no clue to where I was being taken or by whom, but I wasn't left in doubt very long. All of a sudden, a brash young gent in a thirty-guinea suit, with a larcenous glint in his eye, was shaking me out in the middle of Vigo Street and holding me up for inspection. "Well, you're a dandy all-weather mackintosh, as sure as my name's Julian Vicissitude," he crowed. "A bit ample, perhaps, but then a wide boy like me needs a roomy garment, what?"



"I'm not what you may think I am. I need change for the phone."

That anybody should abstract another's apparel in broad daylight and, furthermore, openly gloat over it seemed such brazen impudence that I was rendered incapable of reply. Within a couple of days, however, I learned that my new owner was, as



"If anything should happen to me, Barbara, don't sell Xerox."

he'd proclaimed, a wide boy, a real layabout. He manifestly had no fixed profession or business, because he stayed up till all hours and never rose before noon; and yet, judging from the wad of banknotes he slipped into me now and again, he was in easy circumstances. At the outset, I reckoned him for a retired jockey or a tout, as he was forever haring off to race meetings at Goodwood and Newmarket, but he also liked to hobnob with pressmen in the Fleet Street pubs and tipple in those bars around Hatton Garden where jewellers congregate, so I couldn't rightly figure his pitch. I got his measure, finally, from the pack of cards he kept secreted in one of my sleeves. Obviously, Vicissitude was a citizen who lived by his wits, and since my destiny had been forcibly intermingled with his, I had no choice other than to close a hook and eye to his capers.

How right I was the events of the very next Sunday proved. Vicissitude was weekending with one Gerald Peach-Wintergreen, a rich wool factor up in Essex, just outside Finchingfield, and from what I was able to piece together—I wasn't eyewitness to it, of course, since he rarely wore me indoors—his host was mad keen on backgammon. After losing a few games to whet the fellow's appetite, Vissy moved in for the kill. When the score was totted up eventually, Peach-Wintergreen was loser by seven hundred pounds. Unhappily, just as he was scribbling his check, a set of loaded dice tumbled out of Vissy's trouser cuff. Ten minutes afterward, the boss described a somersault down the front stairs into the gravelled drive, where his bag and I had landed moments before. Apart from having his *Sitzfleisch* peppered with buckshot, I don't suppose he sustained any actual damage from the shotgun blasts I heard, but he seemed much more subdued thereafter. He'd none of that devil-may-care aplomb, that honeyed charm, that he used so effectively to lull his victims.

It was soon after this contretemps that his fortunes took a sharp turn, largely through the agency of an uncle, Sir Isaac Mangrove. Apparently, the old party had somehow got word of his relation's exploits, for one morning Vissy hurriedly pulled me on over his pajamas and answered the doorbell, which was buzzing like a hornet. The chap outside was a real museum piece—cavalry mustache, single eyeglass, gray cutaway, the lot—and he was in a fearful wax. The whole family'd been disgraced, he bellowed; generations of Vicissitudes past and unborn were doomed to eternal shame on account of one black sheep. Having worked himself up to the verge of apoplexy, Sir Isaac delivered an ultimatum: his nephew would emigrate immediately to Mombasa, in which outpost a job in a shipping firm awaited him, or a detailed account of his chicanery would be handed in to Scotland Yard the next morning, with a recommendation that he be given six dozen of the best and transported to Botany Bay. Swayed by the generosity of the offer as well as by the prospect of new fields for his talent, Vissy gratefully assented. Inside a fortnight, we were speeding eastward to Aden aboard a Union-Castle liner.

Since the weather was clement most of the trip, Vissy had little need of me. Nevertheless, several gleeful remarks he addressed to the shaving mirror—I was swaying on the bathroom door at the time—indicated that he was paying court to an Italian beauty from Somaliland, the wife of a wealthy date merchant there. I naïvely supposed it was an innocent shipboard flirtation until a chance reference of hers, to the effect that her husband was passionately addicted to bridge, enlightened me. With the aid of a couple of Drambuies and an obliging full moon, Vissy obtained his objective, an invitation to dine with the pair at Mogadiscio. While I myself wasn't taken ashore that evening, the sheaf of piastres he brought back plainly signified what a coup he had scored. Just as he was cackling over his haul, though, the bombshell burst. A launch full of excited officials swept alongside, and Vissy panicked and flung the money out the porthole, only to discover that the authorities were hunting for a stowaway. You should have seen him rage up and down the cabin, smiting his forehead like some Old Testament boffin and groaning. It was immense.

By the time we reached Mombasa, the monsoon rains had set in, so the two of us practically lived together. The berth Sir Isaac had secured for the scapegrace was a clerical one—copying into ledgers endless columns of figures on the coffee, pyrethrum, and sisal the firm exported. It took him a day or so to learn his duties, and another to practice imitating the manager's signature on his checks. Then he removed his sleeveguards, took me from the peg, and went down to the Old Port, where he concluded a pact with three Arab highbinders to smuggle ivory by dhow to Madras. One of the trio, unfortunately, was a police informer, and within the hour Vissy and I were sharing a cell in Fort Jesus with a family of sixteenth-century Portuguese roaches. Thanks to an urgent collect cable Vissy was allowed to dispatch, Uncle Isaac managed to pull wires in Whitehall, and the next morning we were hustled onto a tramp steamer bound for Marseille.

If Vissy was disheartened by the ensuing period in Paris, when he was scrounging barely enough to exist on, it didn't seem to diminish his bounce. Not one of the schemes he evolved to line his purse materialized; but one evening he held a long, whispered conference in a *zinc* off the Place Denfert-Rochereau with a flashy type sporting a black monocle, and I sensed that something big was in the wind. The following day, the two bore me to an obscure tailor's shop in the Saint-Denis quarter and arranged to have a number of extra pockets sewn into my interior. It was a touchy business, crossing the Channel with six dozen Swiss watch movements stuffed inside me, and they shook like bloody castanets, what with Vissy aquiver and all of a muck sweat as we went through the customs barrier. However, I knew enough to keep a stiff upper fabric, and we ultimately passed the consignment to the proprietor of an *espresso* bar in Wardour Street. And then, just as Vissy was skipping out of the place, his wallet as fat as a Strasbourg goose, treading on air at the way he'd handled the deal, he got his comeuppance. Two stern-faced men were approaching us on the pavement, deep in conversation. As one of them looked up and saw Vissy, he gave a violent start. "That's him!" he exclaimed. "That's the one!"

"By George, so it is!" said the other, thunderstruck. "Quick—don't let him get away!"

There wasn't any alternative, under the circumstances, except to bolt, and off we went, dodging through the complex of streets around Charing Cross Road with the pair in hot pursuit. Somewhere to the north of Trafalgar Square, my boss's wind gave out and they closed in on him. Between his fright and the general uproar, he couldn't understand at first what they were saying, but they finally got it across. They were television folk from the States—a producer and director, I believe they called themselves—and they urgently needed someone to play a Scotland Yard inspector. It didn't matter two straws to them that Vissy was no actor and that he exuded about as much menace as boiled haddock. The main thing was that I was ideal for the role, and these chaps, being true professionals, had the insight and the sensitivity to recognize it.

It always used to fascinate me, after I scored an international success in the "Finders Keepers" series and the one that followed, "Keepers Finders," to listen to the rot Julian Vicissitude dished out to interviewers. From his account, he'd been cradled in a theatrical trunk, appeared in pantos at the age of seven, trouped all over the U.K. with his own repertory company, and given Gielgud and Olivier their earliest comprehension of Shakespeare. Not once did he bother to acknowledge his debt to me, who'd lifted him out of the ruck and assured

BROBDINGNAG

The owls roost like gray lamps up there
above the firebreak and weeds,
where we never venture after dark—
wicks of ears blowing in a fir-black wind,
eyes (rounder and simpler than our own)
staring down at this estate
toward the picture window we cannot close
to any viewer, wise bird or beast.

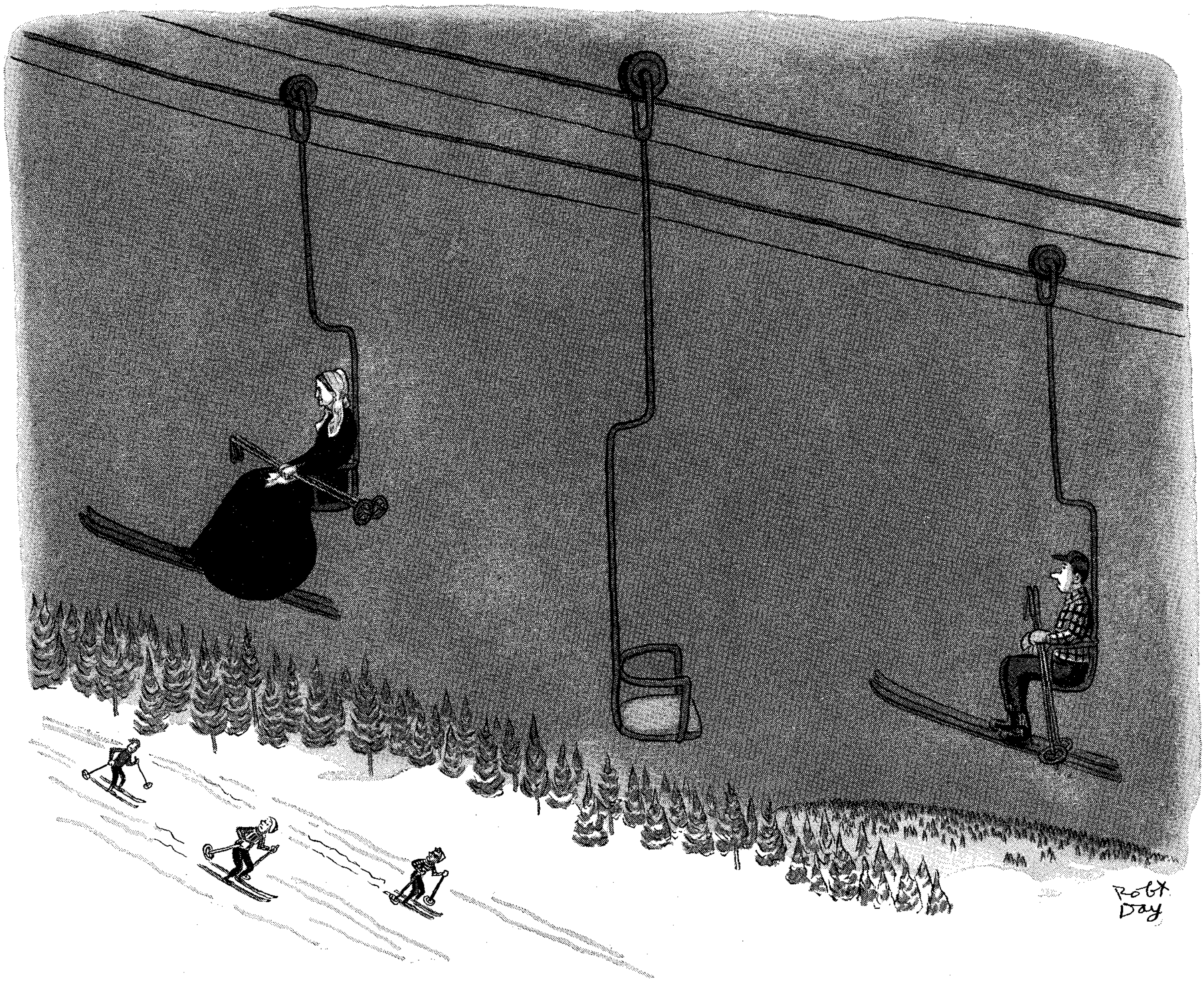
We bought for privacy here,
but shadows become, in the electric glare
of anniversaries or games,
improbable animals on a visible wall:
giraffes on hassocks or in easy chairs,
fauns shuffling cards, blue apes and swans
waltzing across the rumpus room
until they splash from the ceiling and fall
like mammoth commas in a bed.

Even after hours, shadows may sprawl,
larger than life, on a drunken field.
I have no fear for these, but fear
when the wind is high, and bats are few,
how some sad, dwindling shape of ours
could creep through silver husks of fog
and seem, to those above, a smaller thing
than we conceive ourselves to be:
more mouse than giant, more creature than man,
and vulnerable to watching beaks.

Still though they are,
with talons shut around a waving branch,
they could drift down.
I have wakened often from a cold dream
and smelled the smoke beneath their wings
and seen their eyes, this side of the pane,
hot and intent with a strange love
for what they can light upon and keep.

—Adrien Stoutenburg

• •



• •

his climb to the heights. Oh, he was meticulous enough about having me dry-cleaned and replacing my snaps—I was his bread and butter. But companionship, snuggling up together as we'd done back at Fort Jesus? That was ancient history. Nowadays, I was beginning to embarrass him ever so slightly; he'd outgrown me, as one of your *nouveau-riche* baronets has his old lady who served as barmaid in his first taproom. Time and again, I caught him gazing into gents' furnishing shops, pretending to examine a robe or cravat but secretly eying some sleazy mac in the back. His conscience, of course, wouldn't permit him to discard me out of hand, so he chose the coward's way: he deliberately set out to lose me. But it wasn't all that simple; my audience was as big as his and just as loyal. His first try, when he left me behind on a Paddington bus, misfired ludicrously—the conductor spotted me straight off and I was back at the studio early next morning. Then he did me up in a brown paper parcel, checked me at Waterloo, and threw away the claim ticket, but I was picked up by the C.I.D., along with a number of similar parcels containing a deceased lady, and the police, who modelled their techniques on those we used on our telly program, returned me to him with a note of apology.

The cream of the jest was that we finally parted just as we'd met; one of the light-fingered gentry, a souvenir hunter more than likely, filched me from the cloakroom of the Ivy whilst Vissy was lunching there. He set up a great hue and cry, offered a reward, pretended his career was ruined without me, and got hell's own amount of publicity out of the affair. By then, though, I was swinging on a rack of derelict rainwear in Seven Dials, bleached oyster white and flaunting a sign that read "Nobby Value—16 Shils." And here I expect to remain until fortune's wheel revolves again. My current owner is a perky homunculus with the red-rimmed eyes of a stoat, a detestable spiv who'd cheerfully disembowel you for a florin, but he hasn't an ounce of pretense. You know where you stand with him—which is a damn sight more than can be said for that nature's nobleman and jolly good fellow, your television idol and mine, and may a pox fly away with him, Julian Vicissitude.

—S. J. Perelman

•

Personals

Dr. and Mrs. William Walker of 583 S. Main St., attended the 50th reunion of the Byron, N.Y., Christian Temperance Club, his former Sunday school class, on Saturday. The event was held at the home of G. LeRoy Collins of Rochester.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker entertained at a cocktail party on Sunday for several guests including eight cousins assembled from Chicago, Williamsville, Byron, and Ridgewood, N. J.—*Geneva (N.Y.) Daily Times.*

Eight intemperate cousins?

TOO LATE FOR ANGER

MY sister always said the crockery in the Kirit household smelled of eggs. The Kirit sisters smelled, too, but of perfume—heavy and overpowering perfume, perhaps logically, since they were heavy and overpowering themselves. The brothers reeked of tobacco, occasionally of liquor. And the last time I visited them there was another smell, the most disturbing of all—a dank odor of decay that carried with it the echoing footsteps of the only two Kirits now left in the lonely old house.

We had known the Kirits, as I will call them, as far back as I can remember. They were family friends—the elder brother, Raj, a colleague of my father's; and the youngest sister, Lena, already a teacher while I was still in middle school. The father had been a doctor. Old Man Kirit, he was called, familiar and well loved in the south. His rise had been phenomenal. He came from a family of fisherfolk on the west coast—a penniless youth arriving in the city, working his way through night school and then the medical college, winning scholarships, gathering friends along with degrees, marrying a clever, ambitious, "useful" wife, whom he loved, and buying a big house in what had been the most exclusive section of Madras.

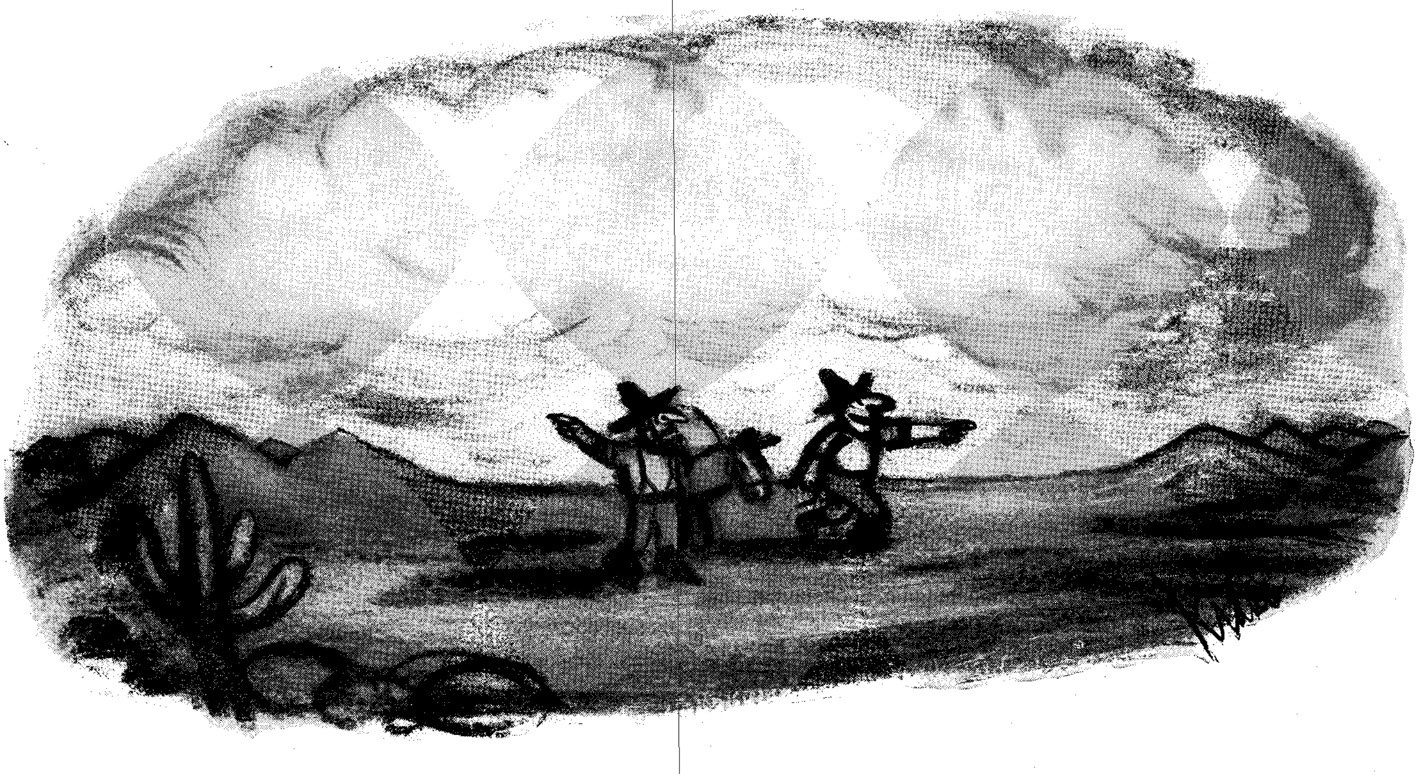
When I saw it one day last year, buses rumbled past, jostled by rickshaws and clattering horse-drawn jutkas; there were big shops and little wayside stalls selling betel leaves and spices, and always the hurrying thrum of humanity on the pavements. But the house was set well back from the road and the noises were muffled, caught between the close-leaved branches of the tamarind trees that lined the drive and somehow sheltered the big house and what it held. That day, I found the garden lying shrivelled and bare. The drive was ill-kept, a few flowerpots wilted on the front steps, and the halls and rooms seemed to be furnished with spaces—aching, tangible spaces that told you they had once been filled.

The floor, too; beneath the dust, the marble mosaic gleamed dully, resentfully, remembering better days, when the mother had insisted on its being swept and washed twice a day. Her portrait (painted when she was still a middle-aged woman) hung on the wall of the living room—a sombre thing of grays and greens merging into vague surrounding blackness. Yet the dark did not overshadow her, dominate her; instead, it was as if she *created* the dark. I shivered a little, looking at it, and wondered how well the artist had known her. How could he have sensed the darkening when the house was full of sunlight? When the daughters were young and beautiful and the sons reputedly brilliant and sought after? Raj and Jairaj, slapping their tennis rackets across their knees, running down the stairs laughing. And the girls with their floating pastel saris, their absurdly rhyming names: Meena and Nina and Lena. The only odd one out had been Sheela. She was slight and dark and quiet, painfully conscious of the cast in her left eye, a shadow behind her mother, helping to run the house, supervise in the kitchen, see to the meals. We never saw her with the others at picnics and parties and concerts—not even in the library or on the beach. She always stayed behind, a silent, soft-footed wraith moving through the empty rooms when the others had gone out. My sister and I called her Cinderella and thought it a pity that Madras was too warm for fires. She would have made a perfect picture sweeping the hearth. And besides, it would be fun playing fairy godmother to her, devising ways to transform her into a vision of loveliness.

LEFT-OVERS
APPLE
Chon Day

We pitied her with the extravagant loyalty of youth, but we never thought to pity the others. Weren't they forever going out, enjoying themselves, walking the earth like large and beautiful goddesses in their exquisite clothes? We never realized that they were always formidably flanked by their parents—the mother grim and compelling (her daughters must always have the best) and the father booming pleasantries left and right, thumping people on their backs, being thumped in return. We didn't know until years later their almost neurotic fear of being talked about. They were the Kirit girls and they had to remain pure and lovely, untouched alike by rumor or the bazaar smells that were already beginning to creep into the gracious neighborhood.

Meena was the eldest of the girls, the most slender and serene. Her friends called her the Waiting Madonna, because her dreamy dark eyes always seemed to be fixed on Wednesday week—or any other day in the middle distance, toward which she poised her whole being and even pitched the tone of her voice, low but carrying. But whatever it was she was waiting for was large enough to include her immediate surroundings in its direction; if you happened to be in her line of vision, she noticed you, was exquisitely courteous and attentive, and acquired the reputation of being a wonderful hostess. Yet there remained the remoteness, the



"I don't want to be a wet blanket, Charlie, but you were positive that there was gold in them thar hills."

waiting, and it made her a strangely restful person to be with. When she and Lena graduated from the university with honors and prepared to leave for England, we thought she had come to what she was waiting for: travel, education, widening perspectives—all that a trip abroad held. They were away three years, Lena doing history at Oxford, Meena at the London School of Economics. What those three years did for them I do not know; presumably, what study abroad does for most Indian youth. If they developed the intellectual schizophrenia that afflicts Westernized Easterners, or found it difficult to fit into their appointed niches as daughters of the family when they returned, they did not show it. And Meena still waited.

Meanwhile, the other sister, Nina, had enrolled in the local medical college, riding on the wave of her father's success but proving herself adequately bright and more than adequately attractive. "Carries on the tradition, eh?" Old Man Kirit boomed, hugely pleased. He took her with him everywhere he went, while Sheela stayed at home, depending more and more on her mother, shrinking away from all other human contact.

"It isn't *good* for her," Raj said to us, roused out of his usual cheerful imperturbability. "I worry about her. I worry terribly." Raj was closest to us, meeting us most often and discussing his problems with my parents. He didn't look worried. Raj had inherited his father's bonhomie, claimed to be waiting for my sister and me to grow up so he could marry one or the other of us. "Give me Mangalore girls every time, hey?" he would say, pinching my cheek. "Famous for two things: the splendor of its landscape and the beauty of its women." We wished we weren't from Mangalore, but smiled politely and agreed in private that he was being rather ridiculous, constantly talking about the pretty girls he would like to marry.

As it turned out, Raj never married. Within a few months after the girls returned to India, Old Man Kirit and his wife were killed in a motor accident. When my mother came home from the funeral, I heard her say, "This will break poor Sheela unless the rest of them rally around her. Already she looks like death." And my father replied, abruptly for him, "They've always been close—I hope they get more independent now." But the Kirits only grew closer still.

Raj postponed marriage. First, the girls had to be married, "settled." The responsibility devolved upon him as the eldest, and besides, Jairaj, after the prescribed period of mourning, was too busy being a playboy. He joined a foreign business firm, spent his Saturday afternoons at the racecourse, threw himself with éclat into the cocktail-party crowd, and took to drinking a good deal. "Women, too," the gossips muttered darkly. Whether that was prompted by malice or fact, Jairaj was undoubtedly attractive to women. A shooting accident that injured his leg had left him with a Byronic limp; he was still an excellent shot, rode and swam well, and could be articulate in a brittle fashion that passed for wit. "Stands there blowing cigarette smoke in your face and raising his left eyebrow, and the girls fall for it every time," Raj reported gloomily. "Romantic as hell."

Soon after this, Jairaj offered the tentative suggestion that he take a flat in town, but that idea evaporated of its own accord. Perhaps the dead mother's disapproval glaring down at him from the wall or his own guilt at deserting the family proved too strong. And he was comfortable enough in the big house; Raj was an easygoing head of the family, making demands only upon himself.

The girls were working now. Meena and Lena became decorative additions to the staff of a women's college, and Nina had an interneship in the city's new hospital. But it was tacitly agreed that this state of affairs was temporary. Career women were still something out of the ordinary, and the Kirit girls were avid for the conventional, the "safe" life—a placid marriage and then an inevitable family strongly bulwarked by the oh-so-solid social structure. They came home straight from work, to avoid the least breath of scandal, for girls who acquired the wrong kind of reputation rarely acquired the right kind of husband.

And then there was Sheela. Lovingly and slowly, her brothers and sisters tried to chip off the layers of numbness that enveloped her. Listlessly, she allowed them to do what they liked. They took her to concerts and parties and the theatre, but she endured each as if it were an infliction rather than an entertainment. They brought her plenty to read, but she sat at the window, gazing out, with the book lying open and unread on her lap. They took her shopping and bought her fashionable ensembles, but the new clothes looked vaguely apologetic on Sheela, as if they were begging her pardon for being there.

"I don't know *what* to do with the girl," Raj finally complained to my mother, in desperation. "Nothing seems to work. *She* won't work, either. Or study."

My mother thought for a moment and then said, with apparent irrelevance, "How about the Temple Festival at Shrivanur? We're going—would you like to join us?"

So we all went together.

SHRIVANUR is a seacoast village about thirty miles south of Madras. Every twelve years, pilgrims from all over the country gather there to attend its famous Temple Festival. The temple itself stands on the seashore, where the sea and the sculptured stone have been looking at each other for the last fifteen hundred years. Legend has it that the Ganga, flowing through a secret underground source, joins the sea here once in twelve years. Then prayers are said at dawn and the pilgrims bathe in the sea; the ritual worship of puja is performed in the temple, and Brahmans are fed.

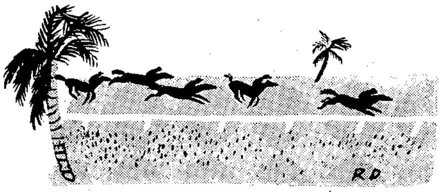
All day the village was alive with the color and warmth of the temple fair. We saw potters with their earthenware, farmers with their grain, bangle sellers, little boys selling baskets, whole families of weavers squatting behind the vivid silks flung enticingly across their stalls to attract the pilgrims. There were trinkets for women and brightly painted wooden toys for children, and then the objects used for worship—beautiful old bronze lamps and bells, rosaries made of dried *rudrakshi* berries, the sacred texts bound in cloth, fruits and flowers, sandalwood, camphor, and incense.

GENEVA

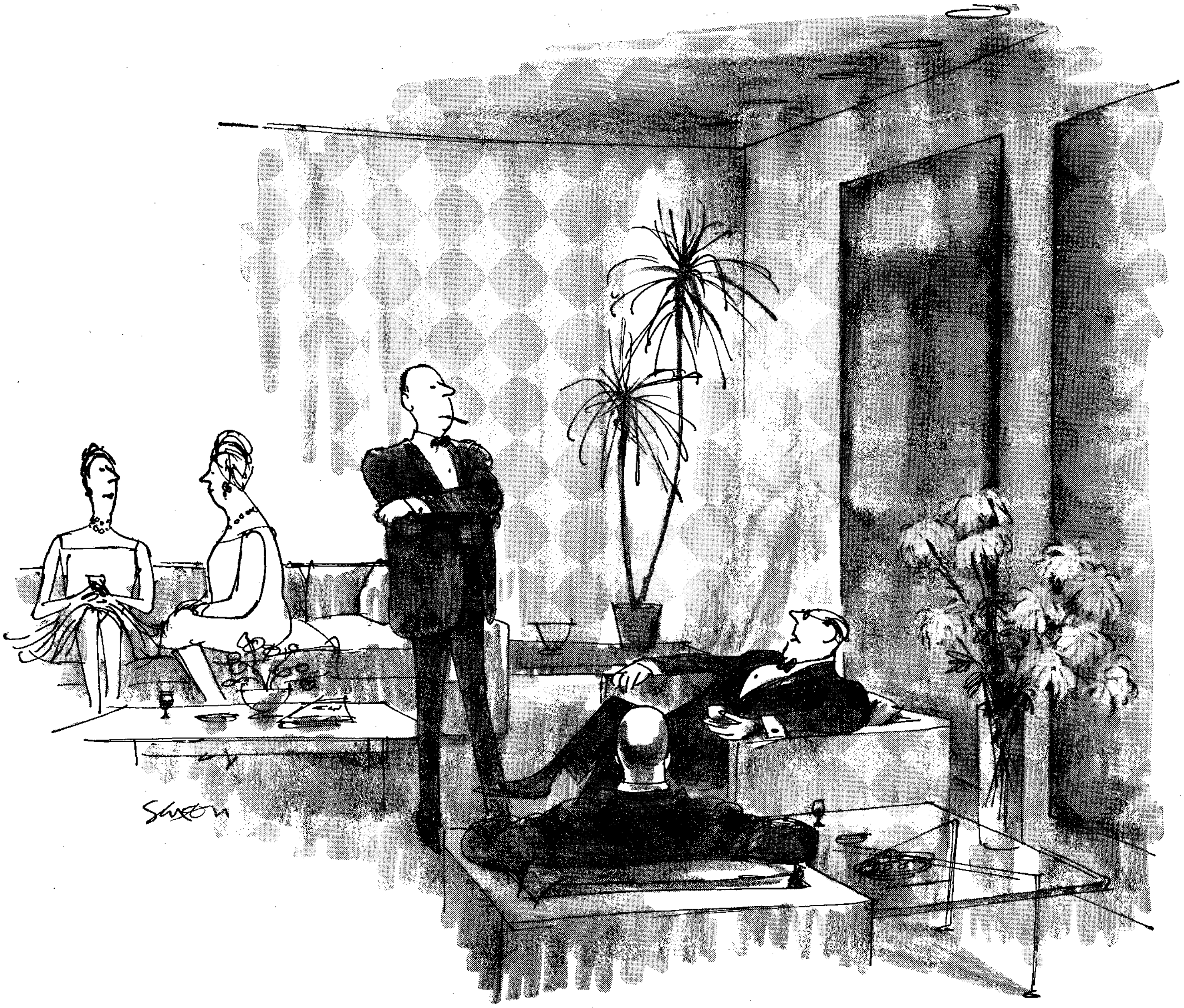
In this town, in the blurred and snowy dawn,
under humped eaves, in a lopsided house
built, it would seem, by gnomes, in the first
and hushed snowlight, in the snowy hush,
an alarm clock catches and trills time on its tongue
like a clockwork rooster. Silence. And then another
begins to burr in the attic, its small bell
nibbling at the edges of awareness.
So the day speaks. Sleep is left like fallen snow
on the tumbled, snow-white bed in which I wake.
And then the bells begin their wrangling preamble
to the hour, giving tongue, tumbling
one over the other, faltering, failing, falling
like snow on the white pillow. Their gold tongues wag
with time. (They are rung, it would seem, by gnomes.)
Now, in the town, the day is on its way.
Snowfalls nibble at the windows. In the great
assembly halls, bells ring
along the marble lobbies, calling the delegates in
to the long tables of words, where, crouched
like watchmakers, they worry away
the agendas of the world, their tongues ticking
like mechanisms, and in the earphones
the voices of interpreters trill their small alarms.
Time, gentlemen. Time is what they are telling.
The snow melts silently, the watchsprings twitter.
What was the question? Bells
calling time obscure the answer.
(Clocks speak the only universal language,
the only one which does not need translation.)
Eyes on the snow, we listen.
The words roll on like bells
marking time; they fall and fade like snow,
leaving their meaning in a watery
residue. The diplomats pace the halls,
watching the clock, attentive to alarms.
All these words telling time fall thick as snowflakes.
We wait for the conclusion of the clock,
which never comes, except in intervals
of silence. So, the bells assume our time.
Now, in the town, something is ticking away.
(Gnomes can be glimpsed at night, in pools of lamplight,
peering through glass at something small and precious,
ticking, and probably gold.)
In this town of telling, we grow old
in a tumble of bells, and over us all,
in the continuum,
time falls, snow falls, words fall.

—Alastair Reid

• •



The Kirit women, grown up as they were, seemed almost as excited as my sister and I. They bought us some glass bangles, and when the bangle seller slipped the tinkling blues and greens on our wrists, Meena tried them on, too, quoting Sarojini Naidu's poem about "rainbow-tinted circles of delight." Nina lost herself in the silk shops, to emerge half an hour later with shimmering folds of tangerine and gold, but Lena could not buy anything, because she had given away all her money to the beggars who throng every Hindu place of pilgrimage. And apparently my



"Success can have meaning only for those who haven't yet achieved it. For the rest of us it's an empty term."

• •

mother had known what she was talking about, for here at last Sheela came to life—slowly at first, until she worshipped at the temple and mingled with the crowds at the fair, responding to their earthy vitality, caught in a throbbing, insistent new rhythm so utterly unlike the measured pace of existence in the big house that she surrendered in spite of herself.

"I'd like to come here when all the people have left," Meena announced suddenly. We were drinking tender-coconut milk on the beach beside the temple courtyard. "I'd like to live here always. Just sketch and bathe and be; lie on the sands or here in the shadows of the temple, listening to the wind in the palms, soaking in the sunlight and the centuries of peace. And live on tender coconuts all day."

Jairaj murmured something cynical about indigestion, but she wasn't listening. She turned to her older brother and her eyes were suddenly brilliant. "Raj, I've decided," she said. "It's yes."

That was how we knew that Raj's efforts at hunting for a brother-in-law had proved successful. "The boy," as everyone referred to him, was pronounced entirely satisfactory. He was from the same linguistic community, had completed his education abroad and so did not mind a "foreign-returned" bride with more academic degrees than was seemly for a woman; also, he was a pilot in the Air Force, suitably dashing and suitably well connected. Meena had met him twice. "You know," she admitted later, "it does become rather an impasse in this society of ours. You can't get engaged to a person until you know him well enough, and you can't know him well enough until you get engaged to him. Anyway, I've decided as best I could under the circumstances. . . ." and her eyes were brilliant again.

Watching Meena in those days was almost frightening. Her radiance had a perilous edge. She was so beautiful that you couldn't look at her for long; you turned away from the naked joy in her eyes. Now Meena had no more need to wait.

Her fiancé stayed in Madras for a week and then went north for special military training. Raj kept congratulating himself on his success and consulting my mother about preparations to be made for the wedding. Meena's horoscope was sent to the astrologer, and word came back that the wedding would have to be postponed for six months, since both "the boy" and "the girl" were passing through what he called "an uncertain period." Meena herself, seeming not the slightest bit uncertain, went shopping for her trousseau with her sisters.

But it was only Sheela she took with her on the trip to the silk weavers' town, where saris were cheaper than in the city. It rained that weekend, and both girls were drenched and came home with colds that rapidly worsened to a serious chill, spelling pleurisy. Meena, being the stronger of the two, was recovering slowly, but Sheela grew thin and feverish and bright-eyed, and before the end of the month Raj brought bad news. Her lungs were badly affected; the doctors said she had to be removed to a sanatorium.

What came next happened with bewildering rapidity. Sheela was moved to the sanatorium, and a week later Meena's engagement was broken by her fiancé's family. With tuberculosis in the family, they said, you never know.

Raj came to us with haggard eyes. "I haven't told her yet," he said. "I couldn't. Not when she's ill. And she keeps waiting for the mail and wondering why there are no letters. . . ."

"But *why*?" my sister cried indignantly. She had always loved Meena best. "Why should they do a thing like that? Illness isn't a crime—"

"Here it apparently is," Raj replied bitterly. "Marriage is a breeding institution, and they want to make sure the production machine is in working order." We had never seen him so angry.

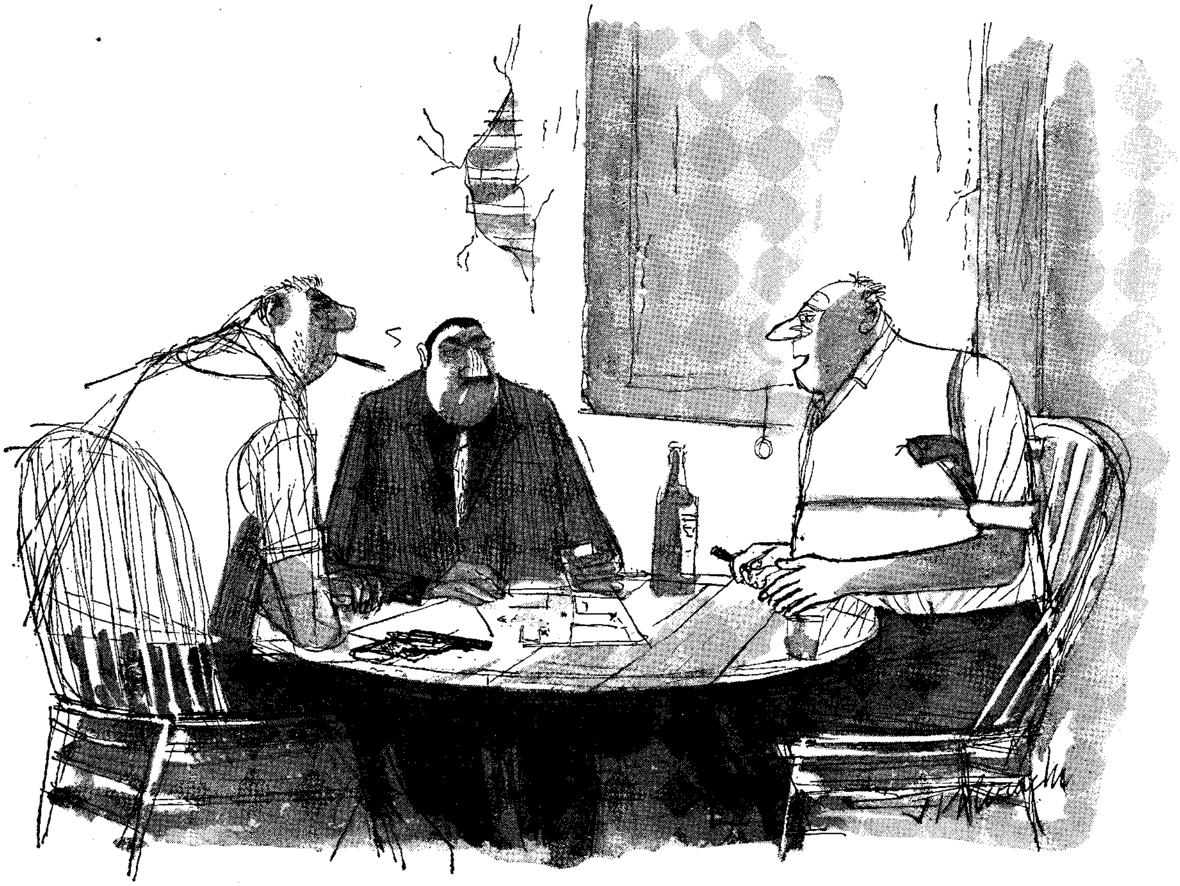
"And what about *him*?" we persisted, almost equally angry. "Why doesn't *he* do something about it? He loved—well, *liked* her, didn't he?"

Raj stopped us with a weary gesture. "Because he hasn't the guts. Because our country today breeds namby-pamby Milquetoasts, with neither the discipline of the old nor the vigor of the new—they haven't the faith to live with duty and haven't the courage to live without it. They're a living celebration of the apron string."

"And Meena?"

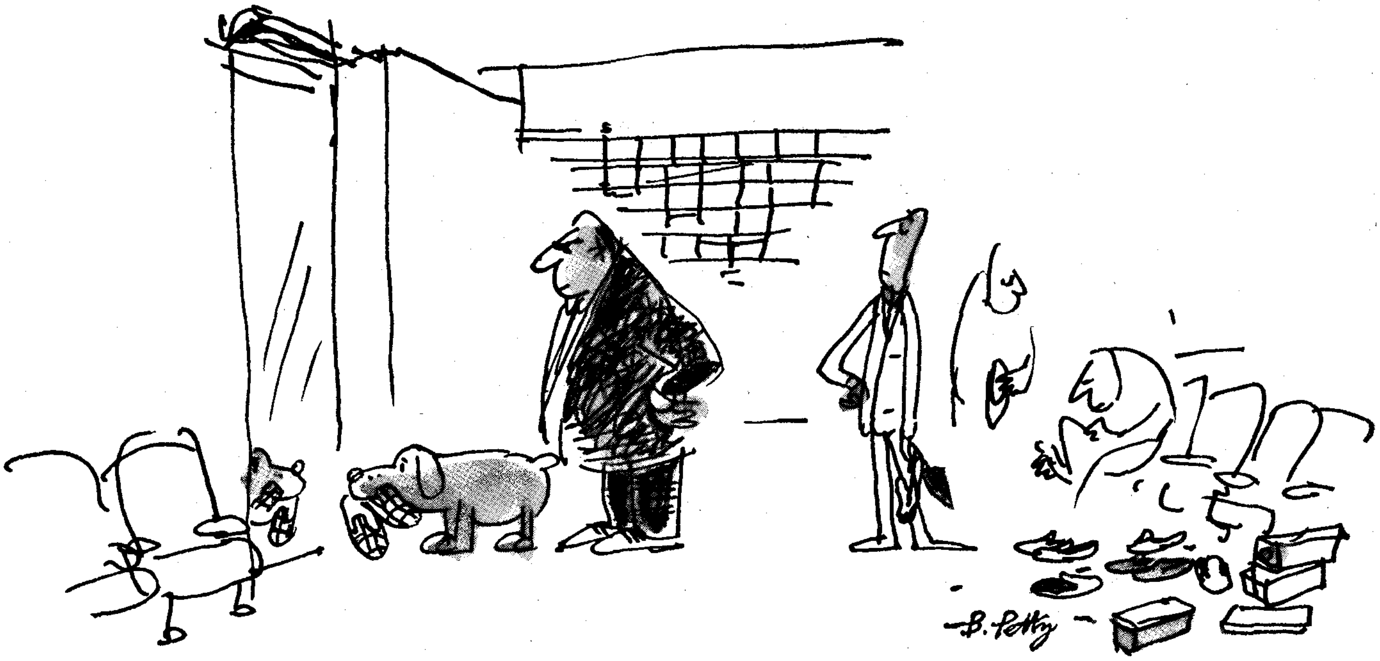
"I don't know—this sort of thing pretty well shuts up all other avenues. She's caught in the same chasm between the old and the new. Our girls are given the education and ideals to believe in freedom, but never the circumstances and encouragement to carry it out, to live what they believe. It's a sham all around. . . ." He paused in his tirade and then touched my cheek gently. "You, too, little ones. Perhaps the next generation will escape—but you'll get it. And my other sisters, God knows what will happen to them."

SOON he did know. Lena, watching the tragic, empty-eyed shell of a human being that Meena had become, announced that she would have none of these arranged marriages if this was the way they ended. And, trying to shake off the old dread of being talked about, she joined a group of teachers who were making a trip to Kashmir during the summer vacation. Our family had moved north that summer, so we saw her on her way back. She was with another professor, a thin, eager, dark man with restless hands, a voluble tongue, and the high intellectual forehead of the south-Indian Brahman. They came to tea and he talked all the time, handling abstract concepts as palpably as he handled the cup in his hand. Lena looked and smiled and listened, and then, just before they left, she drew my mother aside with a swift, shy gesture unexpectedly touching in someone with her usual assurance. They hoped to be married when they returned to Madras, she said, after Gopal's parents had given their permission and blessing.



"Actually, I hate knocking over the Chase Manhattan. It's such a friendly bank."

There was no blessing. We heard about the scene later. The father had raged and stamped and threatened to throw his son out of the house. The mother had cowered and wept in a corner. "Marry a girl from the fisher-people!" he had roared, his sacred thread quivering with indignation, the caste mark on his forehead drawn together in a thunderous frown. "How *dare* you pollute the air in this house with a blasphemous suggestion like that—" It was all rather like the classic situation in one of our third-rate films, we



• •

thought. Of course, the young intellectual would walk out of the house and marry the girl he loved.

We waited—the mother had begged for time. And the father used it. Barely a week later, Gopal was told that he was to be married to a remote cousin thrice removed, a wellborn young woman with no highfalutin foreign ideas and no more education than was good for her. It was all arranged; the date had been set, down to the auspicious moment when he would clasp the *tali* around the girl's neck, and the wedding invitations had already been sent out. It was too late to change anything. If Gopal did, it would spell disaster not only to the girl but to their entire clan. They would never live down the disgrace, and the sin would be upon his head. So, given the choice of ruining two lives, Gopal chose to ruin Lena's.

"Perhaps," Raj wrote us savagely, "the young intellectual feels that her degrees will keep her warm at night."

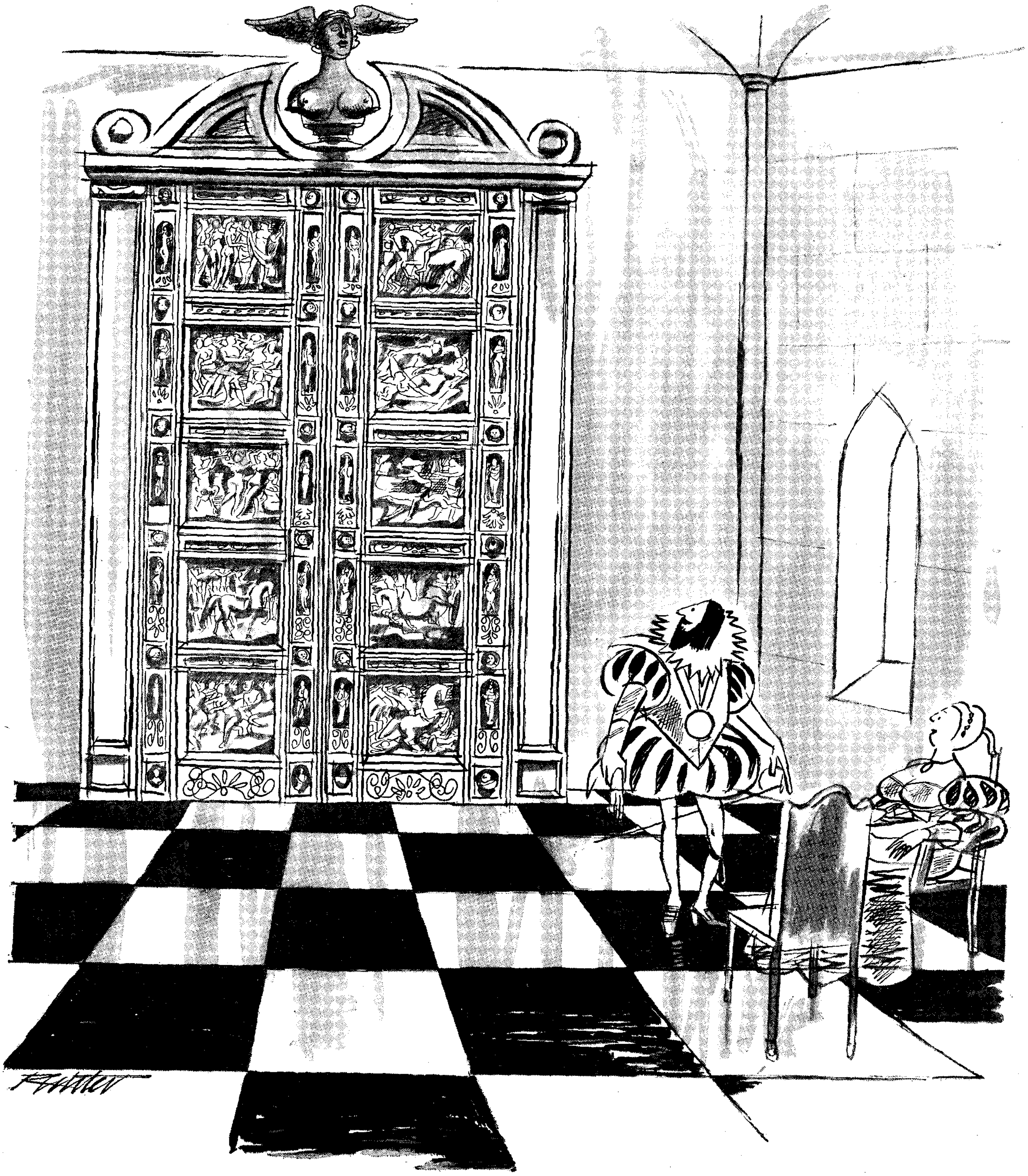
With this, the Kirits drew even closer together. To Sheela, whose condition had been deteriorating, Lena's misfortune was the last straw. She grew steadily weaker, and died of a hemorrhage toward the end of the year. The house was quiet now; there was no sound of laughter, no sound of the boys running lightly down the stairs. Raj gave up all idea of marriage. As long as he was alive, he said quietly and without dramatics, he would have to look after his sisters—they might be financially independent and academically qualified, but they were women and they needed protection. Jairaj, too, continuing on his usual carefree course, remained a bachelor. Lena and Meena taught, and came home straight from work again, not because they feared scandal now but because the college held nothing to interest them particularly. Lena served on committees, more from a resigned sense of duty than anything else. And Meena had stopped entertaining long ago. They grew fat and rather apathetic, with pasty complexions and an addiction to heavy perfume and florid printed chiffons. Nina went to Calcutta to work in a hospital, married a wastrel much younger than herself, and spent the rest of her youth and health and sanity supporting him.

WE did not see the Kirits for many years. Our own lives were catching up with us; we had no time to visit the south. My sister settled in Bombay, and when I won a scholarship to study abroad, she thought it apropos to remind me about them. "It doesn't pay being a deviant here," she said wryly. "Example, the Kirits." "Especially when you don't *want* to be one," I agreed. "Example, the Kirits." And we spoke of the mother and of the girls' tutored horror of being "different," and of how different they had eventually become from most of their contemporaries.

When my father went south for a conference, he called on them, and came away with an impression of such intense, even suffocating closeness that, he said, the very house had seemed airless. Jairaj was in bed; his injured leg had started to give him serious trouble and made him a querulous invalid. The sisters took turns nursing him. Lena had been offered a fellowship in a European university, but she declined it—Jairaj had to be looked after, and besides, Meena would miss her, Meena liked feminine company in the house. A few months earlier, an elderly widower had timidly approached the empty-eyed but still beautiful Meena with a proposal of marriage, only to be met with an indifferent refusal. Something had broken in her, she said; she couldn't rouse herself to care for a stranger again. Besides, Jairaj needed nursing and Lena would be lonely without her. Raj watched over them all, getting thin and wizened, his laughter and loquacity dwindling with the years.

"They're trying to *preserve* each other," my sister summed up, with her usual perception. "They *have* to. And yet you can't do that. Human beings aren't jam."

It was last year that I made my own visit to Madras, with my mother. When I saw Lena and Raj, I remembered what my sister had said. Whether from circumstances or otherwise, the Kirits had sacrificed their individual selves for the family until there was no family left. Meena and Jairaj had died, and Nina, once a capable doctor, now shut herself up in a room at the back of the house; her years with the wastrel had proved too much for her. Raj called



"See who's at the door."

• •

it a nervous breakdown, and Lena could not bear to think of her sister in an institution. "They've offered me that fellowship again," Lena mentioned in passing, "and of course I've refused once more. I'm needed at home."

They stood at the front door, waving goodbye when we left. Walking down the drive, I tried to tie up all that had happened with the inexplicable quietness in Lena's eyes. "Look out!" my mother cried suddenly, jolting me out of my thoughts. I had almost stumbled against one of the betel sellers, who was squatting by the hedge, preparing to pitch a tent there for the night. He had done it for years now, he said. The people in the big house raised no objection. And he smiled a little and looked at the house, its paint peeling and its railings drunkenly askew, old and dilapidated behind the tamarind trees. —Padma Perera

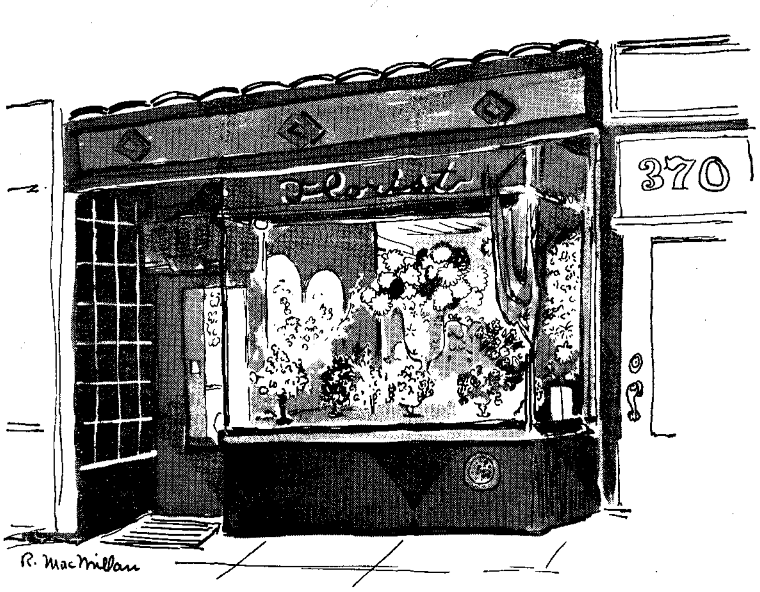
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 16

THEODORE C. SORENSEN, the chief rhetorician of the Kennedy administration, is leaving the government in order to write a book. He would not, one assumes, have made this decision if he had felt that his departure would leave the Johnson administration at a loss for words. He is a militant Democrat as well as an articulate one, and it is inconceivable that he would choose to withdraw to a study if he thought there was any chance that Senator Goldwater, Governor Rockefeller, or some other Republican could *talk* President Johnson out of the White House this fall. He must have concluded, as just about everyone else here has, that the new President has a gift for language that is more than adequate for his needs, and does not lack for assistants who understand the gift and are able to help him exploit it. He may even have concluded, as others surely have, that the Johnson style has certain merits—at least for a Johnson administration—that were not to be found in the Kennedy style. When Johnson declares a "war on poverty," for example, he is introducing a new phrase and a somewhat new stress but not a new program or a new strategy. In programmatic terms, he is talking about the same things that the late President was talking about when he pleaded the case for "area redevelopment," "urban renewal," "vocational rehabilitation," "aid to education," an "assault on unemployment," and even "economic growth." It has been said on indisputable authority that Kennedy, shortly before his death, had planned to build his 1964 campaign largely around a recital of the facts of economic distress in this country. It is known that the plans to relieve this distress announced by Johnson in his State of the Union Message had been drafted at Kennedy's request. Kennedy almost certainly had in mind the prospect of running against Senator Goldwater, who had not at the time contributed much to the discussion of the facts about poverty in the United States. (The Senator made a passing reference to them yesterday in his speech before the Economic Club of New York; his proposal was that welfare clients should be put to work—an idea that may point to an imminent Goldwater public-works program.) It is doubtful, though, whether Kennedy, whose penchant was for the dissection of issues and the isolation of their components, could have borne to sum up and justify his economic program as a "war on poverty." It would have struck him as oversimplification, which he found intellectually uncongenial even when he yielded to what he regarded as a political need to indulge in it. He would also probably have found it embarrassing; he knew he was hardly the man to pretend that he had a particular sensibility to the kind of suffering caused by an insufficiency of money. Johnson is no less aware of the complexity of things ("No single weapon or strategy will suffice" to win this war, he told Congress last week), but it is altogether congenial to him to sum up the problem, or the many problems, in a phrase that, when spoken by him, stabs the listener's conscience and does not in the least embarrass the speaker.

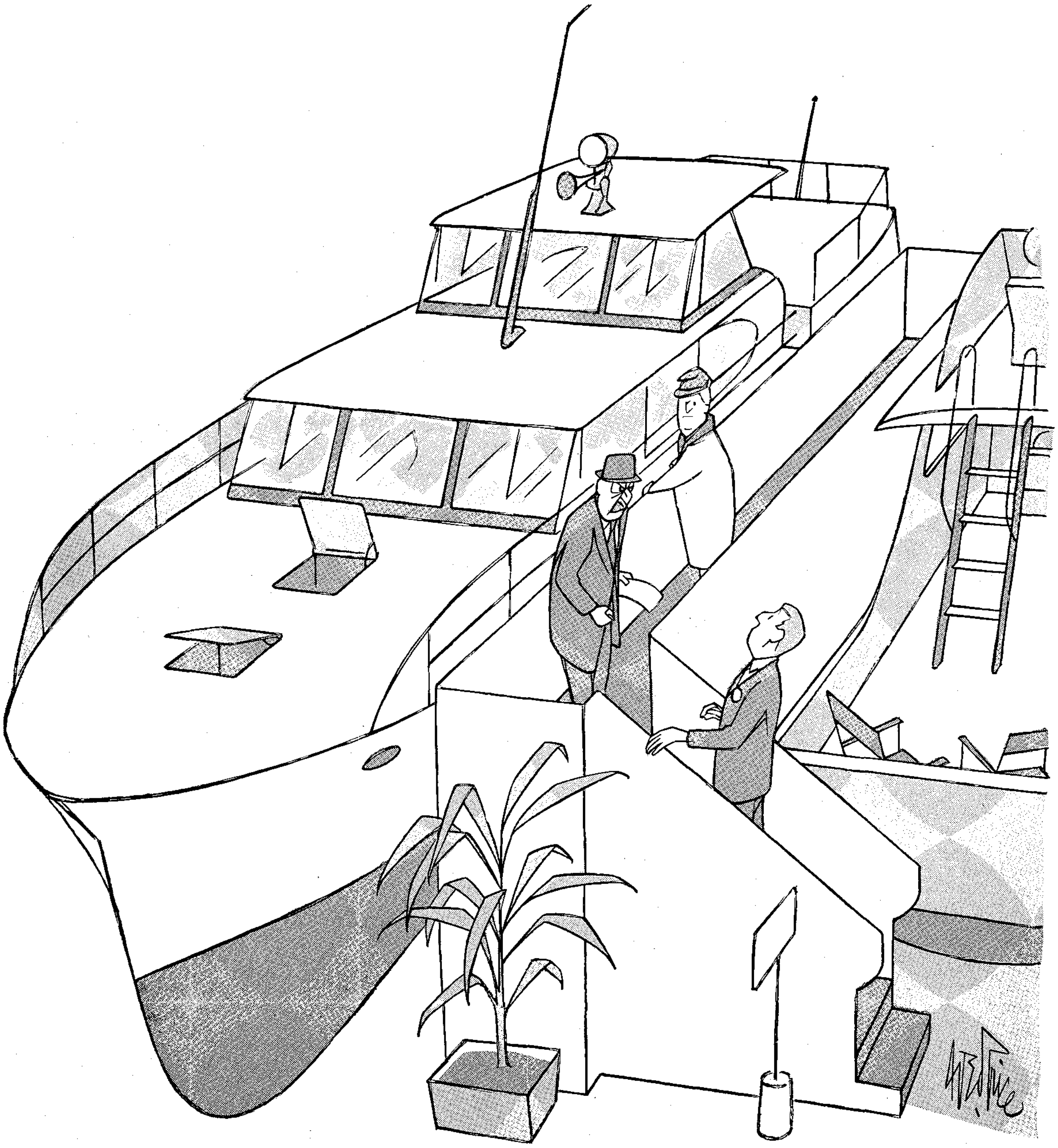
To say that the President's talk about a war on poverty was a brilliant rhetorical stroke is not to suggest that it was rhetoric and nothing else. Johnson has been acquainted with economic hardship; his first political experience came in an earlier war against it, and his eloquence when he discusses it testifies to a genuine passion to combat it. There is no reason to suppose that he does not intend to pursue his war for as long as he is President. But a politician of his shrewdness does not engage in combat merely because his intuitions tell him it is the virtuous thing to do; he must consult his intuitions on questions having little connection with virtue. Johnson would not have chosen this time to announce his crusade if he had thought that it would put him at a disadvantage in the coming campaign, or if he had thought it would hinder any of his diplomatic undertakings. He must have looked at the matter from every point of view that seemed relevant to him and concluded that there was a good deal more to be said in favor of going ahead with it than there was to be said in favor of holding back. Most people here feel that such a review must have led him to conclude that there was nothing at all to be said in favor of holding back. Even in terms of foreign policy, the idea has obvious merit. It is bound to enhance American prestige in many parts of the world. The United States has never had a better reputation abroad than it had in the late thirties, when the President was thought of primarily as a man engaged in a war on economic injustice at home. Circumstances now are such that an American President must take some kind of lead in fighting economic injustice—or in fighting poverty that may be the result less of injustice than of inertia—in other parts of the world. He is the better able to do so if he takes the lead in his own country first; the acknowledgment of our own failures coupled with a determined effort to overcome them should stimulate effort and emulation on the part of leaders in countries whose problems are vastly greater than our own. The war on poverty, if it is vigorously waged, may also contribute to the reduction of tensions. A proper concentration on domestic problems offers much in the way of reassurance as to a nation's intentions and its desire for peaceful settlements. The present *détente* in the Cold War did not come about until the West was able to see that the Soviet government was seriously occupying itself with structural defects in Soviet society.

An attack on American poverty is an undertaking that appears to be an asset to American diplomacy. No man about to face the American electorate, however, would undertake anything simply because the rest of the world might be impressed. From the President's point of view, the loss of a few votes in the United Nations General Assembly this year



might be worthwhile if a few votes in the Electoral College could thereby be gained. The "war on poverty" may be little more than a new name for a settled Kennedy policy, but it is enough to give the President a separate and distinct identity. Lyndon Johnson discussing the "rate of economic growth" or issuing calls to "move America forward" would seem only an unimaginative successor to John Kennedy. Coming from him, the words would be only an echo, and a false-sounding one at that. Johnson is an orator, not a debater, and he needs words and issues that will give him quick access to the American mind and conscience. He is short on time, and the access he seeks can be more speedily gained by appeals to the sense of justice (or to the sense of *in*justice, which is even stronger) than by appeals to the intellect. Kennedy did it the hard way because he could not do it any other way. Johnson's way is far more discomfiting to the opposition. His Republican critics, with the probable exception of Senator Goldwater, will be reluctant to argue with him on the terms he has set, lest they appear to be defending the indefensible or assailing the unassailable. Moreover, the issue of poverty is the only halfway new one he could have raised without exposing himself to the charge that he was trying to deflect attention from the drive against segregation. The two issues are in many respects the same, and the civil-rights leaders have for some time recognized that their movement will come to very little unless it is accompanied by a drive against poverty and unemployment. Finally, if the relationship between civil rights and poverty is as close as most people suppose it to be, then the President may have found a strategy for enlisting the Southern defenders of segregation in an essentially anti-segregationist cause. By far the largest pockets of poverty are in the South, and in most of them the lot of the enfranchised whites is very little better than that of the disenfranchised Negroes—a fact well known to every Southern politician.

The President proposes to end poverty and to secure blessings of many kinds while cutting back federal expenditures. This has aroused skepticism, extending from the left wing of his own party to the right wing of the opposition. The skeptics on the left raise questions of economic feasibility; those on the right doubt whether the President means what he says. The new budget, according to the President, will cut next year's deficit from the ten billion dollars contemplated by government economists a few months back to slightly less than five billion. The argument from the left is that this will undo, by precisely the amount unspent, the good expected from the passage, if it ever comes, of the Kennedy tax bill. To this the administration has two answers—one being that the Kennedy tax bill could not get through Congress at all without cuts in federal spending, and the other being that the cuts will be in projects of low social and economic utility. To questions about the administration's seriousness the administration makes no answer; those questions, obviously, will be answered when the budget is presented next week and when negotiations over it get under way in House and Senate committees. Actually, what everyone—left, right, and center—knows is that it makes only slightly more sense to talk about next year's deficit early this year than it does to discuss next year's weather. The budget is a projection of intentions, hopes, and hunches. The inten-



"And stop calling me Captain! I haven't bought it yet."

After five, come alive—with this cleansing skin conditioner

SUPER-TONE

Watch your skin become lighter, livelier, and three shades cleaner in a matter of minutes!

Super-Tone feels like sparkling cold spring water — leaves your skin
feeling dazzlingly clean, silky and fresh,
ready for a radiant make-up.

Germaine Monteil

Cole Haan

Found only in fine traditional shops

TRADITIONAL SADDLE

The saddle shoe favored by admirers of the traditional look. Custom detailed with unique round double sole. Style 7111 deep burgundy genuine shell cordovan with black cordovan saddle. Style 7112 all black cordovan.
Most styles from $23. to $35.

COLE-HAAN, DEPT. C-6, AUGUSTA, MAINE

From England . . .
Men's All-Wool
White Cable Sweaters

Four handsome versions of the original tennis classic by Alan Paine. *True cable—made on hand frames.* Pullover, navy/maroon trim, about $19. Cardigan, navy/maroon trim, about $21. All-white pullover, about $17. New all-white saddle shoulder cardigan, two pockets, about $25.

. . . A TRADITION IN MENSWEAR

Boston, Mass.........R. H. Stearns Co.
Chicago, Ill............Capper & Capper
Detroit, Mich..........Capper & Capper
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla...Maus & Hoffman
Hartford, Conn.......G. Fox & Co., Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn..............Dayton's
New York, N. Y.........Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.....John Wanamaker
San Francisco, Cal.....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Seattle, Wash...................Littler, Inc.
Summit, N. J.............................Root's
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

For other stores write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

tions and hopes can be undone by history; the hunches can be dead wrong. Expenditures can be planned and, with the consent of Congress, pretty well controlled, though some of them, like price supports for agricultural products, cannot be forecast with any accuracy. Revenues are always unpredictable, and they will be particularly hard to forecast if Congress does pass a tax cut. The theory of the Kennedy program was that the loss in revenue caused by cuts in the tax rates for individuals and corporations would be far less than the total sum of the cuts, since the money saved by the beneficiaries would create new jobs, and thus new taxpayers. The theory is plausible and attractive but untested.

It is in a way fortunate for Presidents and congressmen that the public tends to be interested in the whole question of federal expenditures only when it is the future that is under discussion. Public attention is always drawn to what administrations say they plan to do, and rarely to what has actually been done. Newspaper reports on finances at the end of a fiscal year are meagre compared to those printed some months before the beginning of one, and it is a rare citizen—even, one suspects, a rare congressman—who troubles to inquire how things have actually worked out. Dwight Eisenhower established himself in many people's minds as a man of admirable frugality and an enemy of deficit spending while presiding over a federal government that in an eight-year period ran up an over-all deficit of some twenty-seven and a half billion dollars. Lyndon Johnson, when he led the opposition in the Senate, frequently sought to embarrass the Eisenhower administration by getting a majority together to cut down on the expenditures that the frugal President felt were necessary. He didn't cause much embarrassment, and the cuts he managed were largely, as it turned out, on paper—cuts, that is, in the sums talked about rather than in the sums appropriated, disbursed, and, often, increased later by the magic of "supplemental funds." President Johnson knows as well as anyone in Washington how deceptive a thing a budget is and how stupefying most of the talk about it is. He has never been reluctant to indulge in a certain amount of sleight-of-hand in discussing budgets (a virtue of our federal bookkeeping system, the *New Republic* observed in an editorial this week, is that it "permits this without anyone having to tell actual lies"), and there is no reason to believe that he would be reluctant to do so now. He regards a tax cut as essential to his program, and if he felt he could build support for it by appearing in the role of Eisenhower's heir as well as Kennedy's, he would be likely to think this well worthwhile. But the general feeling here is that there is more than flimflam in his method. What he seems to want most of all, if he remains in the Presidency next year, is an expanded program of public-welfare activities. It is questionable whether he will ever get a Congress that will share his social enthusiasms; he certainly won't get one that will pile an expensive domestic program on top of all the government programs now in existence. To achieve the place in history he seems to want, he will need either vast new revenues (actual, not anticipated) or a huge reduction in expenditures. For a President professing the aims that he professes, this reduction could come only through cuts in defense appropriations, and that is evidently where the largest cuts in next year's budget will be sought.

The logic of history, economics, and his own hopes for the future, therefore, suggests that President Johnson is very much in earnest about everything he has said thus far—about seeking an end to the Cold War, about promoting economic growth, and about succoring the economically distressed and dispossessed.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

LOCAL RAG STRUGGLES THROUGH

[*Note delivered to a Times subscriber in Heidelberg, Germany*]

DEAR MR. & MRS. MATHEWS!

We are sorry, we can't deliver in the morning this week. The New York Times wanted to buy the charter-plane, before the pilot was not flying enough exactly. During we negociate with the attorney of law of the pilot, himself was flying away to Brussel where he was capted by police and the plane was confiscated. Now the Times must see to buy another plane. Till we have one we must fly by the normal airlines and they are very late. At the railway from Frankfurt to Heidelberg are transported in the afternoon so much Christmas parcels, that our Newspapers are arriving just in the evening.

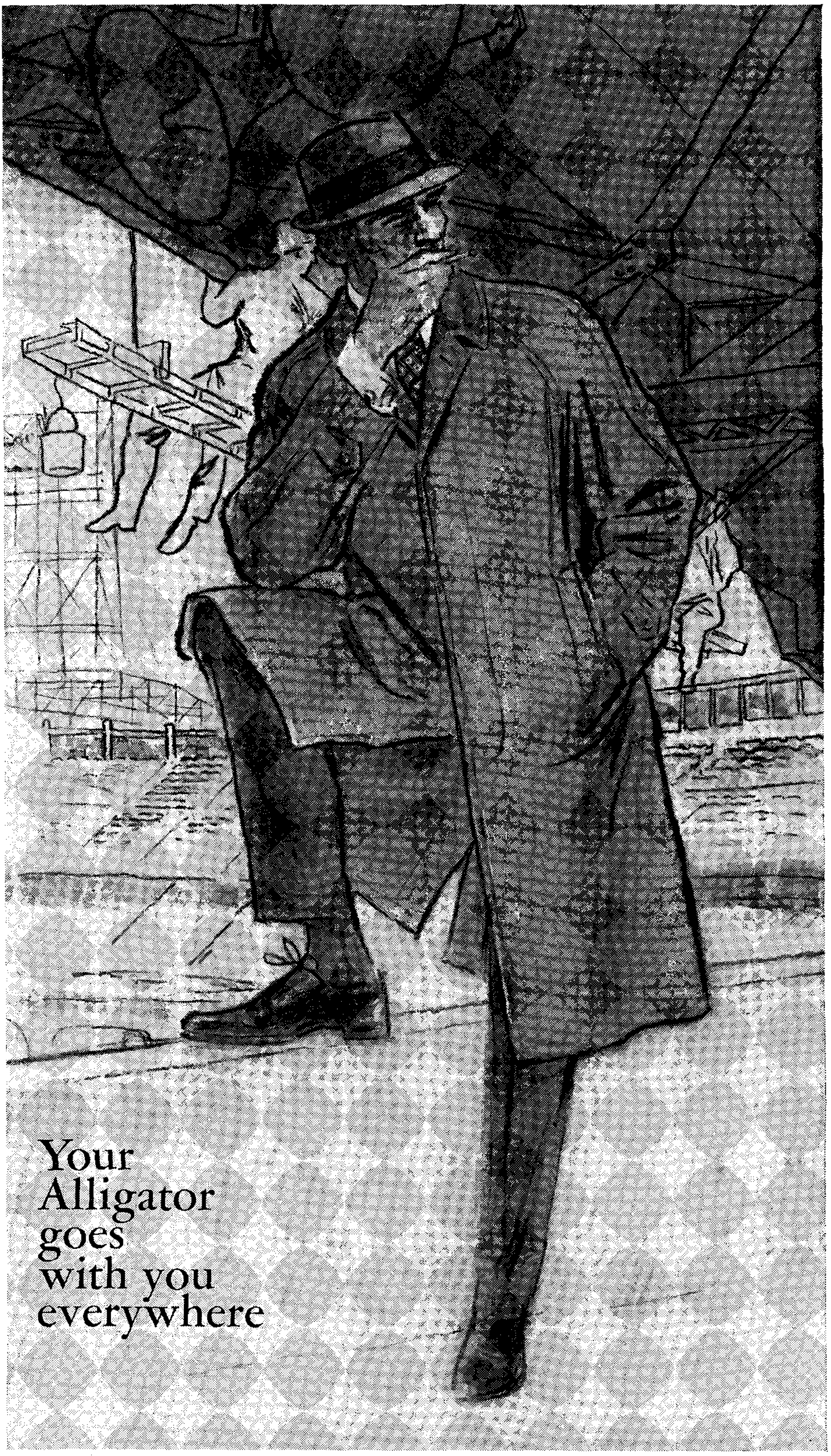
We beg Your understanding and try to serve You best.

With kindly regards
Your Area agent of
THE NEW YORK TIMES

•

Even if the catamaran goes bottom up she will float and there will still be no cause for panic. Rearrangement of temporary living functions aboard can be made while awaiting help.—"*Modern Sailing Catamarans," by Robert B. Harris.*

You can take the cocktail napkins, wring them out, and drape them along the garboards.



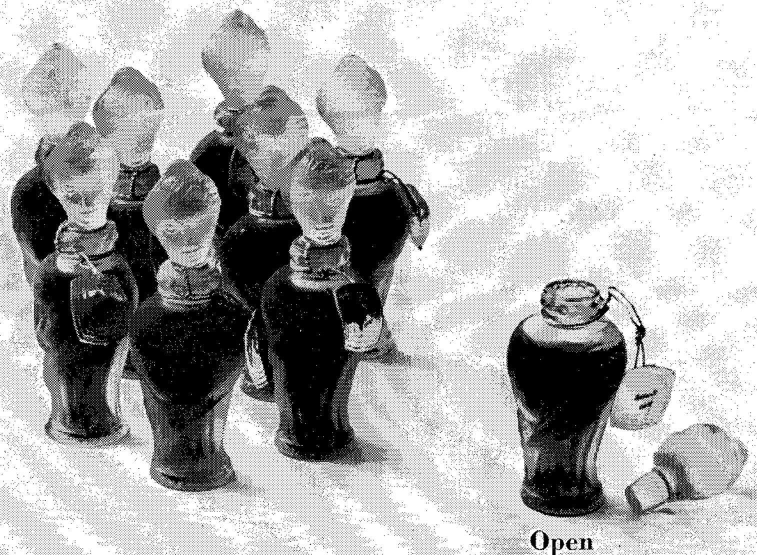
Alligator Platinum Label—America's luxury gabardine—highest quality all wool worsted. Handsome styles and colors—$53.75. With zip-in all wool warmer—$65.75.

You always look best in an Alligator coat. Smartest styles and colors in luxury loomed fabrics of the finest all wool worsted gabardines, colorful wools, yarn dyed multicolor cottons in gabardines, poplins, woven patterns—also blends with polyester or acrylic fibers. America's most wanted all-weather coats. Water repellents and waterproofs. They're the best and cost you less. From $11.95 to $71.75 at better stores everywhere.

Alligator®
THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR
The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

BONWIT'S FASHION ON A DRAWSTRING
Fantastically feminine, our fluffy white blouson for skirt or slack buffs.
In light-as-a-feather, carefree polyester *matelassé*, white only.
By Dottie for 8 to 16 sizes, 12.00
Mail and phone orders.
Blouses
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

BONWIT TELLER



Open
a bottle of
Mémoire Chérie
and lose
your head to
love

Elizabeth Arden

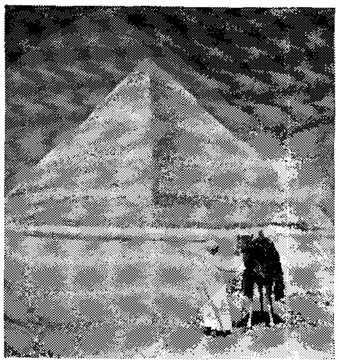
Created in France, Mémoire Chérie, in the bottle shown, from 12.50. In the Repetition bottle, from 10.00. Plus tax.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

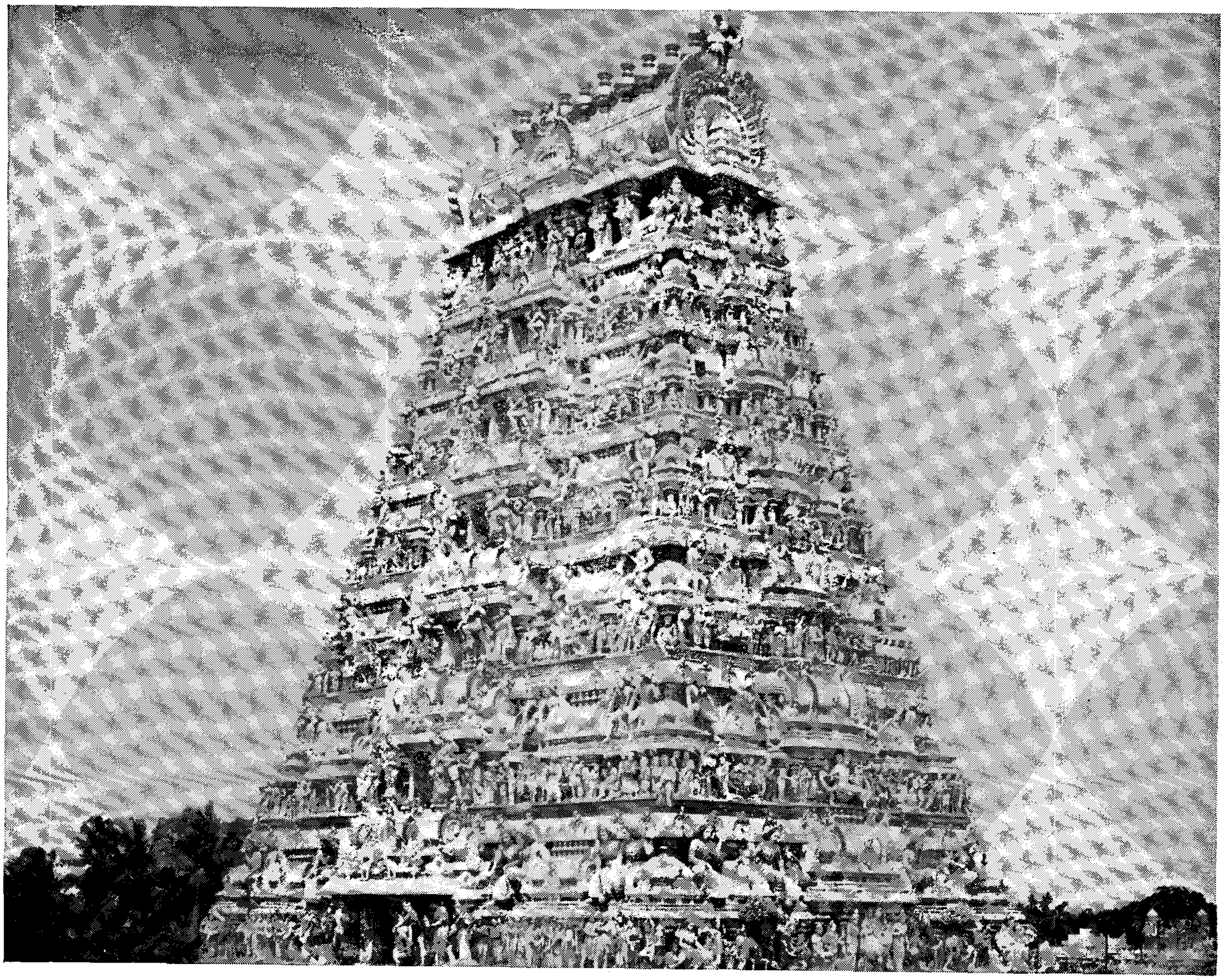
Oddities

"FORE ES
JO MC DE
ALSO EDLA
SH N"

TWO blackballs have to be cast this week, both against foreign films that were no doubt much more compelling on their native grounds, without the nuisance of subtitles. First, we may glance at a Swedish import called "The Doll," which tells of a— But at once I break off, fearing that if I reveal its plot you will suspect me of inventing, out of critical impatience, a cruel parody of the real thing. I can only solemnly asseverate that, as *Skånska Dagbladet* is my judge, "The Doll" is about a terribly shy young night watchman in Stockholm who, unable to establish rewarding relationships with flesh-and-blood girls, falls in love with a department-store dummy, spirits her up to his attic aerie in a suburban rooming house, tucks her into his narrow iron bed, offers her food and drink, bestows stolen jewelry on her, whispers faltering words of endearment into her perfect, papier-mâché ear, and then feels her quicken into life in his gingerly embrace. The dummy is, in short, a latter-day cousin of ivory Galatea; her head may be hollow and her body glossier and less mysterious than an ordinary girl's, but her new-found senses are lively, and she is soon cavorting about the room, her nakedness attractively set off by a woolly cardigan, while the shy young watchman totters after her, aghast with desire and discomfiture. For to love a passive dummy is one thing—it has, for example, the advantage of being a remarkably *quiet* enterprise, and in a rooming house full of gossips this is no small consideration—but to love and, still worse, be loved back by an unbridled young woman is quite another, and though we are to assume that her Pygmalion has already gone mad by the time he begins thinking of his companion as alive, he is driven even madder by the human responsibilities she expects him to assume. The plot becomes increasingly spooky as it advances, and the last shot of all is guaranteed to make your hair stand on end, but fantasies of this sort succeed to the extent that they provide us with ironic contemporary variations on a very old theme, and since such variations are apt to be verbal and are largely lost to



What in the world could possibly top this?

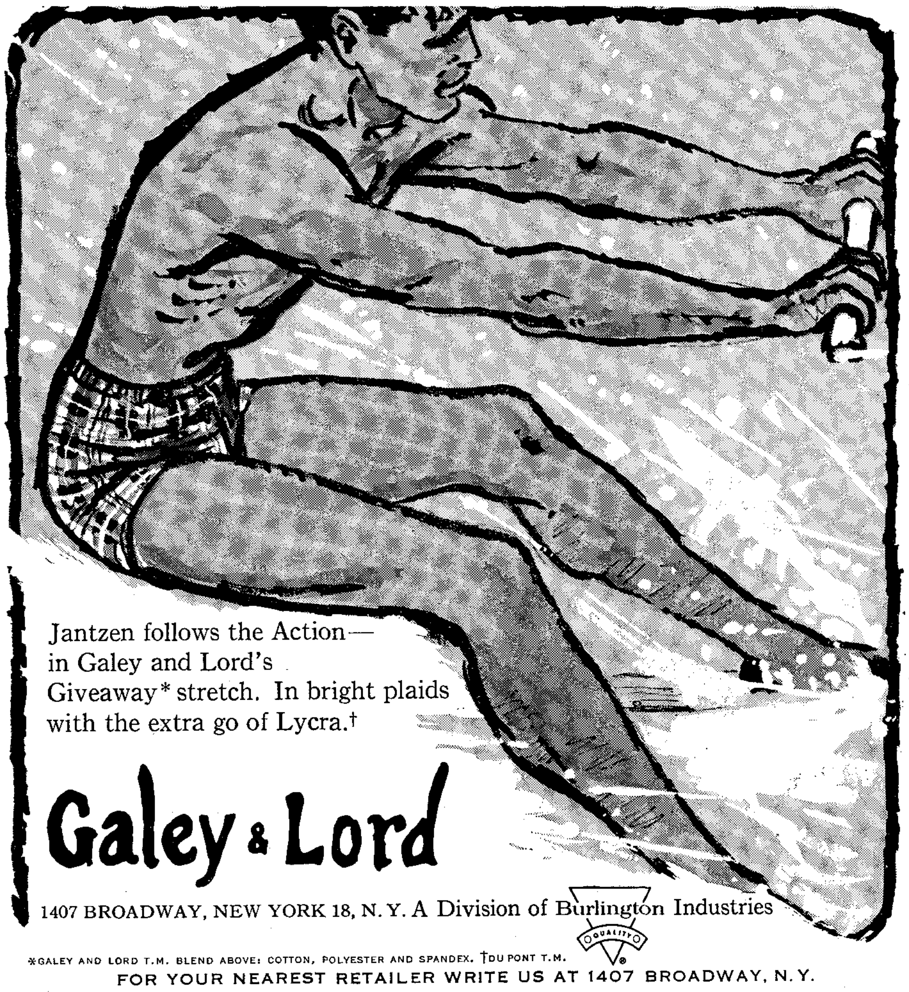


This!

When even the geometric grandeur of the Pyramids falls flat, visit India. At Madurai, wonder again at the great Meenakshi Temple. Nine soaring towers, richly carved with figures, depict the pageant of Indian life. Meenakshi is a living symbol of India's holy traditions, the scene of never-ending religious festivals. An unexpected glory typical of India. In India you can be the pampered guest in a Maharaja's palace. Or the tranquil resident of a houseboat on a high Kashmir lake. For colorful literature about India and her modern facilities, see your Travel Agent or write to the Government of India Tourist Office.

New York, 19 East 49th Street. San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Toronto, 177 King Street W.

India


Jantzen follows the Action— in Galey and Lord's Giveaway* stretch. In bright plaids with the extra go of Lycra.†

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. A Division of Burlington Industries

*GALEY AND LORD T.M. BLEND ABOVE: COTTON, POLYESTER AND SPANDEX. †DU PONT T.M.

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y.

English Leather®

English Leather
SPRAY LOTION
MEM COMPANY INC.
English Leather
MEM COMPANY INC
English Leather
PRE-SHAVE LOTION
English Leather
English Leather
DEODORANT STICK
English Leather
AEROSOL DEODORANT

...*the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, **$2.00, $3.50, $6.50**
...*the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION **$5.00** (refill $2.00)
...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, **$1.50**...*the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, **$1.50**
...*the DEODORANT STICK, **$1.00**...*the AEROSOL DEODORANT, **$1.50**
...the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, **$2.00**...*GIFT SETS from **$3.00** to **$10.00**
*all prices plus tax

MEM COMPANY, INC. 347 Fifth Avenue, New York

us in a strange tongue, "The Doll" ends by seeming a thin and rather unpleasant exercise in psychosexual disorder. Nevertheless, the night watchman is marvellously well played by Per Oscarsson, and as the dummy who comes to life Gio Petré is pretty enough to make one wonder whether all the department-store windows on Fifth Avenue oughtn't to be stormed and their svelte prisoners set free.

"BANDITS ON THE WIND" is an old-fashioned Eastern Western, from Japan by way of Tombstone, Arizona, and so curiously edited that it ricochets constantly between hilarity and sobriety. More than once, I felt tempted to laugh at a merry bit of clowning; a split second later, someone in the picture would be literally losing his head, or a lovelorn girl would be piteously weeping, and my laughter died in my throat. The greater part of the humor of the picture, for American audiences, lies in the subtitles, which appear to have been prepared by a Japanese who knew no English and had to rely on dictionaries with radically different dates of publication. A character will be credited with saying "Fain would I . . ." in one breath and, in the next, "I'll buy that, pal!" The Toho Company, which operates the theatre at which "Bandits on the Wind" is playing, is eager to develop a large public for Japanese pictures; its first order of business should be to have all subtitling done in this country, by people who know English at least as well as the average moviegoer. Fain would I believe 'twere a lofty goal.—BRENDAN GILL

•

When Hannibal inflicted the humiliating defeat on the Roman army at Cannae in 216 B.C., he led a ragged band against soldiers who were in possession of superior arms, better training, and competent "noncoms." His strategy, however, was so superior that all of those advantages proved to be relatively insignificant. Similarly, when Jacob Borowsky made Lestoil the hottest-selling detergent in New England some years ago, he was performing a similar feat—relying on strategy to battle competition with superior resources. —*Harvard Business Review.*

Every age produces its giants.

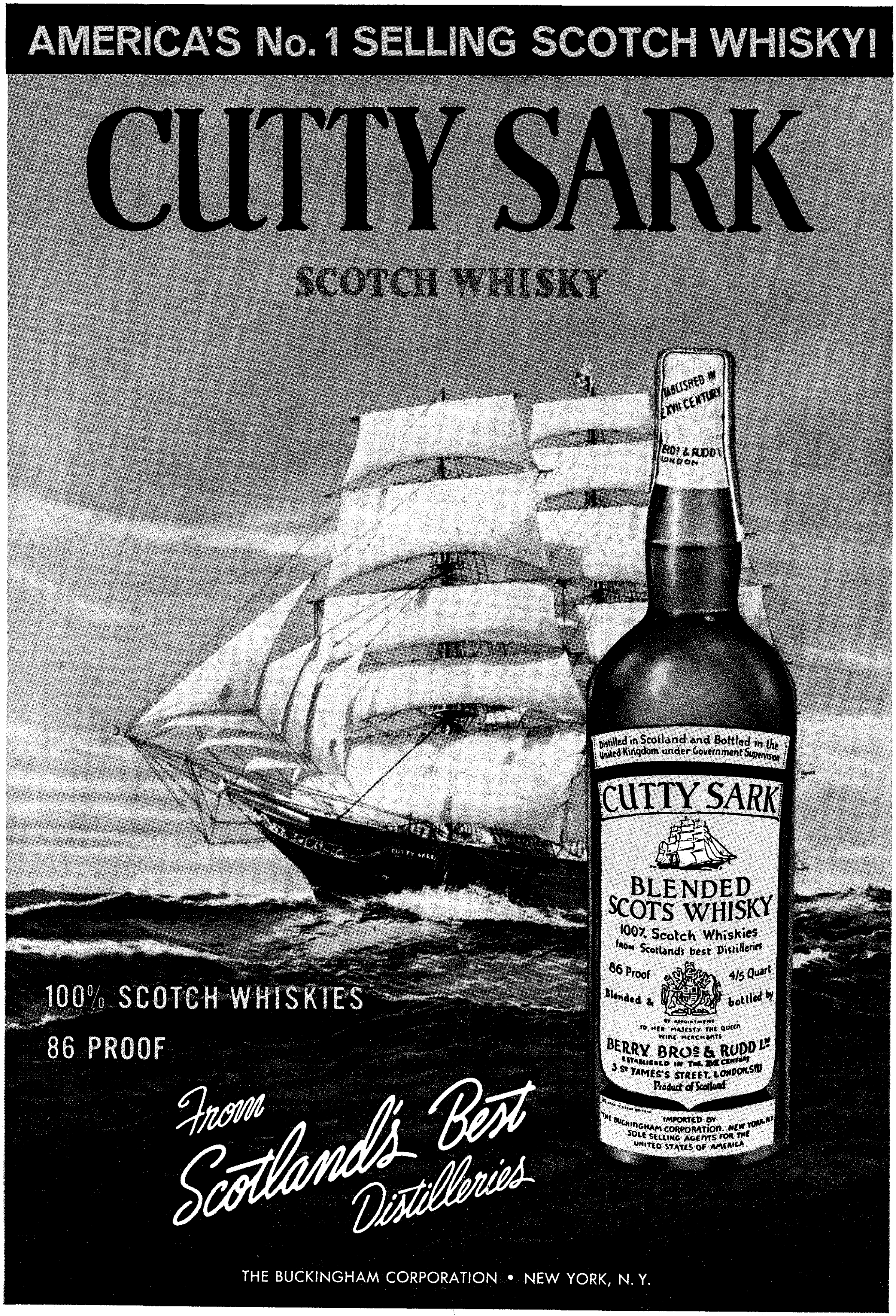
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

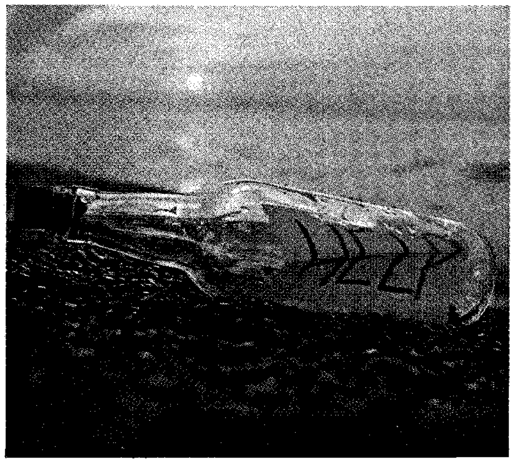
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lagos* (*Nigeria*) *Daily Times*]

JOHANNESBURG

American pianist Shura Cherkassy twice dived under the piano while playing the third movement of a Tchaikovsky concerto with an orchestra here.


AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!
CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BROS & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, SW1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF
From Scotland's Best Distilleries
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Consider paper.
Used with imagination, its power to



PEARS' SOAP
A SPECIALTY FOR INFANTS

NATIONAL TOY MANUFACTURERS CONVENTION
George Guido
AMERICAN TOY COMPANY

yell, sell, tell,

is incalculable.
We offer the world's largest selection of commercial printing papers. And we can help you use them with great imagination.
Champion Papers ®

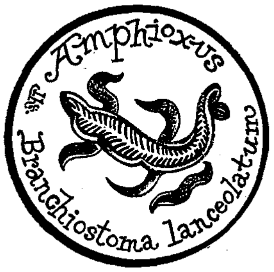
© 1964 The Paper Division of Champion Papers Inc., Knightsbridge/Hamilton, Ohio

OUR MAXIMILIAN

IN the summer of 1963, I left my medical practice in New York and returned to Austria with my wife for two weeks of rest in the mountains near Salzburg and a longer stay in Vienna, where I revisited familiar places of my medical-student days. It was my first trip back since 1950. The day before our holiday ended, we set out on a journey to my home province—Burgenland, on the Hungarian border—a drive of about two hours from the center of Vienna, through Eisenstadt, where Haydn lived and is buried; through Raiding, the birthplace of Franz Liszt; and on through towns and hamlets filled with the small, chalk-white houses of peasants. Endless fields of corn and wheat had just been harvested. Bright-red poppies covered the meadows.

Our destination was the town of Lackenbach, where my mother's ancestors had lived for five hundred years. My grandmother is buried there. When I was twelve years old, I had gone to her grave with my mother—my father was a soldier and away fighting in the First World War. My grandmother had died the year before. This, I suddenly realized, was the fiftieth anniversary of her death, and I decided to visit her grave.

I remembered where the cemetery was—along a narrow path on a hill behind the synagogue on Judengasse—but everything had changed. On Judengasse, the Jewish names above the haberdasheries were gone; the squat, sombre synagogue had been erased; and the narrow path on the hill behind had become a street. We could not see the cemetery. My wife and I walked back and forth, but we could not locate it, and finally I asked a mustachioed old man who was basking in the sun where the *Judenfriedhof* was. He pointed. A house had been built on the small square in front of the cemetery entrance, completely obscuring it. The old man led us across a vegetable garden and then across a yard where chickens were pecking corn. At last, we stood in front of a rusted gate. The old man turned the key for us.



I still search for a word to describe the loneliness of that derelict meadow. Hundreds of tombstones had been tossed to the ground and lay half hidden among thick grass. Did anyone care for the cemetery, I asked the old man. No one, he said. Not one of the four hundred Jews who had lived in the town remained. Occasionally, said the old man, somebody would come from a faraway place and stand at the cemetery entrance, saying prayers.

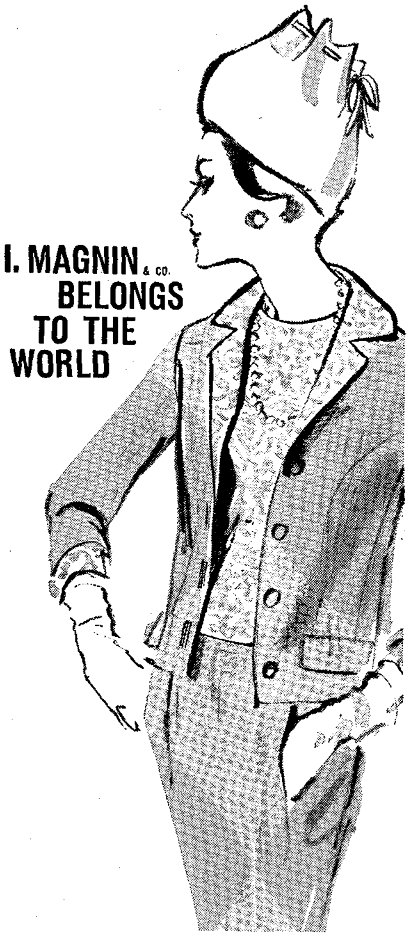
I went to the corner where my grandmother's grave was, in the midst of the oldest graves. I remembered a shining black tombstone engraved with tiny Hebrew characters and, at the bottom, the family name in gold letters. This corner, too, was littered with fallen, half-buried tombstones. The old man helped me turn some of them over. On one I saw fading gold and thought I had found my grandmother's grave, but the letters spelled an unfamiliar name. I continued to pick my way around the cemetery, and once I found myself speaking aloud, asking my grandmother where she was.

My wife said, "Please, let's go. She knows you were here."

We drove back to Vienna in silence. During the trip, I was haunted by the image of my grandmother, an old woman in her bonnet and shawl, leaning heavily on a cane. She lived with us when I was a child, in an apartment one reached by entering a hall, which always smelled faintly of mildew, and then climbing a winding staircase. I recalled how I used to go to her room. Inevitably, I recalled Maximilian.

OUR handsome Archduke Maximilian had been killed—shot in far-off Mexico—thirty-five years before I was born, but he was made a living creature when my grandmother described him. There he was, just as she had seen him in her youth, and she would point to the fading, colored print that hung on the wall of her bedroom. It did not do him justice, of course. "*Ach*, Richard," she used to say, "you should have seen the man himself!"

How often I stared up at the young man on his huge white horse. I studied the jaunty shako with its sprouting green feathers, the blue coat on fire with gleaming medals. In the print, the friendly face looked down on a dozen generals seated on smaller horses. Opposite the grand Maximilian stood a man in morning coat, with a top hat in his hand. Nearby were musicians with solemn faces, trumpets at their lips. There were clergy in black robes. And, everywhere, children—stiff-necked boys with



I. MAGNIN & CO. SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND
PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • CARMEL • FRESNO
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • SANTA BARBARA
PASADENA • LA JOLLA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
SANTA ANA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX

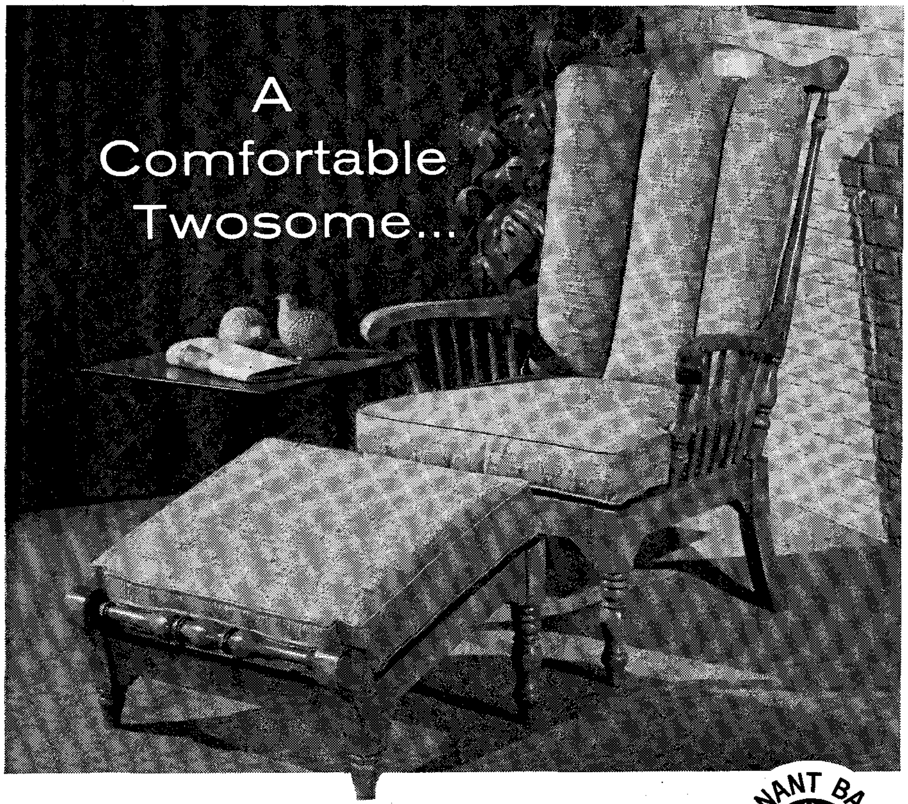
RESORT-INTO-SPRING COSTUME BY BETTINA, TEXTURED SILK WITH CAP-SLEEVE BLOUSE OF BROCADED COTTON, IN TONES OF BEIGE, 8 TO 16 SIZES, OURS ALONE...280.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN CO. STORE

THE INDIGENOUSLY AMERICAN LOOK T.M.
spins a beguiling carpet of "Meadow Flowers" for your path to Spring. Exclusive print in red, blue or gold on 100% fine white cotton. Sizes 8 to 16. About $7. At Young Sophisticates, Surfside, Fla., and Max Gentry Shops, Cincinnati, Ohio, and other great stores.

The Country Shirt

an incorporated American firm at 1407 B'way, N.Y. & Charlotte Merchandise Mart, Charlotte, N.C.



BRACE BACK CHAIR and GOUT STOOL
from our famous Roger Conant Group. The traditional lines belong to our early New England Colonists, whose hand-crafted designs are faithfully reproduced by Conant Ball. The covering is luxurious Nylon, in your choice of colors. The wood . . . hard-rock sugar maple . . . is hand-finished in "No. 12 Ancestor" that grows lovelier with every passing year.
Send for illustrated folder of our Roger Conant Group, Modernmates or Walnut Hill Group . . . 10¢ each. Conant Ball Company, Gardner 24, Mass.

CONANT BALL · FURNITURE MAKERS · 1852

mouths open, and curly-haired girls in white dresses.

I loved to be in Grandmother's room, filled with the scent of lavender from the mysterious chest where she kept her daguerreotypes and the beloved *Tagebuch* in which she made entries every night. I remember visiting her one winter day. There was new snow and a high wind, and after school I had played in the streets until my hands and feet were numb. Up in her room, I sat next to the tiny iron stove in the corner, warm, listening as she told her story:

"Well, our Army had *Kaisermanöver* in the hills near Lackenbach. We had heard that the Emperor's brother, Archduke Maximilian, would come to command one of the opposing squadrons in the maneuvers. Every day there was much excitement, with soldiers arriving, filling the inns, and things happened that a little boy should not be told. It was August. *Very* hot. Finally, the day came when they said he would be here. Some said he would only pass through; others said no, he would stay awhile. In either case, we wanted to pay our respects. Early in the morning, we met at school and marched to the crossroad outside town, to stand along the road to greet him. Our teachers went with us. The whole town was there, including the mayor, who kept taking off his hat to wipe his bald head. There was the priest, and the choirboys, and the town band, which had been playing marches since five o'clock. The mayor made a speech. He told us exactly what we must do. When the procession came along, the bugler would sound the *Generalmarsch*, then the band would play the *Kaiserlied*, and we were all to sing—first very quietly and then very loud. The church bells would toll, too. If the coach of the Archduke should go slowly and the *Kaiserlied* should end before he had quite passed, we would have to start again."

At that point, Grandmother interrupted herself to hum a few bars of the *Kaiserlied*. She held her hand out, with one long, quivering finger pointed directly at me, as though she feared I might break the spell. "It became eleven o'clock," she continued. "Then twelve, then one, and our great guest had not arrived. The teachers could not keep us quiet, and we were led back to school. The musicians were weary, and they headed for the taverns, and the mayor went home. Then, about two hours later, we heard from far away the sound of trumpets. Along came the mayor in his shirtsleeves, and the two town drummers, running through the streets, sounding the warning. Run-

"THE GOLD AND FIZDALE PHENOMENON," noted critic Jay S. Harrison calls it. He notes especially "their ability to breathe together musically and to share a common vision about the way any given piece should go." Reviewers, composers, audiences—and small boys on the beach—share this enthusiastic admiration of the twenty pianistic fingers of Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale.
From Schubert to Stravinsky, Brahms to Poulenc, hear Gold and Fizdale—face to face, Baldwin to Baldwin — on Columbia Masterworks.

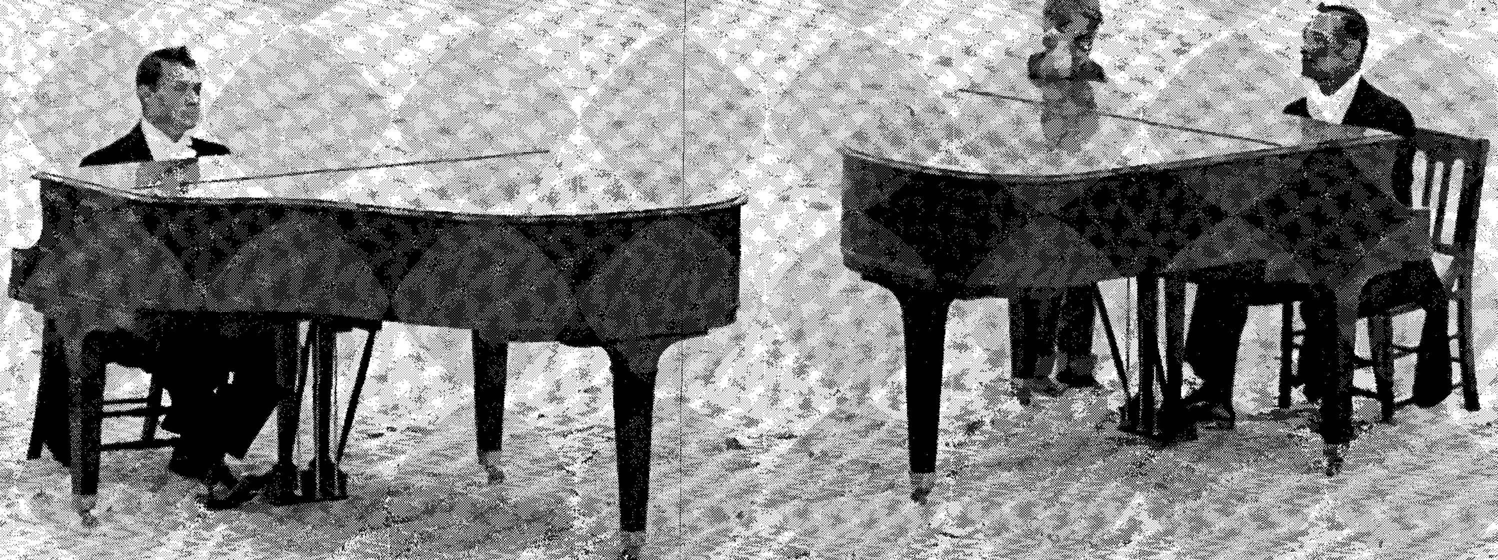
THE SOUND OF GENIUS ON COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS

STEREO
360 SOUND
First Recording
SCHUMANN
SPANISCHE
LIEBESLIEDER
GOLD
&
FIZDALE
duo-pianists
BRAHMS
LIEBESLIEDER
WALTZES

ML 5861/MS 6461*
*STEREO

STEREO
COLUMBIA RECORDS
Schubert
Grand Duo for Piano, Four Hands, Op. 140
Gold and Fizdale
Duo-Pianists

ML 5717/MS 6317*



©"COLUMBIA" MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

HANS NAMUTH

ning along behind was the mayor's wife, carrying his coat. By the time we got to the crossroad, there was the head of the procession—thirty soldiers on beautiful black horses. How fine they were! Behind them was a huge, gilded carriage, and, to our surprise, it stopped. We began to sing. You have never heard singing so loud. '*Gott erhalte, Gott beschütze, unsern Kaiser, unser Land!*' The Archduke stepped out of the carriage in his beautiful blue uniform with its crosses and stars, and we sang even louder. '*Gott erhalte, Gott beschütze*'— But then the Archduke raised his hand. 'Quiet!' he shouted. Naturally, everyone was quiet."

Just then the door of Grandmother's room opened, letting in light from the kitchen. My mother was standing there, and back of her I could see Mariska, our maid, stirring the fire with the poker. "What's going on here?" Mother asked.

"A story," I said. "Grandmother is telling me a story."

"Did you finish your homework?"

"Please," I said, "let her finish the story."

"Mama!" Mother said sharply, turning to Grandmother.

"He is learning history," said Grandmother.

"History? You call it history, the tales you tell the boy?"

"Tales?" Grandmother leaned forward. "You would call the story about the unhappy Maximilian a tale?"

There was no more of the story that evening. Grandmother followed us out to the kitchen and lighted the kerosene lamp for me, and I began the incomprehensible nightly batch of arithmetic problems.

I was not to hear the rest of the Maximilian story for a while. When I took Grandmother for our walks, she deftly changed the subject whenever I asked her to tell me more. Had my mother put an end to it forever, I wondered, and if so why? One evening, unexpectedly, the story was resumed. We were sitting in the kitchen. When I think of our kitchen, I think of goose feathers. It isn't possible, but it seems to me that geese were plucked there every night in the wintertime. The small white pile on the table would grow to a hill, then a mountain, as my grandmother, mother, and, after her dishwashing, Mariska plucked and gossiped. I sat nearby, ostensibly doing my homework but listening to every word.

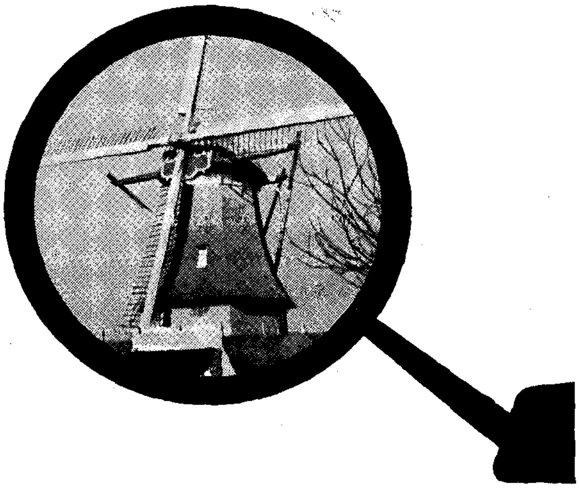
When I heard Grandmother begin the Maximilian story, I tried to appear especially diligent with my lessons. Before long, we were at the point where

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

SIMPLY OUTSTANDING

Strikingly styled
Moygashel linen sheath
designed by Stella Sloat
in your becoming colors:
Gendarme blue, grass green,
sherbet or oatmeal.
Sizes 8-16 **25.00**
(PLEASE ADD 60¢ FOR SHIPPING)

545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22



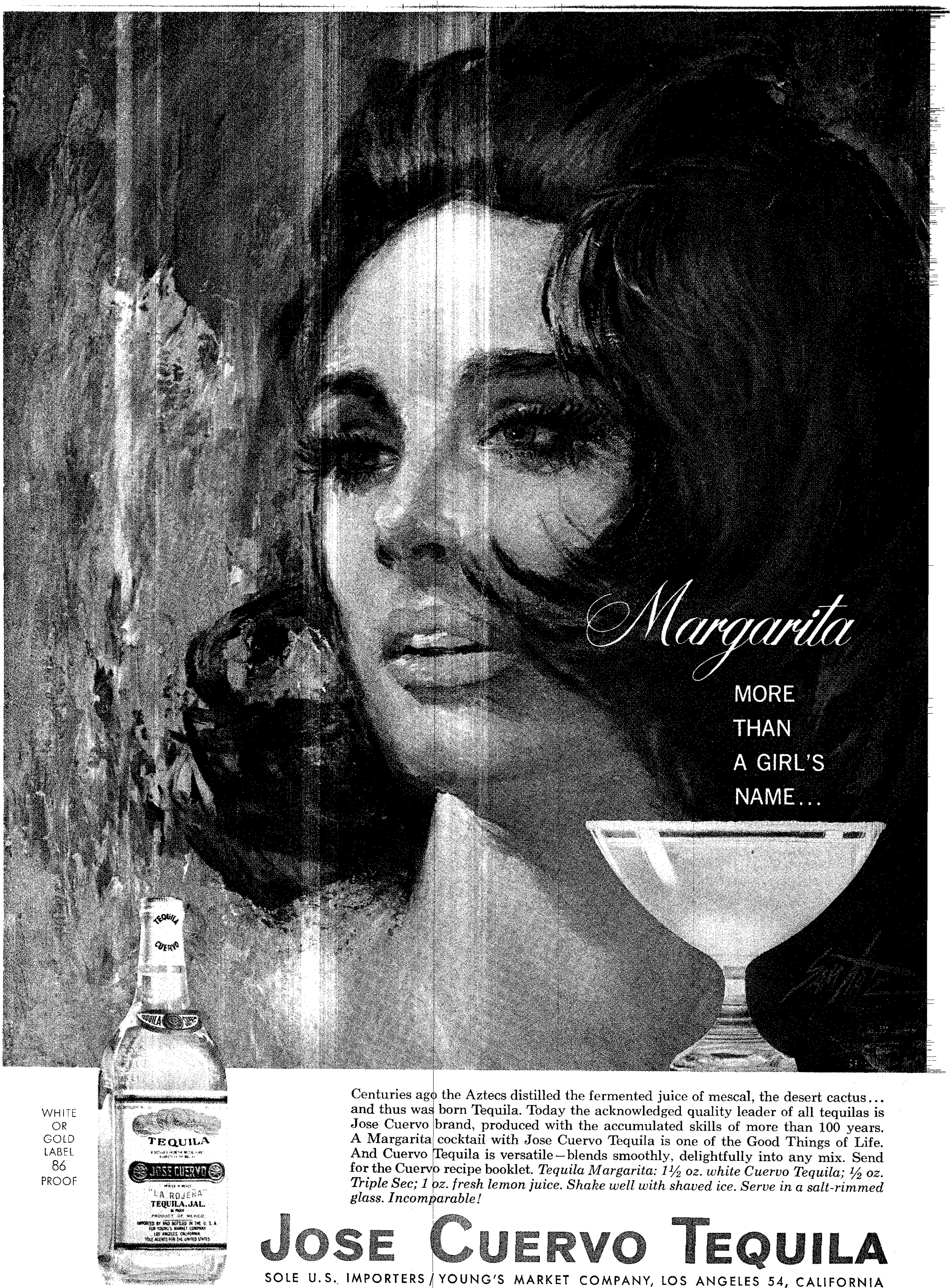
SEE THE EUROPE ONLY SEEN BY CAR!

Exciting, uncrowded, economical Europe. It's the Europe *only* seen by car. Purchase, Lease or Rent a car from Auto-Europe and see Europe at its level best. For complete information, Auto-Europe's *free*, full-color guide, "The ABC's of European Auto Travel" covers everything on wheels... it's as necessary as a passport. For free copy see your travel agent or write—

New York: 25 W. 58 St. PL 2-2424. *Chicago:* 153 E. Ohio St. MI 2-3211. *Beverly Hills:* 268 S. Beverly Drive. BR 2-3149. *San Francisco:* 150 Powell St., EX 2-7894. *Seattle:* White-Henry-Stuart Bldg. MA 2-3456. *Toronto:* 88 Eglinton Ave. E. HU 7-0173. *Vancouver, B.C.:* 685 Hornby St. MU 1-5936.

auto europe

Name
Address
City State
Car preference (if any) Dept. 13

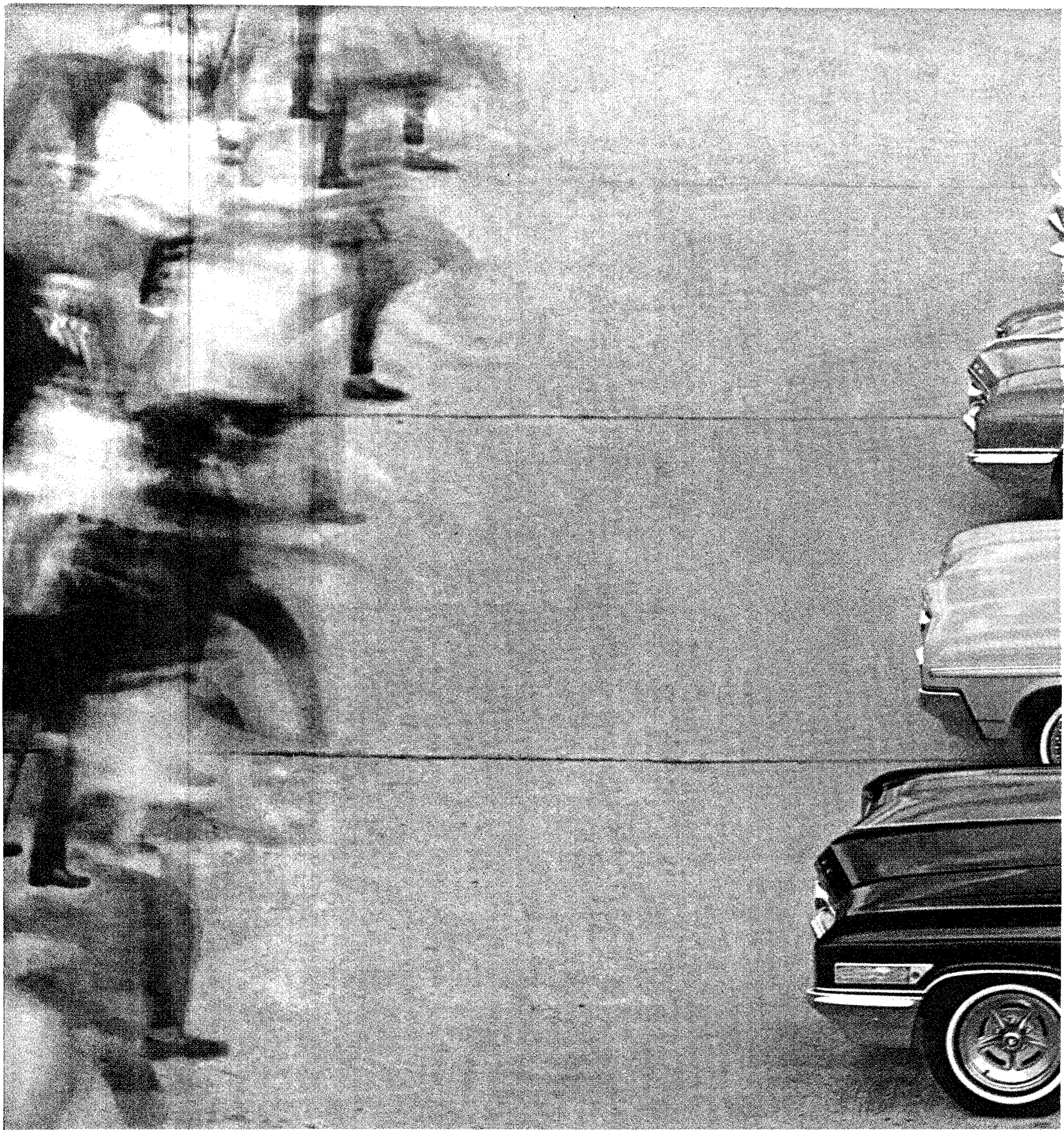

Margarita
MORE THAN A GIRL'S NAME...
TEQUILA CUERVO
TEQUILA
JOSE CUERVO
"LA ROJEÑA"
TEQUILA, JAL.
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A.
FOR YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES

WHITE
OR
GOLD
LABEL
86
PROOF

Centuries ago the Aztecs distilled the fermented juice of mescal, the desert cactus... and thus was born Tequila. Today the acknowledged quality leader of all tequilas is Jose Cuervo brand, produced with the accumulated skills of more than 100 years. A Margarita cocktail with Jose Cuervo Tequila is one of the Good Things of Life. And Cuervo Tequila is versatile—blends smoothly, delightfully into any mix. Send for the Cuervo recipe booklet. *Tequila Margarita: 1½ oz. white Cuervo Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. Shake well with shaved ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass. Incomparable!*

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

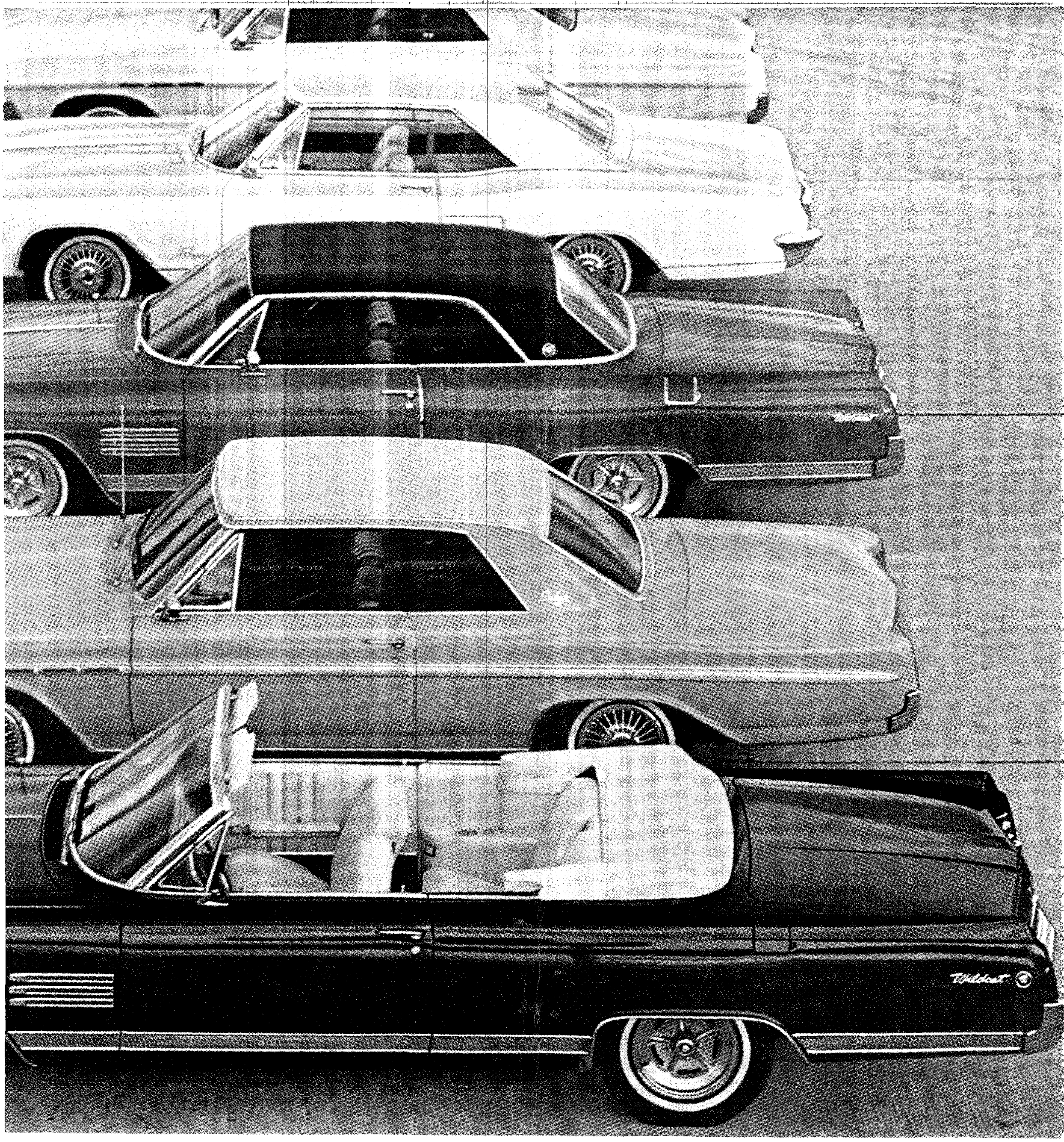
SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS / YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA



What the Buick Sports Car Rally is is a chance for all you sports to drive a Buick. And a chance for us to show you (yes, even you sports car drivers) what you've been missing if you're not already a Buick driver. We happen to be featuring the Wildcat, the Skylark and the Riviera, because they're the sportiest Buicks. As

You too can be a rally driver...in the first Buick Sports Car Rally.

Really.

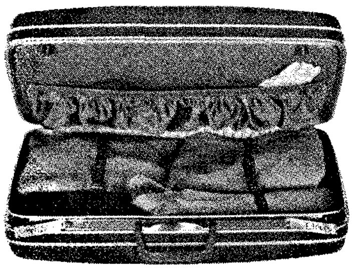


you'll see when you drive them. Their eagerness, their crisp handling, their soft-hearted way of treating you . . . that, we feel, is what a car should be like. You will too, once you get to know a Buick better. And what better time could you have chosen? One thing we should say before we leave you: Above all, they're Buicks.

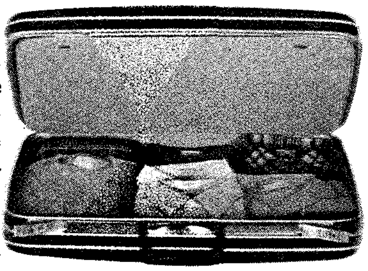
Buick Motor Division—General Motors Corporation

TOP TO BOTTOM: LADIES' BEAUTY CASE $25.00; 21" O'NITE $27.50; 26" PULLMAN $42.50; MEN'S TWO-SUITER $42.50; 24" COMPANION CASE $32.50

Silhouette is you...slender, fast-paced, daringly elegant



Silhouette is on the go with the Go Generation. It is lean. Lithe. Vital. It looks like you. Every line is clean, uncluttered. And stays that way because these handsome cases are made with scuff-resistant, stain-resistant vinyl and strong lightweight magnesium frames. Trim. The exclusive Samsonite locks are hidden. Trim. The interiors are designed for wrinkle-free packing. Trim. The colors: Oxford Grey, Dover White, Biscayne Blue, Platinum Grey, Willow for her; Tanbark, Oxford Grey, Deep Olive for him. The word again: Trim.



Samsonite Silhouette®

The luggage that sets the pace for luxury

SHWAYDER BROS., INC., LUGGAGE DIV., DENVER. MAKERS OF SAMSONITE FOLDING FURNITURE. PRICES PLUS EXISTING TAXES. IN CANADA THRU SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD., STRATFORD, ONT. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER.

the Archduke had raised his hand and called out, "Quiet!"

"Naturally," Grandmother said, "everyone was quiet. '*I will a Glas Wasser habn; i bin durschti,*' said the Archduke. He spoke in the old dialect. Well, we were all thirsty, it was so hot. But there was no water around, and the village was ten minutes from the crossroad. The mayor was very embarrassed and would have gone back himself for some water, but before he could think, the Archduke had got back into his carriage and ordered it to start moving. 'Such a pigsty,' I heard the coachman say as he lifted his whip. The poor mayor sat down on the grass. 'I, too, need a glass of water,' he said."

Mariska laughed, and I saw Grandmother give her a reproachful glance. But she went on with her story. We heard of Franz Josef, the young Kaiser, and of his ambitious mother, the Archduchess Sophie, who was determined that her second son—Maximilian—should become an emperor. Grandmother grew excited as she spoke of the ruthless Napoleon III of France, who had his "*blutbefleckte Hände*" in the intrigue. She told of the beautiful Charlotte, now wedded to the glorious Maximilian, and of a ball in Vienna, in the glittering Hofburg. It was held to honor Maximilian and Charlotte, who were soon to become the rulers of Mexico. Johann Strauss the younger and his orchestra played quadrilles and waltzes, as guests from all over the monarchy danced the night through. It was a superb, fitting farewell to the hero who was on his way to oppose the "wicked, wicked murderers." After the festivities in Vienna, there were still more in Paris, where Napoleon and Eugénie entertained the young couple handsomely.

"But that Napoleon was up to no good," said Grandmother with disgust. "Imagine! He called Maximilian 'brother,' and praised him, and all the while he knew what was coming. Right after Maximilian arrived in Mexico, he realized the people were all against him. His army had no equipment, and was not large enough. He sent messages to Napoleon, asking for help, but of course no help came. He sent his wife, Charlotte, but Napoleon was too busy even to see her. All the while, that awful Juarez was leading his men closer and closer, until finally they encircled the poor little army of Maximilian. There was no hope, and Maximilian was taken prisoner." Sadly, Grandmother told how the Emperor had been humiliated, and how he had taken off his sabre and put it on the table before Juarez.

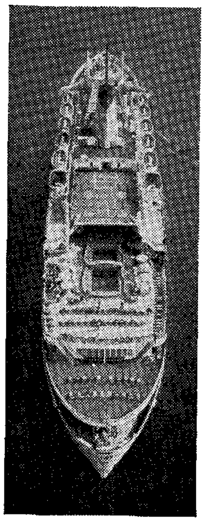
At that point, I abandoned my les-

Rome did not appoint these Italian ambassadors

(Incres Line did—for year-round Caribbean Cruises)

As you cruise the Caribbean waters on the all-first-class VICTORIA, you'll appreciate these Italian ambassadors of a different stripe . . . the service stripe! Friendly, helpful, experienced, they are truly gracious ambassadors of Italian hospitality. Their credentials are an inimitable Italian flair that makes the ship's elegance come alive for you. Their reward is the pleasure they take in pleasing you. They're the chief ingredient of the VICTORIA's renown as the ultimate in luxury . . . doing full justice to her magnificent public rooms, her spacious decks with 2 swimming pools, her consistently superior accommodations (all staterooms have private bathrooms, over 90% of the cabins are outside). They're at your service on the Caribbean the year round . . . on the ship designed expressly for Caribbean cruising!

The m/s VICTORIA Caribbean Cruise Program Continues Thru the Springtime! Reserve promptly! APRIL 4, 11 Days, 4 Ports • April 17, 9 Days, 2 Ports • APRIL 26, 11 Days, 4 Ports • MAY 8, 13 Days, 5 Ports • MAY 22, 9 Days, 2 Ports • MAY 31, 12 Days, 5 Ports • JUNE 13, 13 Days, 5 Ports • Thereafter, Summer Cruises to Labor Day. **See your travel agent now!**



M/S VICTORIA

CARIBBEAN CRUISES WITH AN ITALIAN FLAIR

FREE! Write for new revised edition of our famous Caribbean Guide! No matter how you plan to go, you'll find it invaluable in planning your vacation.

Incres Line, Dept. NYR2, 39 B'way N. Y. 6
Gentlemen: Please send me free copy of your 20-page "Things to Know Before You Go" Caribbean Guide.
Name__________
Address__________
City______ Zone___ State______

Incres Line
CRUISES BEYOND COMPARE

see Your Travel Agent

39 Bway, New York 6, N. Y. • DI 4-1900

sons. "He should have thrown it in Juarez' face," I said. "The dirty bastard!"

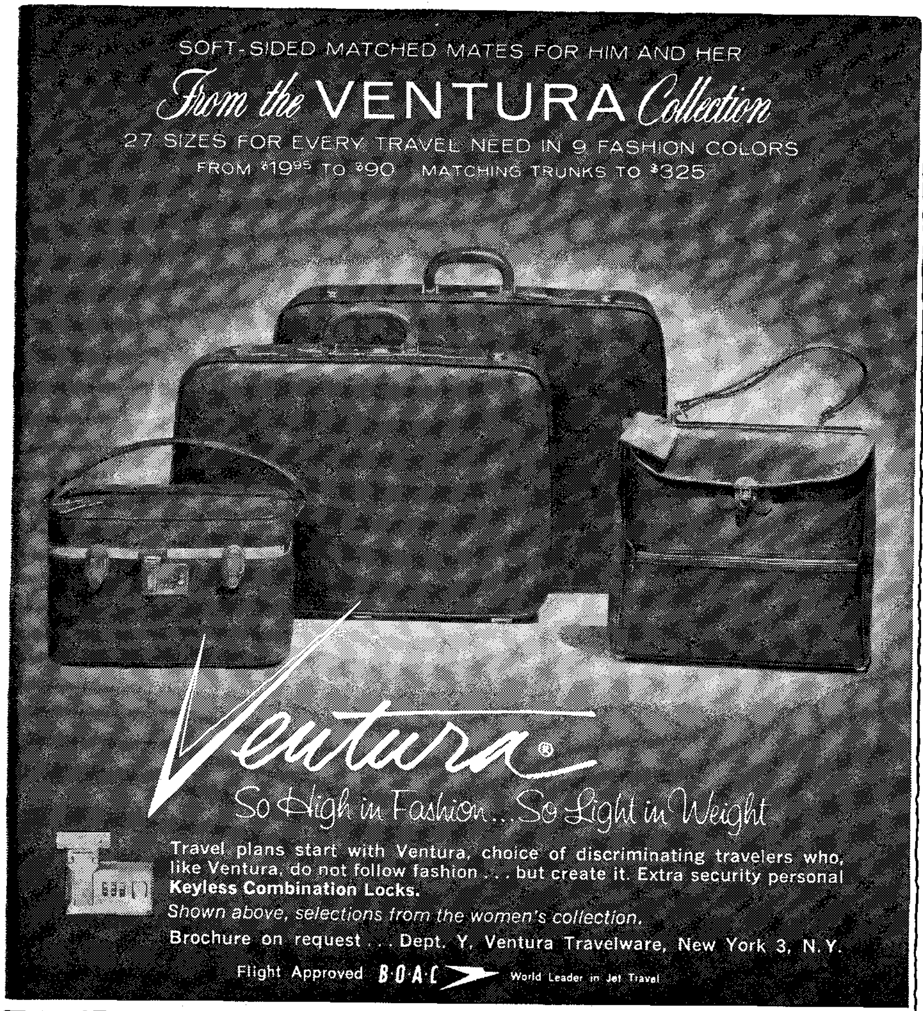
"Don't speak like that!" my mother said. She turned to Grandmother. "Mama, *please*. You are upsetting the boy!"

"*Bitte*," said Grandmother. Then she spoke to me. "Your mother is right, Richard. You shouldn't use such expressions. At any rate, our poor Maximilian was executed, in a place called Querétaro. But before they shot him he embraced his two remaining faithful generals, who were also to die with him. 'I thank you,' he said. 'I thank you from the bottom of my heart. A wicked enemy has vanquished us, and we must die. I think of my homeland, my wife, my glorious brother . . .' " Grandmother's voice broke off, and she scooped a pile of feathers into a sack. "And now, Richard, you must go to bed."

THIRTY years later, Grandmother, of course, was dead. Mother and Father had long since left Lackenbach for Vienna. Mother was a fragile, bent old lady, enduring severe diabetes and a constantly threatening heart condition. She did not sit and brood about her ailments but walked with my father every day in the park of the Lichtenstein palace, opposite the old building where they lived. Father was retired from public office; he had held the title of *Regierungsrat*—chief administrator of the Burgenland health-and-welfare program.

It was the Vienna of the Anschluss. The old Austrian empire of Franz Josef and Maximilian was gone, and now the Austrian republic that succeeded it had been extinguished in the demoniac months of March and April, 1938. Mother couldn't believe it. She looked about her at the conservative, upper-middle-class neighborhood and still found serenity. Noise of marching boots had not yet penetrated the Lichtensteinstrasse. "What could possibly happen to us old people?" she would ask when I spoke of the seriousness of the new developments. "Your father has his pension. Forty years of service, after all!"

Meanwhile, my younger brother, Pali, was arrested; my older brother, Arpad, a surgeon in the General Hospital, was forcibly removed from his job and badly beaten; and finally I, too, was arrested, in Mattersburg, where I was the town doctor. After a month, I was released, and with my wife and young son moved in with my parents and set about getting a visa to any country in the world that was willing to receive us and our parents. In warm, balmy days and


SOFT-SIDED MATCHED MATES FOR HIM AND HER
From the VENTURA Collection
27 SIZES FOR EVERY TRAVEL NEED IN 9 FASHION COLORS
FROM $\$19^{95}$ TO $\$90$ MATCHING TRUNKS TO $\$325$

Ventura®
So High in Fashion... So Light in Weight

Travel plans start with Ventura, choice of discriminating travelers who, like Ventura, do not follow fashion . . . but create it. Extra security personal **Keyless Combination Locks.**
Shown above, selections from the women's collection.
Brochure on request . . . Dept. Y, Ventura Travelware, New York 3, N.Y.
Flight Approved B·O·A·C World Leader in Jet Travel

Peck & Peck

Swimsuit combo for the Peck & Peck Girl

The sarong adds a wrapped skirt and becomes a sundress! Quick-drying all Dacron® polyester...really *looks* like silk. Optional straps and our famous inner bra. Blue/green or coral. 10 to 18, 35.00

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City • Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

through entire nights, I would wait in front of embassies. It seemed hopeless. I would come home weary, disappointed.

Mother would try to be comforting. "*Geduld*, *geduld* [Patience, patience]," she would say. "Soup is never eaten as hot as it is prepared. These crazy ones will also cool down. Austrians are never violent."

But one day the Nazis came to the little apartment on the Lichtensteinstrasse. I returned home just in time to see my father being put into a police van. His long, passive face was pale, but composed as always, in spite of his being pushed by two S.A. youngsters, who were yelling at him, "Come on! Can't you walk?" Mother stood in the doorway, looking very small, shaking her head. Another pair of S.A. men were carrying our silver down in a basket. She stepped aside to let them pass, and stared, in a trancelike state, at the heaping basket.

A few days later, Father was back. He brought with him a copy of a document he had signed. He had "volunteered" to relinquish all claims to his pension. Slowly, the realization came over Mother that times had indeed changed.

I redoubled my efforts. I wrote letters to people all over the world—to friends, to unknown persons whose names I dug up from telephone directories, to anyone who might offer us some chance of escape. I had information that I was soon to be arrested again, so I began sleeping at night in the homes of friends. Replies to my letters, when I got any, arrived *poste restante*.

On the tenth of April, I went to the post office to collect my mail. There was only one letter, and I could envisage its contents: one more dreary message—no assistance. But this one was different. After reading it, I ran all the way home. "Mama!" I cried. "It's come at last. We have a visa!"

She had a pot of water in her hand, and stood with her back to me. She twisted her head around. "A visa? A visa. Good. And to where, Richard? To what country?"

"To Mexico," I said.

"Mexico?"

"Yes, Mama. Mexico."

She turned to face me. "No. No, I would not *think* of it," she said. "To a country where they murdered our Maximilian I do not go."

She would not consent to leave Austria until several months later, when there were rumors that the Gestapo was intending to arrest Father again. At that time, my wife, my little son, and I were already in Paris, and I had succeeded in obtaining French visas for my parents. After the defeat of France, they escaped to the United States. Mother died in 1944. She is buried in a cemetery on Long Island.

—Richard Berczeller

• •

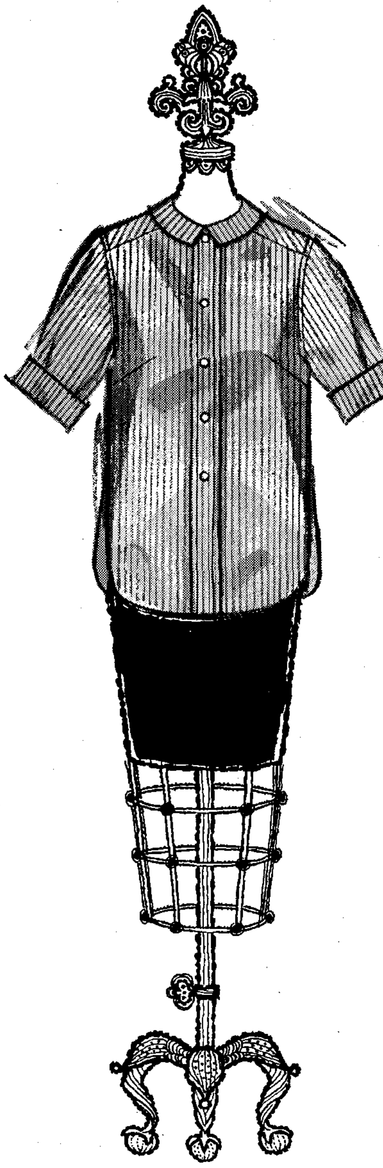
AT THE BROOKLYN DOCKS

(November 23, 1963)

In the morning air, the freighter *Havskar*,
From Oslo, lies drawn up at her Brooklyn pier.
The light breaks on her masts and ropes, and shows
Their endless tents and triangles that crowd
In the white air, and rise and ride each other.
A man waves, and a boom descends; a shout,
And a crate is hoisted up from dock to decks.
It swings and lands, and the men on board take it away.
Near me, above the ships, the workmen spread
Tar on the roofs, black in the early sun.
The smell of sea water and tar is thick;
It stings in the nostrils, and, like coffee, wakes me.

Wakes me to what I see and what I know.
Where the light strikes, there is the thrust of sadness,
Up the white spars and ropes, the shapes of day,
Along the decks, and on the *Havskar*'s flag,
At half-mast, like her neighbors' and my own.
Is work as old as grief? Watching, I feel
The slow and wounded groping of my senses
Toward my old life. Here, in my neighborhood,
Under the flags lost among ropes, the men
Cry out, crates swing in the silence after,
Under the watchful eyes the burden lands.
All down the shore, the day changes and moves.

—Dorothy Gilbert



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

The Good Companion

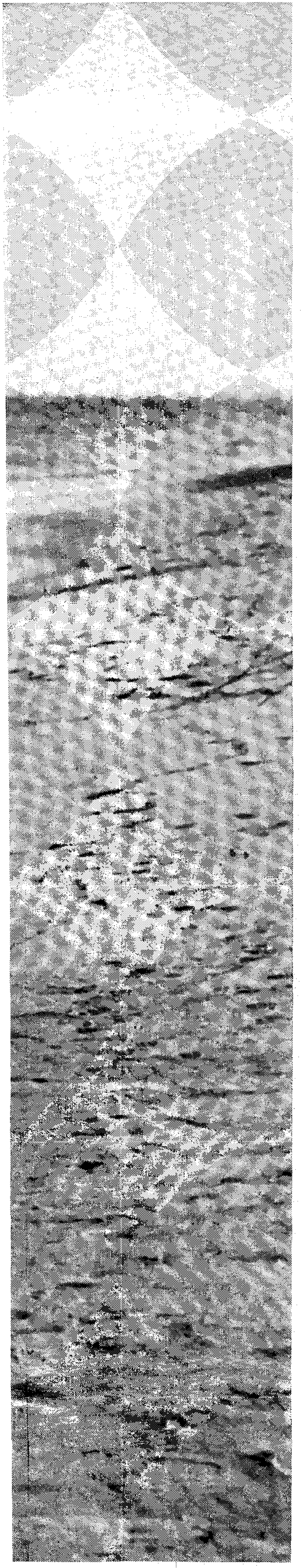
A shirt of tireless energy,
boundlessly resourceful.
In Dacron polyester and cotton,
it's game for anything
you suggest, day or night.
The sort of thing that,
properly done, can refresh
and unify so many factions
in a wardrobe. Roll sleeves,
pan collar. Firm straight
stripes of Blue, Red, Yellow,
Hunter. Sizes 8 to 16.
About seven dollars at good
stores and college shops

The Villager ®

1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO



"The happiest years of my life"

(Pablo Casals talks about his 6 years in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico)

At the age of 80, Pablo Casals decided to make his home in Puerto Rico.

Here is what he said at the time—on his first visit to this sunny Commonwealth in the Caribbean:

> *"The first time I was aware I was alive, I heard the sound of the sea. Before, I would have said that the most beautiful sea was the one I had in front of my house in Spain. But I must confess that the sea I am looking at now is even more beautiful. The natural thing that occurs to me is to make Puerto Rico my home and do for this country everything within my power."*

Pablo Casals has done exactly that. Now—at 86—this world-famous cellist, conductor and composer is one of the Commonwealth's most energetic residents.

The Casals Festival, organized in 1957, has become an annual event in Puerto Rico.

The presence of Pablo Casals on the island led to the formation of the Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra. He also helped establish the Commonwealth Conservatory of Music.

A man at peace with himself

Here's how Pablo Casals speaks of his six years in Puerto Rico.

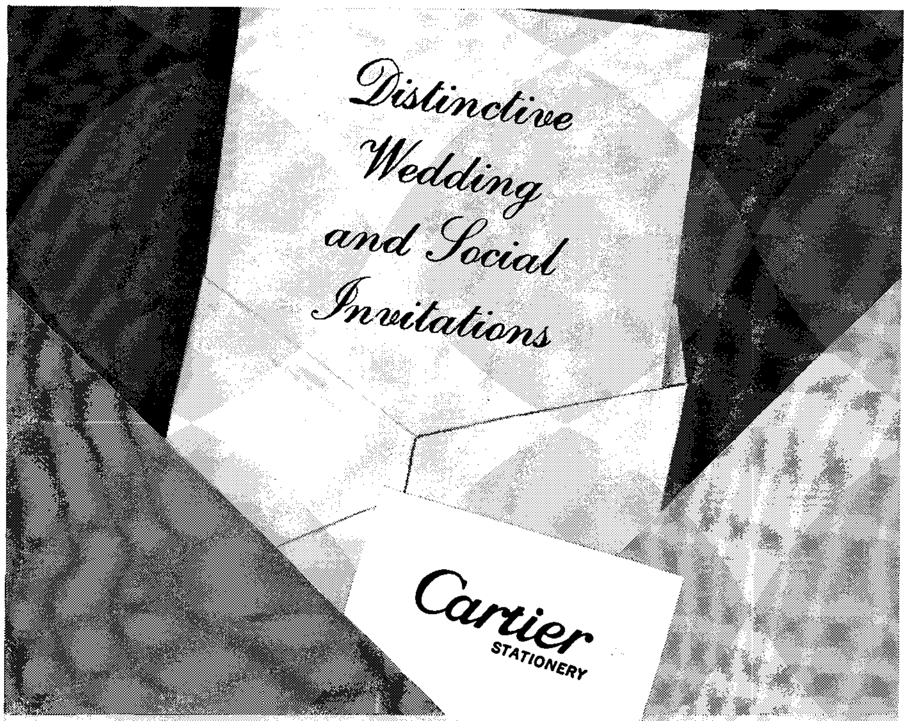
"They have been the happiest years of my life. Living in this house by the sea, I am at peace. I devote myself to my work. The routine of my days is both pleasurable and constant. I get up at 7 o'clock in the morning for a walk on the beach. Walking on the beach, I look at the sea and sky and I am renewed in my feeling of awe and joy over the wonder of nature.

> *"Here in Puerto Rico, I sense a freedom of spirit, a respect for the dignity of man."*

What of the future? Pablo Casals answers without hesitating. "I shall stay here in Puerto Rico and make music, which is my life."

This is one of a series of reports to U. S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 103C, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10019.

◀ **Pablo Casals** takes his regular morning stroll on the beach in front of his house in Puerto Rico. Photo by Tom Hollyman.



Wedding and social stationery with the Cartier imprint bespeak your good taste. A splendid group of fine imported paper stocks and engraving styles to choose from. Samples and prices on request.

Ask about our Brides' Registry.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111

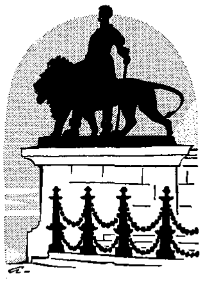
A Hunting you won't go...

You name the patterns and we have them in beautiful fabrics and wallpapers: sports motifs (popular to obscure) . . . bowers of flowers (bigger-than-life to miniature) . . . modern designs (abstract to zebra) . . . traditional (all Pompadour had and more!). Happy non-hunting. See your Decorator.

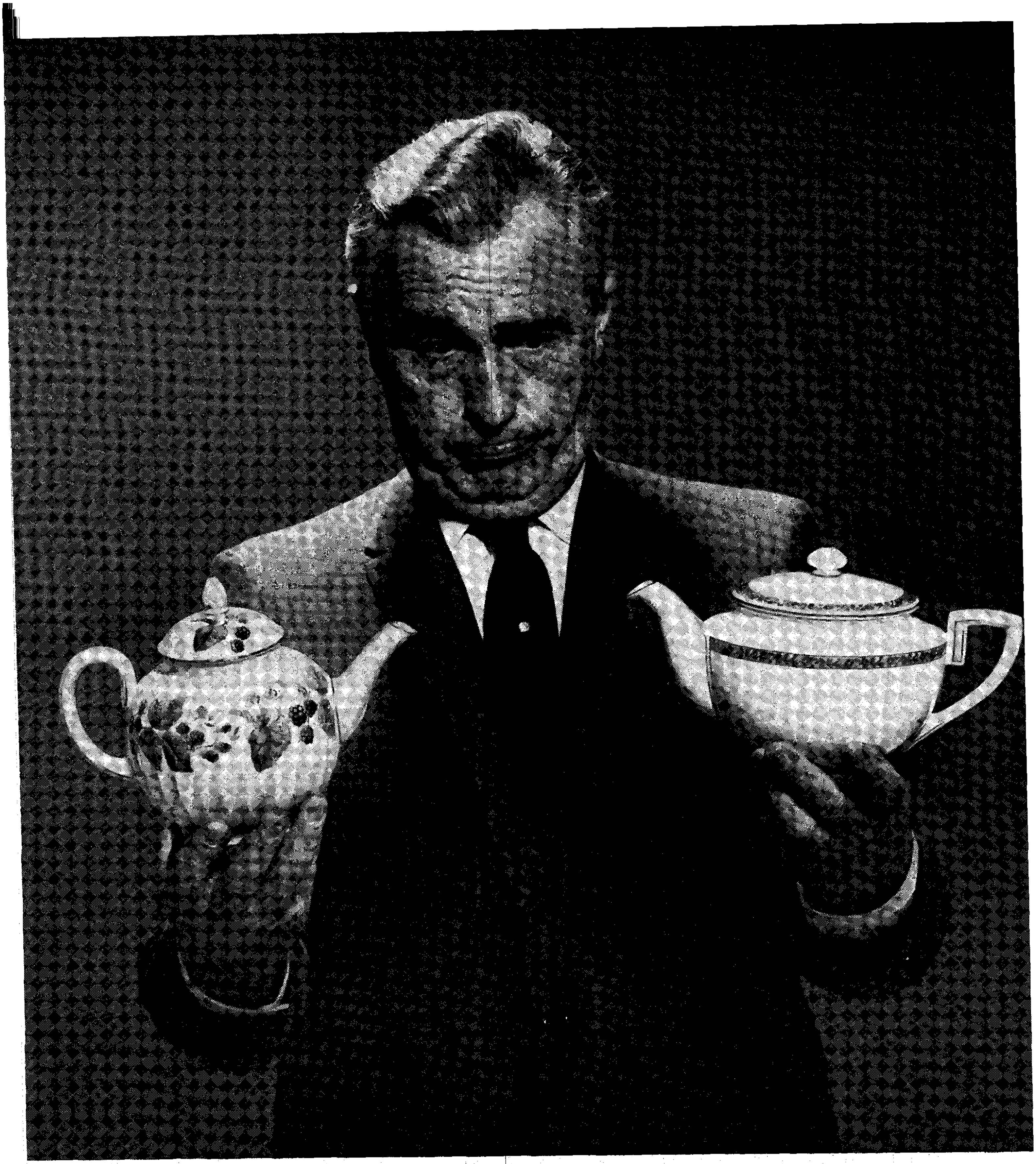
J.H. Thorp FABRICS
W.H.S. LLOYD WALLPAPERS
425 E. 53 St. / 171 E. 56 St., N.Y.
and branches in all major cities

LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 15



WHETHER the incoming team will turn out to be a Conservative Government once again or a new Labour administration, by autumn it will inherit a number of vitally important 1963 recommendations for bettering the lives of future citizens, on which it will have to take action or, if it seems to be dragging its feet, face attack from the Opposition. A series of bulky reports on various investigations into this and that section of British life came tumbling off the presses last year, to give the experts' challenging and sometimes startling advice on what should be done to modernize and get ahead. This had been the big theme expounded throughout the year by politicians of every party following the British failure to get into Europe. Now Parliament is back at work, and how briskly the Government proposes to act on the revolutionary Robbins report on higher education will be the first big test for Sir Alec Douglas-Home and his powers of administration. His opening major policy act after he became Prime Minister was to give an enthusiastic blessing to the findings of Lord Robbins and his committee, which had been appointed to inquire into the needs of higher education. In extreme brief, what it found was the necessity for vastly increased spending to improve the prospects of the coming surge of bright students pressing forward for university places. The Robbins proposals set a bold target of more than sixty university institutions by 1980, instead of the present thirty-two, with all the accompanying problems of finding enormously increased numbers of professorial staff. The report was like a prospectus soberly asking the nation to sink a huge investment in youth, and since the Government had already placed education at the top of its domestic election program, it seemed to have arrived at an opportune moment. But before Parliament dispersed for Christmas, Lord Robbins himself spoke critically in the House of Lords, accusing the Government of delay and saying roundly that if something more concrete than blessings were not soon forthcoming, opinion in the universities would conclude that the Government cared "only about



Her favorite uncle gave Royal Worcester

Two teapots! Of course, and cups to go with them. Let her sip in beauty from morning to night. Only Royal Worcester bone china inspires an uncle thus. Who can be penurious with so many patterns to intrigue him. Royal Worcester bone china is England's finest. Just compare its whiteness with any other china and you'll see why. Just strike it gently and its chimes will tell you Royal Worcester is purer than any other. The patterns perplexing Uncle here are Lavinia and Golden Anniversary. Only two of many. All available at good department stores and jewelry shops. Place settings start at $14.75.

Are you the kind of girl they give Royal Worcester® to? Yes ☐ No ☐

(If yes, register now so there won't be any mistake about it. Or, send 25¢ for booklet on the care of fine china and color pamphlet to Royal Worcester, 11 East 26th Street, New York 10.)

fine phrases and nebulous rhetoric.”

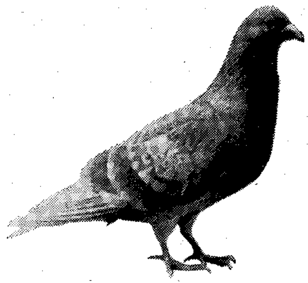
What the universities and everybody else are waiting for is the Prime Minister’s decision on an awkward problem, which could result in tensions and even, some Conservatives nervously think, in damaging resignations from his new Cabinet. This is whether the working out of the great Robbins scheme should be handled by one overriding Minister of Education, who would guide it all the way from the infants’ class to the college lecture hall—as, roughly speaking, the schoolteachers, the Labour and Liberal Parties, a minority of university opinion, and the majority of Conservative backbenchers would like—or should be shared by a Minister of Education, for the schools alone, and a separate, newly created Minister of Arts and Science, for higher education. Such dual responsibility was the course advocated by Lord Robbins, and the universities seem to have come out for it almost to a don. This has caused all the attention and the talk to be diverted, unfortunately, from the plan itself to the personalities of the two Ministers in the running for the job, or jobs. Sir Edward Boyle, the present Minister of Education, is only forty, a big man with a brilliantly lucid mind, who has great influence in the young progressive wing of the Party. Mr. Quintin Hogg, the recently translated Lord Hailsham, is already Minister of Science. Many people think that the possibility of getting the Robbins job of administering higher education was the attraction that induced him to join the Home government. The two Ministers, indeed, do not seem to have been notably in harmony with each other’s views except during the leadership crisis last autumn, when Quintin Hogg was for Hogg first and Rab Butler second, Sir Edward was strongly for Mr. Butler, and neither man supported Lord Home’s sudden emergence as Prime Minister. Now, if education throughout Britain is to be cut in half like the apple of knowledge and Mr. Hogg is handed the major portion, it is thought that Sir Edward’s resignation would probably follow in protest (which most of his civil servants would echo, apparently). In the view of those who favor a single Minister, the carve-up would mean that there would be a sort of aristocracy of the intelligence in one compartment, and the state’s primary and secondary scholars segregated resentfully in the other. The Prime Minister’s task of deciding how many heads shall make the powerful body begin to move is thus, to say the least, a delicate one. To hopeful future students and their parents, as well as to non-academic

Only the look is priceless

The matinee look. Off with the jacket and the sleeveless dress takes you into evening. The fabric is Arnel surah, soft and luscious to the touch. By Nelson-Caine in Camay Fabrics’ surah of Arnel triacetate. Blue, pink or brown. 10-20. About $35 at Lord & Taylor, N.Y. & branches; Hudson’s, Detroit; R. H Stearns Co., Boston & branches.

Celanese® Arnel®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

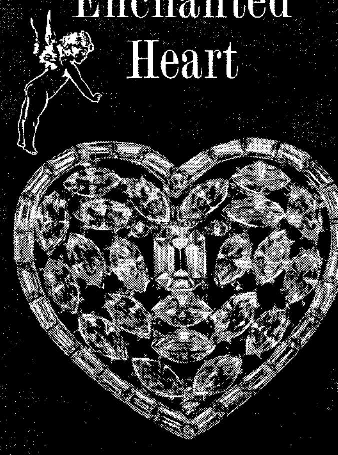


if you’re a bird that likes to walk... the heart of Manhattan is only steps from the famous hotel ASTOR

Singles from $10, doubles from $15, suites from $25 (dbl.). See your Travel Agent, or write or call The Hotel Astor on Times Square, N.Y. JUdson 6-3000.

ANTHONY M. REY
VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER

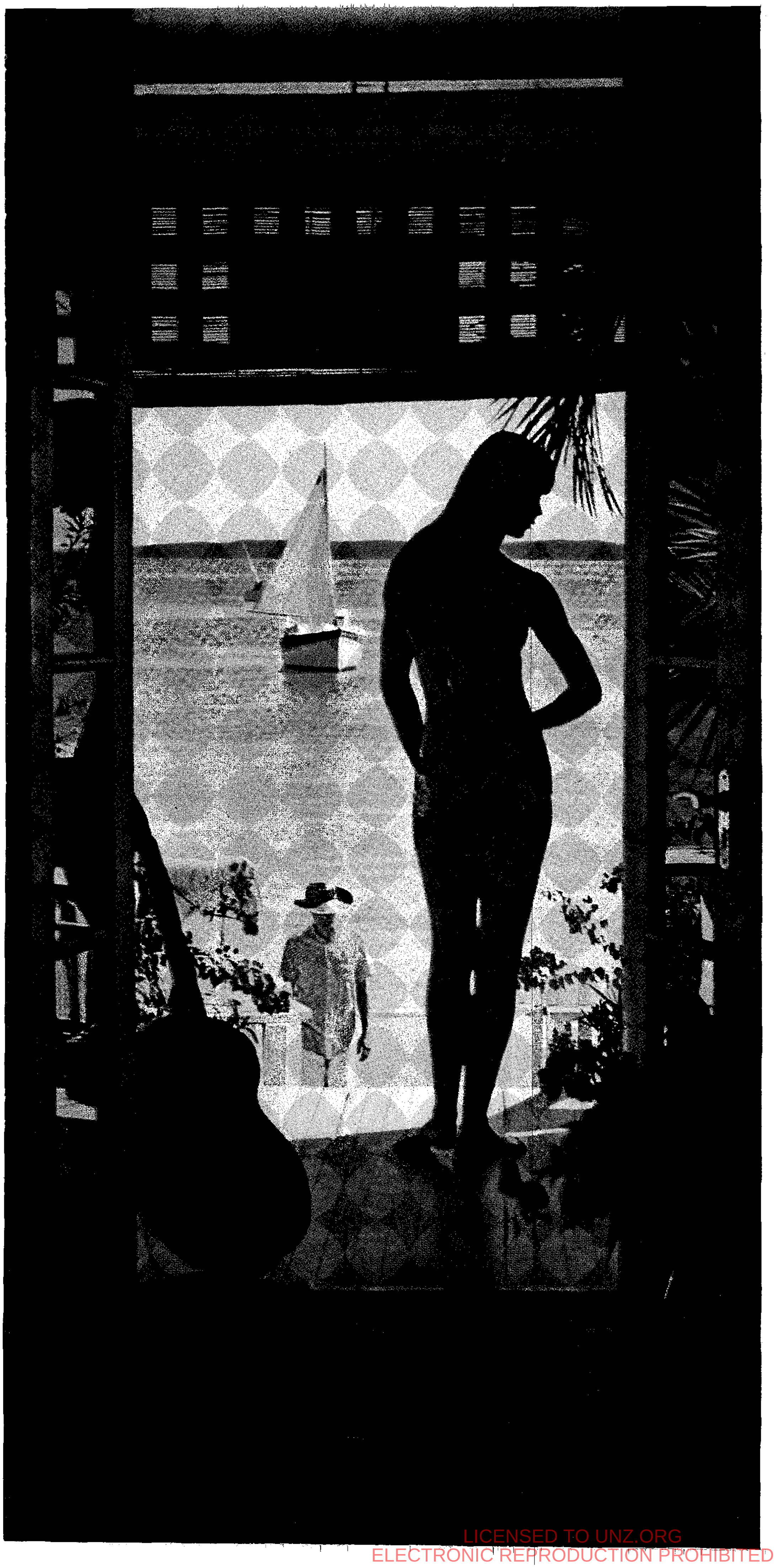
Enchanted Heart



Kissed with moonlight,
shaped like diamonds,
incomparable Austrian
rhinestones form an
irresistable pin.
For Valentine’s Day . . .
and all the Leap
Year through.
$7.50 plus tax.

Pin by Albert Weiss

For the store nearest you write:
Albert Weiss & Co., 15 W. 37th St., N.Y. 18



Just far enough away from it all

If you're looking for the good life, the bountiful isles of the Bahamas are world enough.

You set your own happy pace amid these benevolent surroundings. Whether you're planning a picnic landing in a pirate's cove, or an evening of gayety in a smart hotel, you feel a sense of freedom from nagging timepieces. Even the calendar is considerate. It's summer the year around.

Grand hotels, smart clubs and modest guest houses provide a wide choice of accommodations for your Bahamian holiday. And starting April 15, rates are about one-third lower.

This low-pressure Eden is just far enough away from it all—a 2½-hour flight from New York or just minutes from Florida. A weekend cruise from Manhattan or just an overnight voyage from Miami.

Your Travel Agent is an expert on the charms of the Bahamas. For additional information, please write Dept. GB, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Telephone PL 7-1611.

P.S. Seeing the World's Fair? Take in the Bahamas. It's so easy. No passports—no red tape.

Nassau
AND THE
Bahamas

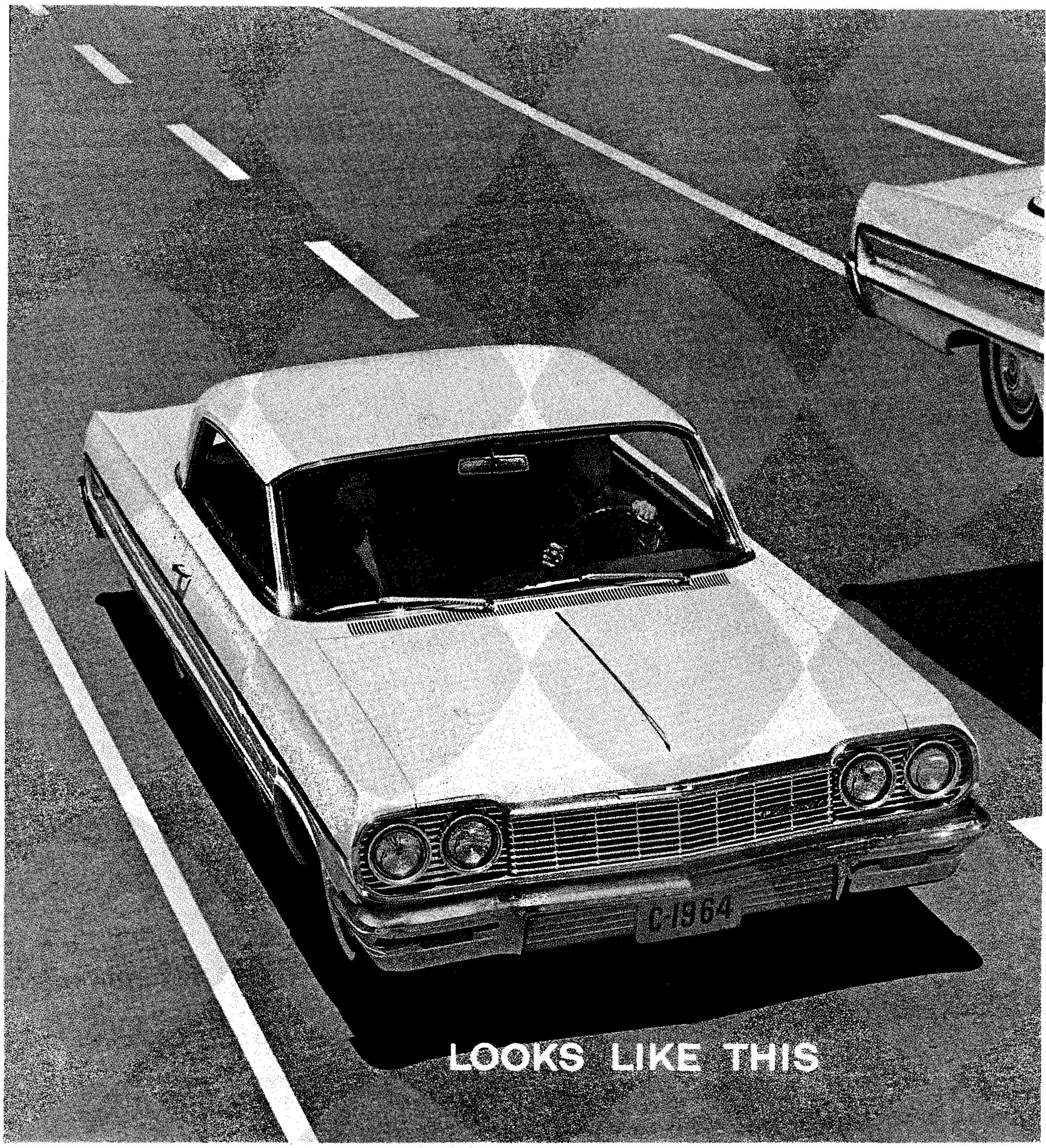
BY SEA: From New York—7-day cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau). The M.S. Italia sails Sats. at 4 P.M. *Feb. 1 thru Apr. 18 from $175. The S.S. Homeric sails Sats.* starting Apr. 25 at 4 P.M., from $175. **From Boston**—6 to 8-day cruises. The S.S. Queen Frederica sails Feb. 1, 8, 15, 21, 29, from $150. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4.

From Miami—3-day, all-expense cruises (2 days, 1 night in Nassau). The S.S. Bahama Star sails each Mon. and Fri. at 5 P.M., from $54. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami 1.

BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (as little as 30 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

AT DUNMORE TOWN ON HARBOUR ISLAND.
PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

THE '64 LUXURY CHEVROLET WITH



IMAGINE GLIDING A FEW FEET ABOVE A ROAD AND YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT JET-SMOOTH RIDE IS LIKE. FOUR BIG COIL SPRINGS AT THE WHEELS OF THIS GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMER CUSHION YOU AGAINST ROAD SHOCKS AND BUMPS.

And the almost uncanny illusion of jet flight you'll feel in the '64 Chevrolet doesn't end there.

We've teamed smoother and quieter transmissions with seven different Chevrolet engines ranging up to an extra-cost 425-hp V8 (and down to a somewhat more docile 140-hp Six that's no slouch, either).

As if that weren't enough to whisk you off to faraway places with ease, we've even improved *your* performance

THE JET-SMOOTH RIDE

'64 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe

FEELS LIKE THIS

n long turnpike trips, for instance) by doing up Chevrolet's ody by Fisher in new jet-lounge luxury.

Sink back into the softer vinyl bucket seats in the new uper Sport series and see what we mean.

Really, there seems to be only one down-to-earth thing bout the '64 Jet-smooth luxury Chevrolet. And that, as our dealer will show you, is the Chevrolet price. . . . hevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET • CHEVELLE • CHEVY II • CORVAIR • CORVETTE

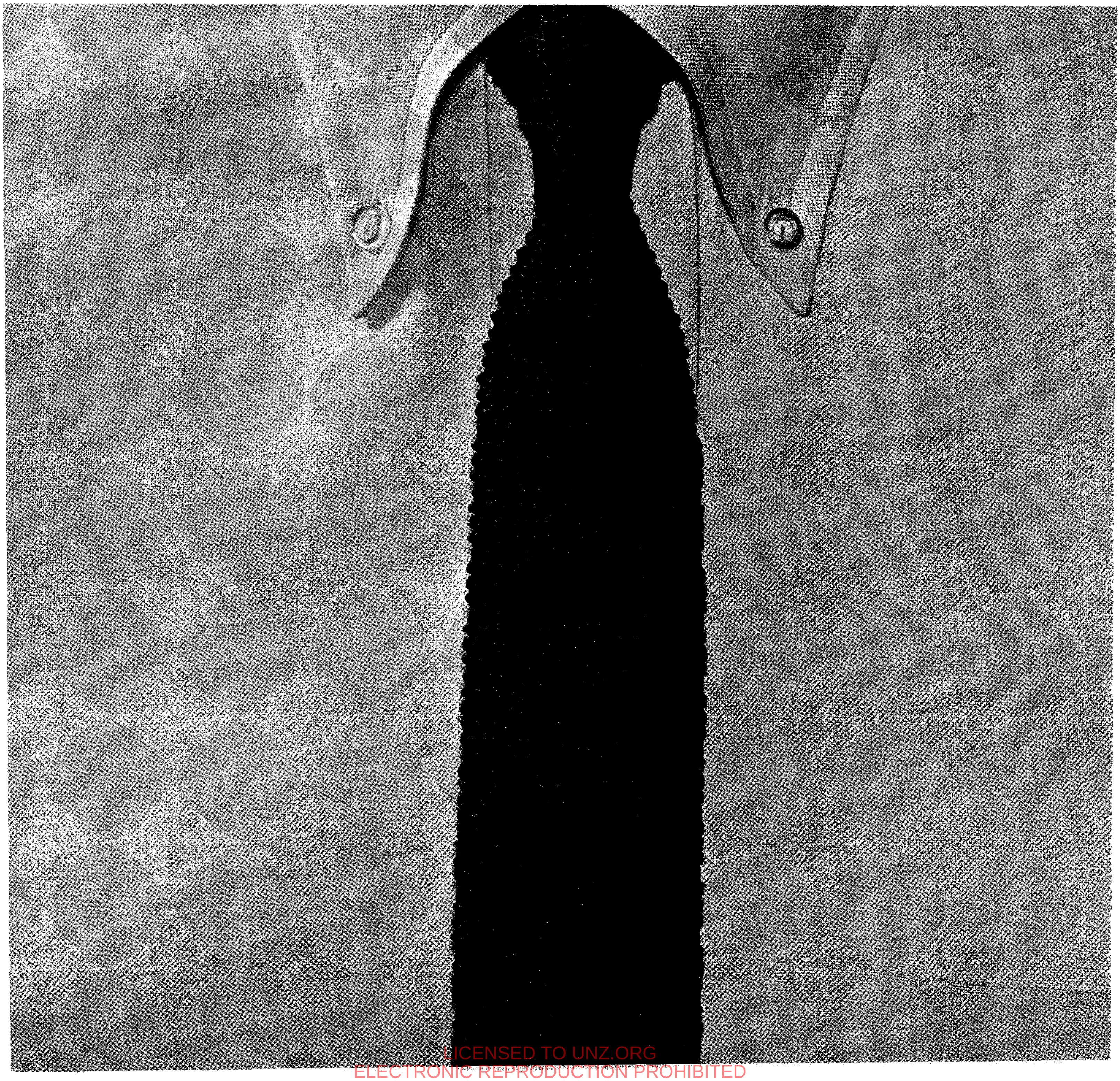
CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

THE NEW HUE IN EAGLE BUTTON-DOWNS: FORESEEABLE FUCHSIA

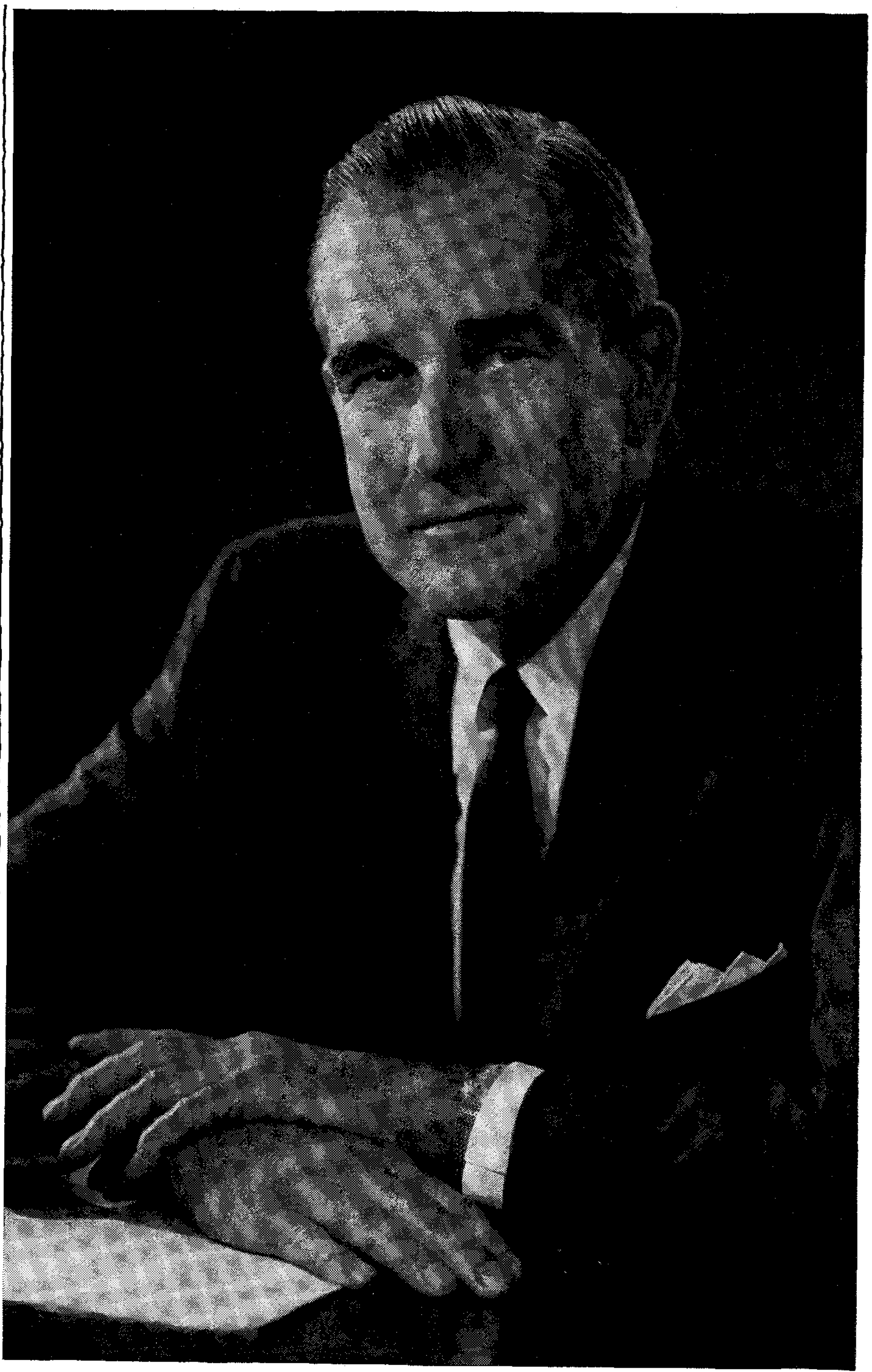
LOOKS pink, doesn't it? ★ We chose the name for this color from among the entries in our recent competition for new color-names because of its aptness: we predict great things. Remember you heard it here first. ★ What makes our solid pink new is that it isn't solid pink: the vertical yarn (or warp) is somewhere between a Robert Shaw Coral and a Lawsy Miss Scarlet; whereas the horizontal yarn (or woof) is a sort of 'Enry 'Iggins Just You White. ★ Thus creating an illusion, but of the finest oxford cloth all the same; with button cuffs and our dear, old bulgy collar, about $7.00. If you don't know where to buy this and other Eagle Shirts in your town, please write Miss Afflerbach who does; at the address below.

© 1964, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



onlookers, putting the question over until after the general election in order to avoid any Party bustup would seem disappointing management, and poor politics, too.

THE last of the great, exciting 1963 blueprints for reform—the Buchanan report on the problem of how to prevent the growing monster of traffic from strangling the towns of Britain—was the most expensive to buy and the gayest in format of any of the Government-commissioned inquiries into serious national questions. It looked like a glossy-jacketed, splendidly produced gift volume to be displayed on living-room coffee tables, and for the layman as well as for the town planner it was the most fascinating, absorbing, and alarming two-pounds-ten-shillings' worth of reading to turn up in anyone's pile of Christmas presents. Penguin Books is bringing out in the spring a paperback edition, more reasonably priced and handier to slip into the pocket for perusal while stuck in a rush-hour traffic jam. The chief author of this superb documentary, Professor Colin Buchanan, is a fifty-six-year-old civil servant who brought to the enormous job the rare triple qualifications of engineer, architect, and town planner, plus a keen, amused eye for the splendors and miseries of modern cities and a gift for getting his observations down in easy, unbureaucratic language. The imaginative and ruthless Buchanan analysis of what must be done to put the needs of human beings and the places they live in over the needs of the motor vehicle was acclaimed by everyone who can see for himself what is happening here in London, where the confusion seems to grow worse month by month. The figures given in the report ought to have frightened motorists (but obviously will not do so, to judge by the motor industry's cheerfully booming condition following October's successful show of new models) into swearing off touching a steering wheel again, for the prediction is that traffic will double in this small island in the next ten years, treble in twenty, and quadruple in fifty. In stopping this avalanche of metal from overpowering us all, Professor Buchanan points out, the present piecemeal improvements, which go on freezing the streets in the same old pattern of costly mistakes, are entirely useless. There is no easy solution, he states, and none that would not entail enormous financial outlay. What he and his team propose is a cellular system of "urban rooms"—neighborhoods in which safety for pedestrians "ambling about for a great variety of purposes,"



Arthur B. Sinkler, President, Hamilton Watch Company

The definitive portrait is by Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Washington • The Mall at Short Hills • Baltimore

The "Champagne Touch"

of bygone days aboard the most Modern Ships afloat.

Enjoy the elegance that makes ocean travel the height of luxury aboard America's newest cruise liners ss ARGENTINA and ss BRASIL.

Every moment aboard is graced by our "Champagne Touch"... gracious service, beautiful staterooms, superb international cuisine.

5 to 13-day CARIBBEAN CRUISES

FROM NEW YORK

Feb. 27, 1964	13 days	$430 up
Apr. 16, 1964	8 days	$240 up

FROM BALTIMORE, MD.

Apr. 25, 1964	5 days	$150 up
May 7, 1964	6 days	$180 up
May 13, 1964*	6 days	$180 up

(*to NEW YORK...7 days...$210 up)

Calling variously at: San Juan, St. Thomas, Bermuda, Barbados, Guadeloupe, Trinidad, Curaçao.

31-day SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES

FROM NEW YORK:

March 13, April 25, May 22, $930 up

Calling at: St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos (Sao Paulo), Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Barbados, San Juan.

35-day SCANDINAVIA BALTIC & NORTHERN EUROPE CRUISES

FROM NEW YORK

June 2, 1964	$1285 up
July 9, 1964	$1350 up
July 30, 1964	$1350 up

Calling variously at: Reykjavik, Honningsvag, Trondheim, Ytterdal, Merok, Bergen, Oslo, Gdynia, Stockholm, Leningrad, Helsinki, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Southampton, Antwerp.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT NOW!

Call or write for colorful brochures:
Cruises to South America, Scandinavia,
Africa, Caribbean

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

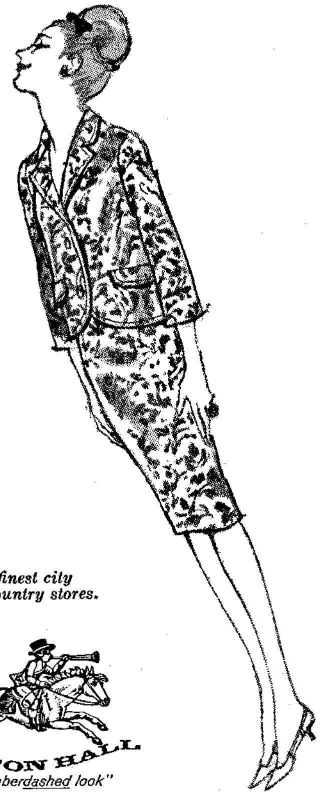
Two Broadway, Dept. N-25, N.Y., N.Y. 10004

freedom from noise, and agreeable layouts would be safeguarded by excluding all traffic that did not need to enter. The main flow of traffic would thunder along "urban corridors" driven between the room zones. The maximum Buchanan scheme—of city-center rebuilding on a gigantic scale, with the pedestrians placed aloft to window-gaze on second-story shopping tiers above the traffic—came in for much excited discussion, but many people suspect cynically that it will probably not result in anything—at least in the already greatly changed center of London.

The Government immediately accepted the Buchanan principles as a basis for future planning. It seemed a bad omen, though, that it turned down the important first recommendation of the steering committee, headed by Sir Geoffrey Crowther, which gave its views on how to get the plan working. This was that powerful, brand-new authorities should be set up, which, like the authorities in the New Towns, would be empowered to buy land and to have the final say in the local-government disputes and affronts that would be bound to delay putting through such a vast scheme. As a footnote to this disappointment, Professor Buchanan addressed the Royal Institute of British Architects and the Town Planning Institute last week on the mournful subject of Piccadilly Circus. What he had to say had special interest, because he was now looking back at a problem that he himself adjudicated in 1960, as the official in charge of the inquiry into the future of London's most important site. Well, today it is still in the same state of shabby muddle, following the Government's rejection of Sir William Holford's scheme for its rebuilding as a truly elegant center of London's life. It was turned down because the new Circus would not now, it was said, be adequate to contain the greatly increased flow of cars that would use it. For four years, Professor Buchanan told his audience last week, the case of the Circus has been trailed before the world as evidence of "the paralysis that seems to overcome us in the reordering of the more complex parts of our cities." He cited confusion of aims, fear of change, public parsimony, and private shortsightedness as the causes, and his words, it is to be hoped, carried over the heads of the listening architects and town planners to Whitehall.

THE great Goya exhibition at Burlington House is daily besieged by large crowds, who stand waiting pa-

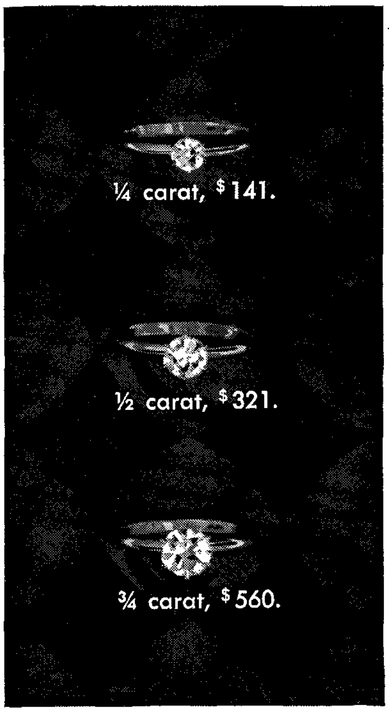
You'll Fall for Seaton Hall! But you'll rise to any occasion in this smart sophisticated suit. Meticulously tailored, with a fully lined jacket in printed "silk like" cotton shantung, capturing the exotic look of the orient. Brown, avocado or tile red. Sizes 6 to 18. Your downfall at about $20.00.



At finest city and country stores.

SEATON HALL
"the haberdashed look"

SEATON HALL • 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18



Tiffany diamond engagement rings set in platinum. Prices include federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.

HOUSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

tiently in line to park their umbrellas and then face notices asking them politely to keep their pens and pencils parked, too, in their pockets. The Royal Academy, in regretting this restriction on visitors' note-taking, points out that, in the task of guarding these treasures lent by galleries and private owners in Spain and other countries, it has not forgotten that in other London public collections masterpieces have had pots of ink chucked at them by deranged visitors, or have been poked with umbrellas, or have even been spirited away altogether. (Incidentally, Sir Charles Wheeler, the Academy's president, issued a peculiar public invitation to the thieves of the National Gallery's still missing Goya portrait of the Duke of Wellington, suggesting sportingly that they might care to smuggle it back into the present exhibition. There is another Duke there—a larger, dashing equestrian portrait, lent by the Victoria and Albert—to act as a decoy.) The splendid exhibition is strongest on Goya's portraiture and shortest on his passionate, haunting reports of torture, rape, and the general savagery of the human species. The famous "Maja Vestida" and "Maja Desnuda," sent abroad for the first time from the Prado, are in the place of honor in the main gallery, with the crowds clustering so thickly and in such mesmerized appreciation before their brilliant little bodies with the strange, dislocated-looking heads that it was difficult the other afternoon to raise a catalogue in the crush, let alone a pencil. The wonderful portraits of Spanish royalties and aristocrats have the peculiar Goya look of being short of a skin, which permits their interior appetites to show up as though under X-ray. There is an unusually tender portrait of the twenty-one-year-old pregnant Condesa de Chinchon, lent for the first time outside Spain by the Duque de Sueca. Topknotted with wheatears, the young woman seems to float on the canvas in a silvery wash of pale, thin paint. The exhibition, London's major winter art event, will be on view until March.

THE lively, youthful company of dancers called the Western Theatre Ballet has just completed a thoroughly delightful holiday season at the Prince Charles Theatre, where its repertoire included a première that attracted wildly enthusiastic audiences bristling with Beatle hairdos and, on the female sartorial side, thigh-length boots and dashing capes. "Mods and Rockers" has choreography by the company's talented

Now—sleep under a blanket of warm air...

SHILLCRAFT
Therma-Weave
(Trademark)
BLANKET

Warms with air instead of weight

THE BEDTIME LUXURY of warmth without weight can be yours to enjoy this winter... and yours to give to the favored names on your gift list. Thanks to British ingenuity with woolens, Shillcraft Therma-Weave Blankets provide 50% more warmth than other blankets of the same weight, by actual laboratory tests. Because of their lightness, they are remarkably comfortable with no unpleasant pressure on body or feet.

USE IT ALL-YEAR-ROUND. Unlike other blankets, a Shillcraft Therma-Weave can be used in every season, eliminating storage problems. For here is the first successful use in blankets of the thermal insulation principle. You know how that works in thermal underwear and thermos bottles – a pocket of still air insulates against outside temperatures.

Similarly, thousands of tiny air cells are woven into Therma-Weave blankets, so that in winter a light cover on top turns each cell into a still air pocket that keeps out the cold. In summer, use the blanket *without* a cover. Then the air cells let your body "breathe," dissipating heat and allowing you to sleep comfortably cool.

SO BEAUTIFUL it has the look of a fine bedspread. And durable too. That's why you'll find Shillcraft Therma-Weave blankets in the first-class cabins of great transatlantic liners, and in the best suites of leading luxury hotels.

FULL RANGE OF POPULAR COLORS IN FOUR BASIC SIZES. White, pink, blue, yellow, green, beige, lilac, peach.

CHOOSE 100% WOOL OR COTTON. Both are suitable for winter and summer. Want downy-soft luxury? Then take satin-edged WOOL—a stunning gift for shower, wedding, baby or business remembrance. Or if you prefer COTTON – it has self-hemmed edges and is completely machine washable.

ORIGINAL THERMA-WEAVE BLANKETS ARE NOT SOLD IN STORES. AVAILABLE ONLY FROM SHILLCRAFT at money-saving, direct-from-importer prices. No duty or postage to pay! Use the handy coupon below.

ORDER NOW for fast service. Mail coupon to Shillcraft, Dept. 8-N, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

If product or performance defective Good Housekeeping guarantees replacement or refund to consumer

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

SHILLCRAFT, Dept. 8-N, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.
Please send the following order for Shillcraft Therma-Weave Blankets, postage paid, on unconditional money-back guarantee.

Quan.	100% WOOL		Color	Quan.	100% COTTON		Color
	Crib Size	$ 7.75			Crib Size	$ 4.95	
	Twin Size	18.75			Twin Size	12.95	
	Double Size	22.75			Double Size	14.95	
	King Size	25.75			King Size	16.95	

Maryland Residents only add 3% Sales Tax

PRINT:
NAME..........
ADDRESS..........
CITY.......... STATE & CODE..........

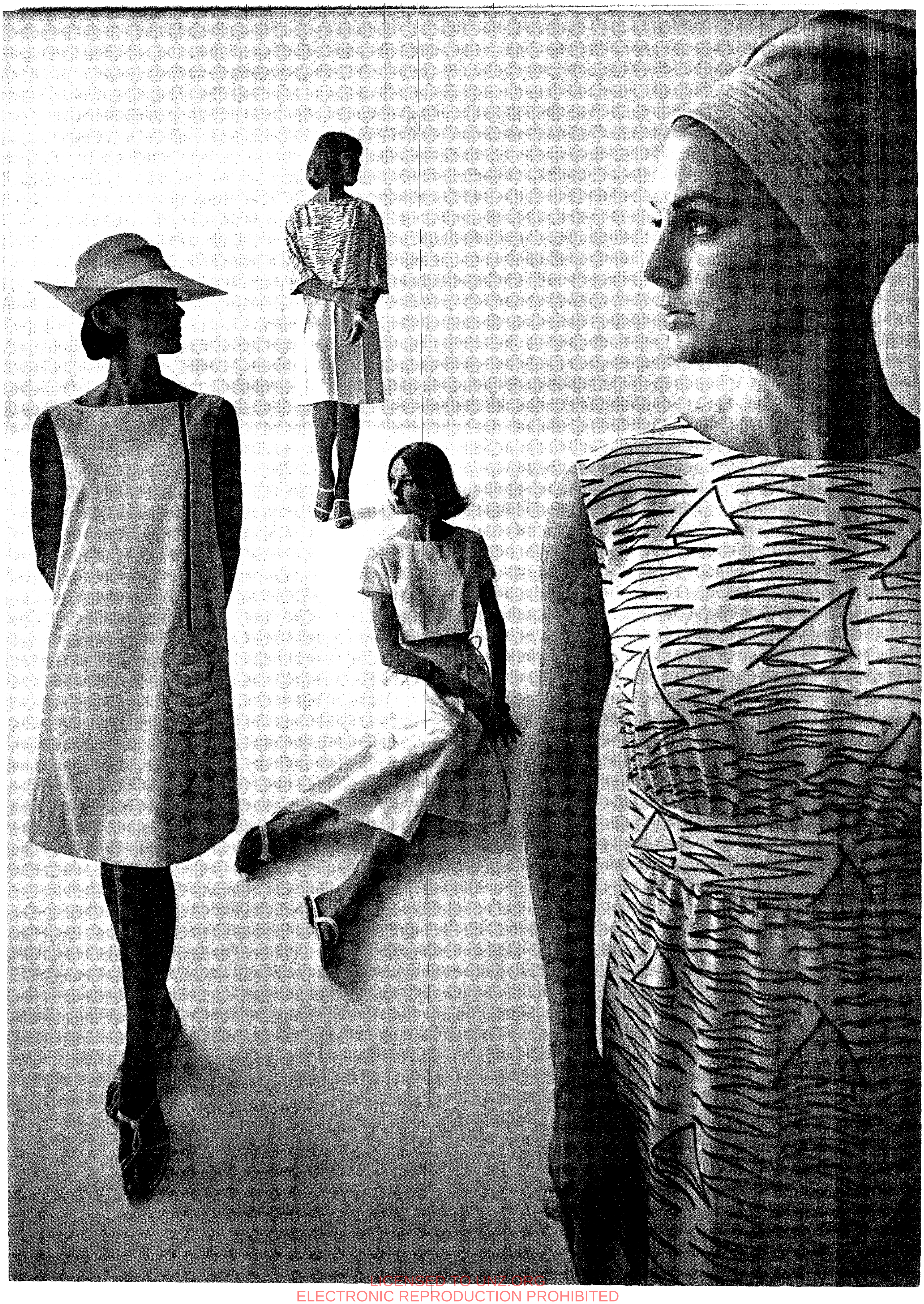
I am enclosing
☐ Check for $____
☐ Money Order for $____

B.H. Wragge color casts Arnel: waves of white sharpened with lemon

Wragge's inimitable approach to resort life: clothes almost architectural in concept, designed to make the most of you. He chooses Arnel to keep the careless dash, loves the way Arnel dazzles white, soaks up clear accent color. To wit: Foreground: Empire in boat print. Arnel triacetate and nylon crepe as shown. About $70. Directly left: Pristine white beach dress, appliqued with a fish. Arnel triacetate sharkskin. About $50. Seated: The long and lean of it. Dinner-length divided skirt plus midriff top, joined via a rope belt. Arnel triacetate sharkskin as shown. About $70 the pair. Far back: Stitched pleats on an Arnel triacetate sharkskin skirt. Print overblouse. As shown, about $65. All in sizes 8 to 14. Sharkskin by Folker Fabrics. Crepe prints by R.S.L. Fabrics. At Bonwit Teller, New York & branches; Burdines, Miami; Hudson's, Detroit; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

ARNEL This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®

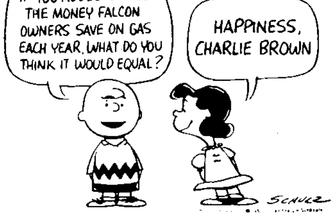
Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS



A PRODUCT OF
Ford
MOTOR COMPANY

FALCON SQUIRE WAGON

Night had fallen over the kingdom when the little princess and her guardians arrived in a magic chariot. Magic, because all the bumps disappeared under the sorcery of new wider tread, and longer springs. A fairy tale? Test-drive a new Falcon Squire and let it cast its spell on you!


IF YOU ADDED UP ALL THE MONEY FALCON OWNERS SAVE ON GAS EACH YEAR, WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WOULD EQUAL?
HAPPINESS, CHARLIE BROWN
SCHULZ

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

WINNER OF MOTOR TREND'S
CAR OF THE YEAR AWARD

young artistic director, Peter Darrell, and music by three of the Beatles—John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. The score turned out to be an arrangement of some of their best-selling, most obsessively hummed, whistled, and beaten-out-on-the-radio numbers, whacked out with spirit by a small combination of electric guitars, piano, drums, and mouth organ. The theme is a sort of London East End version of New York West Side romance, with one teen-age gang, the Mods, dressed Beatle style and dancing convulsive St. Vitus shakes that Darrell apparently picked up from a few observant evenings in pubs where the Mods boys and girls go. The rival Rockers are almost entirely encased in black leather. Finally, after a good deal of excellent, exciting dancing, a Rocker boy abducts a willing Mods girl on his motorbike. The little ballet was fresh and enjoyable for the cheerful wit with which it guyed the cult of the four owl-eyed Beatles from Liverpool and the quivers and shrill yips of their devotees. It was received with unresentful, tumultuous yips of applause right back.

There is no telling how long the Merseyside cult will last here, but the quartet has subjugated the intellectuals wonderfully. Proudly noting that Lennon and McCartney had created a popular style indigenous to England for the first time since the decline of the raucous old music halls, the music critic of the *Times* wrote not long ago of their "chains of pandiatonic clusters," which he called "intriguing," and of their "flat submediant key switches," which reminded him in one passage of "the chord progression which ends Mahler's 'Song of the Earth' "—all news to the squealing aficionados, no doubt, but evidence of how unusual a phenomenon the Liverpool boys are turning out to be.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

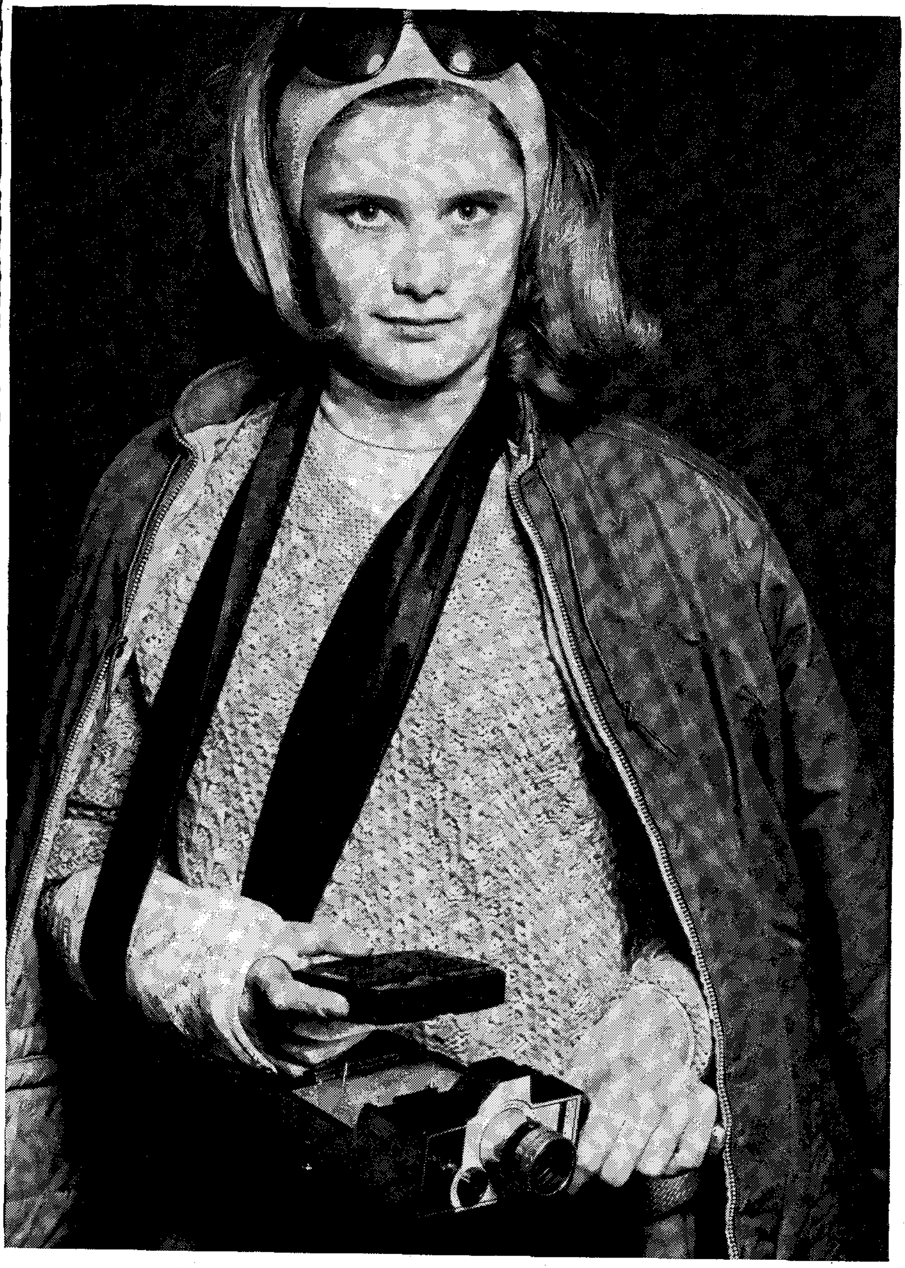
The Japan Sumo Association Tuesday filed a suit for libel with the Tokyo District Prosecutors Office against prize-winning novelist Shintaro Ishihara for writing a slanderous article charging that the crucial bout of the recent Autumn Grand Sumo Tournament in Tokyo between Grand Champions Kashiwado and Taiho was fixed.

The association also tendered a similar suit against Hiromi Kawata and Tadao Okumura, president and managing editor respectively of the Nikkan Sports daily for publishing the article.

He received this impression during a recent talks with Rockefeller, he said.

—*Tokyo Mainichi News.*

Rocky's tongue wags. Everybody knows that.



Now you see how easy it is to load our new movie camera

The point is, you can load this camera anytime, any place – easier than any other movie camera in history because of our new Autoload Film Cartridges. You pre-load them with economical roll-film, then, when the time comes for a fast film change, simply slip in a fresh cartridge and keep shooting! Means you'll never again fumble around, never miss a big scene because you're threading film through an old-fashioned camera. There's more good news about the new 315 Reflex Autoload® 8mm camera itself. It has a smooth, extra compact zoom lens to take your audience from big panorama shots to extra close in for details, faces. Why not go down to your Bell & Howell dealer and have him show you the other fine points of the new 315 Reflex Autoload. (Not the least of which is price. Compare!) 315 prices start under $130.

Bell & Howell brings out the expert in you (automatically!)

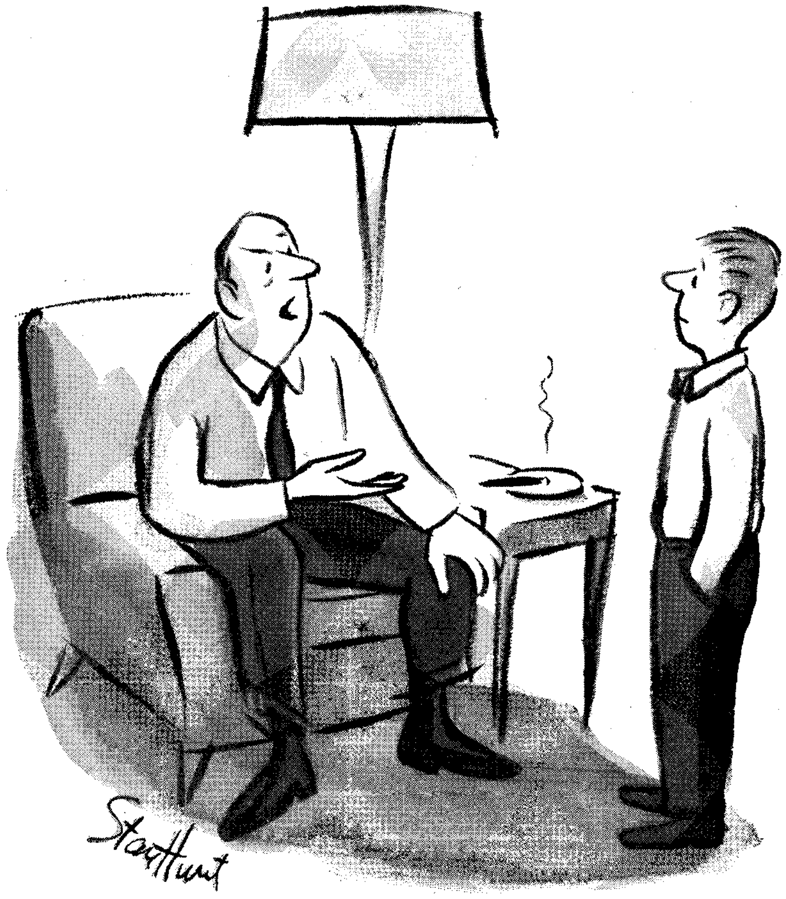
THE THEATRE

GUINNESS, PRAISE GOD, AGAIN

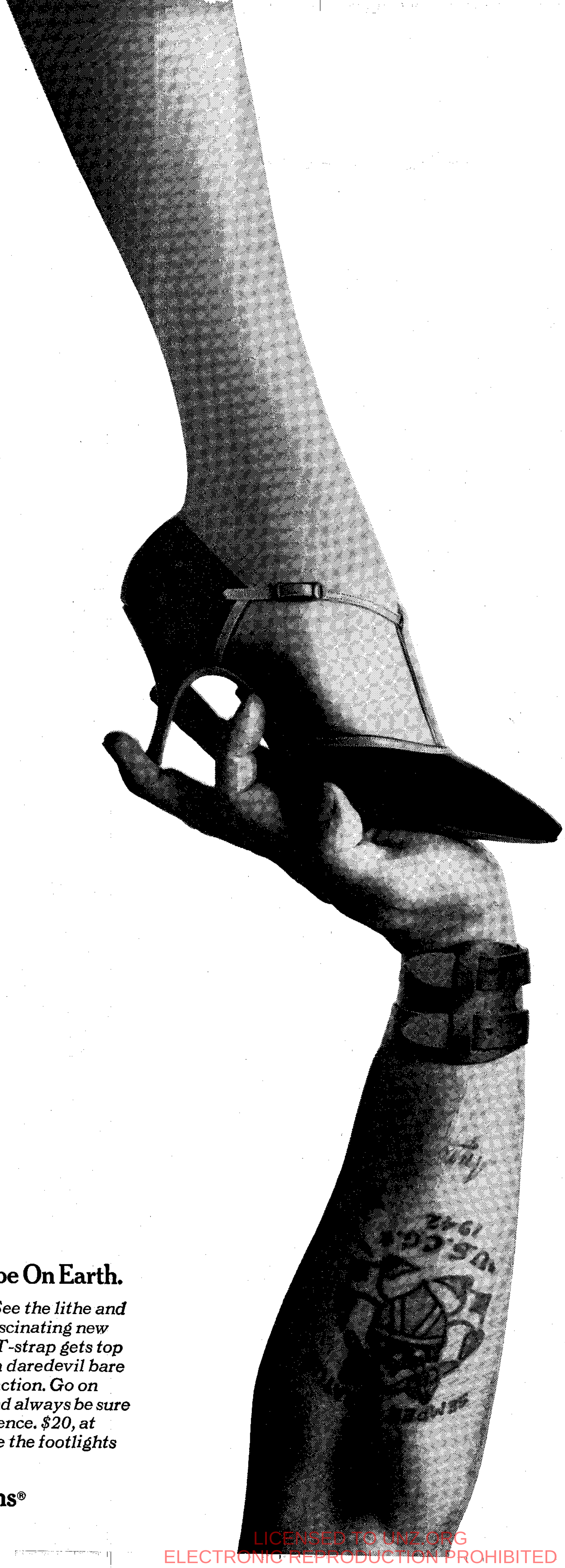
DYLAN THOMAS was a small, snub-nosed, roly-poly, ruttish, alcoholic Welshman who could hold a word like a trembling bird until he released it into space. He was no Yeats (let the Irishmen, the Welshmen, and the phrenetic school crowds who attended Thomas's lectures fight me on that) and he was no Keats. (After all, Thomas was a disconsolate ruin when he died at thirty-nine, and Keats a blazing wonder when tuberculosis gnawed him to death at twenty-five. As it happens, I read "Endymion" under a dappled maple tree in October, years ago, so I am a Keats man forever.) But to get back to the subject at hand. This Welshman had the gift of song, which he combined with wit and probity, and if, at times, he wasted his substance on visits to the United States, it was, after all, *his* substance. As played by Alec Guinness, at the Plymouth, in an astutely wrought drama called "Dylan," which was written by Sidney Michaels, our Welshman has been streamlined, but not to the point where the visceral aspects of life as the poet saw them have been cast away. As for the scenes of high significance, Mr. Guinness plays them with just that trace of wonderment that goes, and should go, with a poet adrift in a world he never made. I could dwell endlessly on the excellences of Mr. Guinness's performance—he constantly pulls that tough trick of keeping you between laughter and tears—but I must get on to other matters. The plot, for instance, has to do with Dylan Thomas's two excursions to America from his native haunts in Wales. He didn't make much money on these trips, and at the conclusion of the second one he expired, amid a good deal of confusion, at St. Vincent's Hospital, down in Greenwich Village. Mr. Michaels has had the grace to spare us the details of his passing, but he has depicted the relationship between Thomas and his wife, Caitlin, as a most lively one, and he has succeeded in making Thomas's womanizing and bibulosity almost as entertaining to the audience as they must have been to the participants. All kinds of admirable people are at Mr. Guinness's beck in "Dylan"—Kate Reid (who is laudable as Caitlin), James Ray, Barbara Berjer, Martin Garner, Gordon B. Clarke, and a beguiling and graceful cootch dancer named Louisa Cabot, to mention a few—and they perform splendidly under the clever direction of Peter Glenville. The serviceable sets were designed by the ubiquitous Oliver Smith.

RICHARD HUGHES, whose "A High Wind in Jamaica" caused such a flurry in the permissive children's coops some years ago, permitted himself in that novel the rare luxury of a pun. "Here," he wrote, "familiarity only bred content." Let the lapse pass, and let us drink to the lass who is the main figure in "Hello, Dolly!," at the St. James. She is the familiar Carol Channing, whom we've known from many a performance since she came upon us in "Lend an Ear," and a rosier, bouncier girl you wouldn't want to meet, unless your energies are one up on mine. In this musical comedy, "suggested," as the program says, by Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," Miss Channing is cast as an all-around, you-name-it-I'll-see-to-it type whose specialty is arranging marriages. Betimes she teaches dancing, karate, and the like. Anyhow, it is her ambition to hook a fellow in Yonkers whose shoulders are bowed with the weight of his holdings. Does she get him? Need you ask? The play, which has a book by Michael Stewart, music and lyrics by Jerry Herman, superb direction and choreography by Gower Champion, and bright, inventive sets by Oliver Smith (I didn't use that word "ubiquitous" carelessly in the preceding review), presents us with all sorts of spectacular goings on. And so, if it's an evening of simple good fun you're after, "Hello, Dolly!" might be just the thing. Along with Miss Channing, we have David Burns, Eileen Brennan, Charles Nelson Reilly, Sondra Lee, and other amusing folk.

INCIDENTALLY, "Beyond the Fringe," at the John Golden, with Paxton Whitehead moving into the role previously played by Dr. Jonathan Miller, continues to be pert and pertinent in a revised 1964 edition. About half the material in this go-around is new, and it is just as ar-



"Always remember this, Son. Everyone you meet is a possible prospective customer for something or other you may eventually be selling."

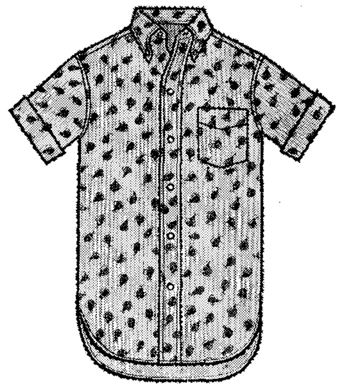


This is a Gamin,
The Greatest Shoe On Earth.

Step up! Step up! See the lithe and lovely Gamin with fascinating new tricks. A contrasting T-strap gets top billing, while there's a daredevil bare look for the side attraction. Go on tour with this shoe, and always be sure of pleasing your audience. $20, at Andrew Geller, where the footlights are dazzling.

Gamins®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



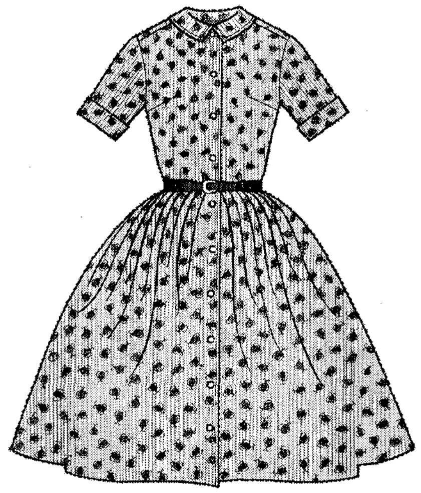
ladybug® classics

Ever noticed how some clothes never seem haggard? Even after one of those days, their spirits stay strong. They buck you up when you're feeling a bit overcome with it all. The shirt, S,M,L. Write for your nearest shopkeeper.
About $7.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

© 1964, LADYBUG JUNIORS CO.



with ladybug® bugs

Classics . . . the shirt, the shirtdress . . . clear as a bell, unencumbered by extras. The print is gently humorous: fat red ladybugs bumbling good-naturedly against Baby Blue or Baby Pink stripes. Fine shirting cotton. The dress, 5 to 15. At nicer stores.
About $18.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

resting as the satiric stuff that engaged us in the first place. Mr. Whitehead's colleagues are Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. The last is the very skilled man who thinks up most of the routines. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Joshing Billings

I HAD an awfully good time at the revival of William Gillette's "Too Much Johnson," in an adaptation by Burt Shevelove at the Phoenix, and relished the skillful comic performance of John McMartin as its hero and master of revels. This hero, a fast-thinking, flash-improvising deceiver named Billings, can talk his way out of every spot he is in, and every spot he is in is the result of a slipup in some previous plan. "We've come to you for a very important reason," the juvenile says to him at one point. "I hope I can give you one," says our hero, beaming. Somewhat later, when the ingénue asks him, "Do you think there's a way out?," he answers, "There's a way out of everything; you just have to hit it." And that is the show. The plot, which is quicker than the eye, doesn't exactly defy but certainly resists synopsis. It is compounded of mistaken identity, cross-purposes, intercepted mail, opening and closing doors, any amount of hokum, and all the other priceless and ageless elements of farce. The time is 1896; the settings are a cruise ship bound for Cuba and a plantation on the island; and the Johnson of whom there is too much is really *two* Johnsons—a fake one and a real one.

The character of Billings is a joy. No scheme gone awry can crack his aplomb or slow him down. Mr. McMartin is a model of glib deceit, and he gets full comic value from every line he speaks and every move he makes; most of the lines are funny anyway. Mr. Shevelove, who also directed, keeps things humming all the way through. He rates part of the credit, at least, for the company's rollicking spirits (which only occasionally got out of hand on opening night), but he must also be held partly responsible for a few mistakes. Dom De Luise's silly routine, with its flouncing and ogling, grows more set (and boring) with every role he tries, and it couldn't be more out of place than it is here, where he plays a heavy father determined to marry his daughter to a stranger. Also, although I enjoyed some of Josip Elic's sissy clowning as a timorous plantation overseer, there is too much of it. And there is no reason that I can

Shepheards
the new deluxe
restaurant of
The Drake Hotel
New York

Open daily
except Sunday.
Luncheon, cocktails,
dinner and supper.
Dancing
in the evening.
Reservations
recommended.
PLaza 5-0600 or
PLaza 5-2058

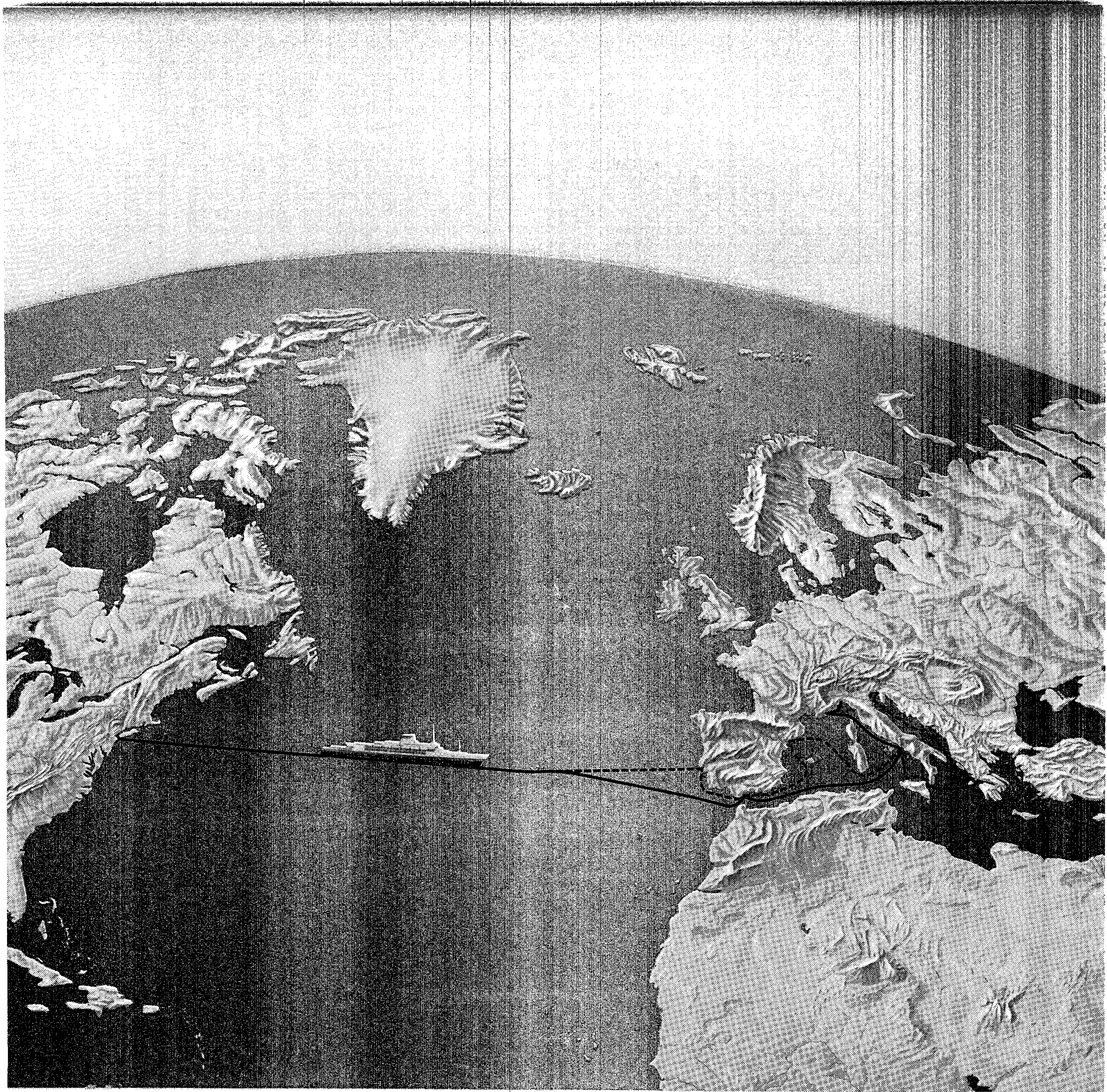
Shepheards
at THE DRAKE HOTEL, NEW YORK
Park Avenue at 56th Street

LUXURIOUS ENGLISH DOESKIN GLOVES

ON THE ONE HAND, OUR THREE BUTTON LENGTH SLIP-ON, $3.95. ON THE OTHER, A PEARL BUTTON SHORTIE, $3.50. BOTH HAVE FINGER GUSSETS FOR PERFECT FIT. WHITE, WITH CLASSIC STITCHING. BEAUTIFULLY WASHABLE. IN QUARTER SIZES 6 TO 8. HERE OR BY MAIL.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-28. Add 28¢ per pr. boat mail; double postage for Valentine air mail. Send for illustrated catalogue.



Italian Line routes to the Mediterranean: solid line, luxury express crossings; dotted line, Cruise-like Voyages.

Why spring comes two months earlier on Italian Line

Each time Italian Line ships leave the U.S.A., they set a course for spring. Our express crossings and Cruise-like Voyages both follow the Sunny Southern Route. You usually meet spring only two days out of New York — as early as February. The days are soft and sweet.

That's because Italian Line ships actually sail an average of some 300 miles closer to the Equator ... within the charmed circle of the Bermuda High fair-weather system. High barometric pressure seals out the winds and rains. The sea is calmer all year around.

Experienced travelers prefer Italian Line because they can be on their feet, out-of-doors ... with appetite to enjoy the superb meals aboard Italian Line ships.

And our ships are designed to make the most of our balmy weather. With a greater proportion of open deck-space. With outdoor pools—more of them than on any other ships afloat. You'll be soaking up sun most hours of the day, most days of the year ... swimming, playing deck games, promenading.

No wonder you'll unwind on Italian Line as you never have before.

There's nothing anywhere like the marvelous Italian Line service. Our stewards and stewardesses like their work. Enough to train for it, not 1 year but 5 years, in a special Italian Line school. We have chefs and cooks trained in the top European hotels. Our governesses are all graduate nurses.

Everything about Italian Line ships — the service, food, activities, decor—is planned to give you a memorable voyage in an atmosphere of relaxed elegance.

This year we'll have the newest, most modern fleet to Europe. To learn more about what Italian Line offers, ask your travel agent for illustrated color brochures, or write us directly. Italian Line, Dept. B-14, One Whitehall Street, New York 4, N.Y.—Tel: 797-7000.

Mediterranean Festival Cruises from New York: CRISTOFORO COLOMBO May 6, Oct. 14, Dec. 22; LEONARDO DA VINCI Dec. 12; SATURNIA Dec. 28 (leaves Boston Dec. 29) • Regular transatlantic sailings from New York on LEONARDO DA VINCI, CRISTOFORO COLOMBO, SATURNIA, VULCANIA • And, coming soon, the two new superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO

UNWIND YOUR WAY TO EUROPE

Italian Line

How to plot a curve in plaid

"Sinhue" a Crown fabric of 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% Avron rayon

It's so easy. When all the plotting's done for you by **Louise Suggs.** In this appealing new plaid, there's Avron® rayon blended with Dacron for special smoothness, color, luster and strength. With a special talent for the tub. Sizes 8 to 20. Green, blue or pink. $23.

Louise Suggs, Golf Champion

Saks Fifth Avenue

AVRON New Generation, Rayon

American Viscose Division, FMC Corporation fmc CORPORATION®

see for an incidental lawyer, at the end, to be played as a sissy, too. No more complaints. In fact, I have nothing but compliments for Dolph Sweet, who is splendidly dopey as the real Johnson; Nancy Berg, who is pretty and charming as Billings' wife; Mary Finney, who plays his mother-in-law with iron gentility; and Nancy Haywood and Grover Dale, the ingénue and the juvenile. The sets, by William and Jean Eckart, and the costumes, by Patricia Zipprodt, are, as usual, extremely stylish.

Adrienne Kennedy's "Funnyhouse of a Negro," a one-act play at the East End, concerns the last moments in the life of a miserable, tortured Negro girl student who lives in a room someplace in the West Nineties and is lost in a day- and nightmare world in which black is evil and white is good. In her hallucinations, she has been impersonating four eminent personages—Queen Victoria, the Duchess of Hapsburg, Patrice Lumumba, and Jesus Himself—but now, as they materialize onstage during the action, they seem to turn on her, mimicking and mocking her, and at times speaking her disordered mind. They, too, are Negroes, but except for Lumumba, in tatters, they wear elaborate period costumes of white, and white or gray masklike makeups. At either side of the stage sit a white man and woman, in clown makeups, who laugh and comment from time to time, using stiff, marionette gestures. It is hard to separate the facts about the girl from the fancies, since most of the evidence about her is her own, and she is in no shape to give it. Much of the play consists of her raging, haunted monologue, from which we can at least tell that she once wanted to be a poet, that she has been having an affair with someone named Raymond, that she is the daughter of a dark-skinned father and of a light-skinned mother who may have died in an asylum after losing all her hair. (The spectre of the bald mother drifts in and out.) The girl is obsessed with her own hair, which she claims is undisguisably kinky, and which she thinks is falling out. (The room becomes strewn with scalp locks that the eminences put on and take off.) She is also obsessed with grief and guilt over her treatment of her father, whom she has driven away because of his blackness, and she dreams at times that she has killed him with an ebony mask, and at other times that he committed suicide at the news of Lumumba's murder.

The production, directed by Michael

AVAILABLE, TO DEVELOP

Paradise in the Virgin Islands

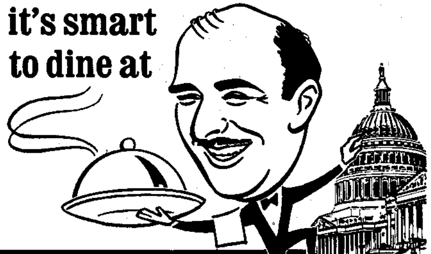
Only 4 hours from New York

If you've been to St. Croix, you know it's Paradise. If you haven't, ask anyone who has. A relaxed, unspoiled, sun-caressed island (U.S.-owned), only beginning to awaken to its potential as a fabulous play-spot.

A magnificent 377-acre tract stretches between jeweled waters and silver-white beaches, adjoining parks and a famous resort inn. A 2000′ beach-encircled bay, sites for waterfront and mountaintop homes, club, resort hotel. Only 7 miles by paved road from the Old-World harbor city of Christiansted (a free port crammed with shoppers' treasures). Ask for picture-brochure, complete details, #YN-80531.

PREVIEWS Inc.
The International Real Estate Marketing Service
49 East 53rd St., New York 22—PLaza 8-2630
Boston • Philadelphia • Chicago • Palm Beach
Dallas • Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco
London • Paris

IN WASHINGTON, D.C. it's smart to dine at

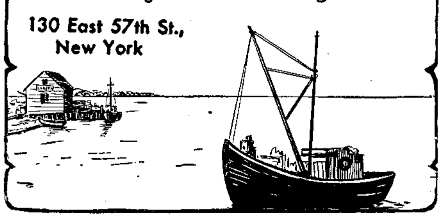


DUKE ZEIBERT'S
RESTAURANT / 1722 L ST. N.W.

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*

130 East 57th St.,
New York



1951
1937
1963
1962
1953

Happy New Years

The Publishers Information Bureau just sent us a New Year's greeting.

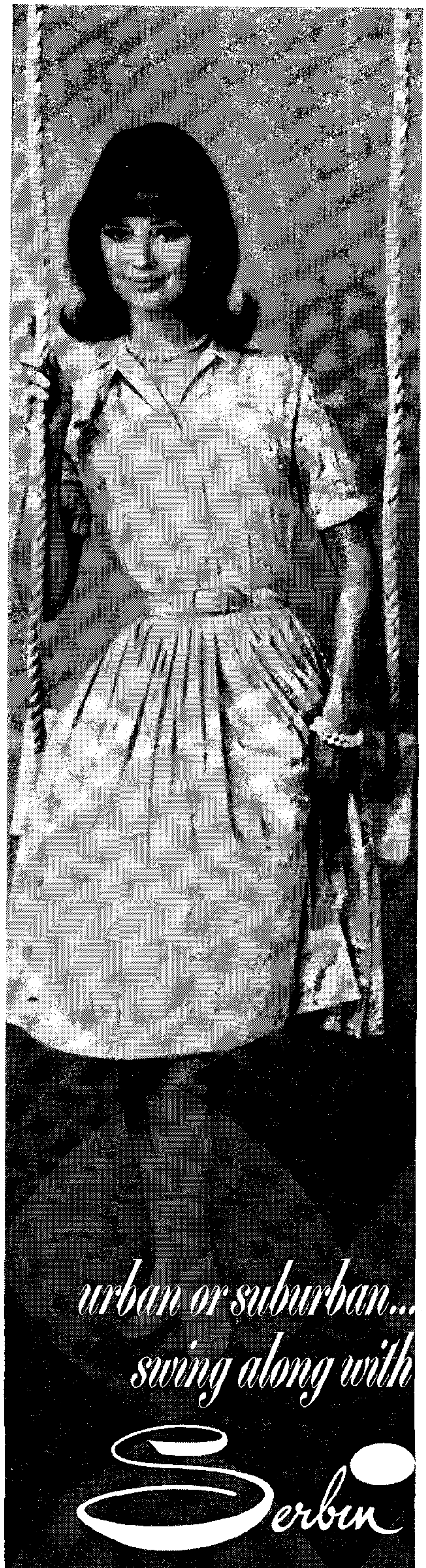
It was a report which showed that, in 1963, BUSINESS WEEK led all other general-business and news magazines in total pages of business and industrial advertising. (More than twice as many pages as anybody else.)

This is the 27th year in a row that we've received this happy news.

Of course we're proud of it. We're pleased by this yearly demonstration of regard for the management audience of BUSINESS WEEK. We've worked hard to make our magazine indispensable to more than 400,000 decision-level executives, and to the advertisers with something to sell them.

That's why we're blowing our own horn.

BW BUSINESS WEEK
A McGraw-Hill Magazine



Fly Away in Serbin's Fly-Front Shirtwaister®! It's the nicest way to look as you travel here, there, everywhere. In never-a-care Arnel® triacetate jersey. Lively, lovely, sunshiny print in pink, yellow or turquoise. Sizes 8 to 18.......... **$20**

Slightly higher on west coast.

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First St., Miami 35, Florida

Kahn, is an Expressionistic attempt to reproduce the girl's madness and anguish. As a rule, I don't take to Expressionism, partly because its built-in weirdness and distortion tend to make the material it deals with seem more important than it really is. The material here couldn't be much more important to begin with, so that's all right, I guess, and the style does seem appropriate. "Funnyhouse" is a first play and, as such, is quite strong and original. Miss Kennedy, along with other valuable qualities, has wit ("I'd like to say I love Raymond, but I do not. He is a poet, and he is Jewish, and he is very interested in Negroes"), though she has less of it when she is reaching for epigrams ("I need white friends like myself—shrewd intellectuals eager for death"). In the part of the girl, Billie Allen is as moving and as frightening as she is meant to be, and Ruth Volner, Leonard Frey, Cynthia Belgrave, Ellen Holly, Gus Williams, and Norman Bush do well in assorted roles, Mr. Williams being particularly good as Lumumba. William Ritman's set of the girl's bedroom, all askew, is just right.

THE only reason for mentioning "The Athenian Touch," a musical that closed after one performance at the Jan Hus, is that it brought back, after far too many years, Butterfly McQueen. Miss McQueen, grown rather portly, is as chirpy-voiced and full of the Old Nick as ever. Cast in a comparatively minor role, she stole the show, which was pretty much up for grabs anyway.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

(1) Plant five rows of Peas—and they are: Presence, Promptness, Persistence, Purpose and Privilege;
(2) Three hills of squash—Squash gossip, Squash indifference, Squash unconstructive criticism;
(3) Four rows of Lettuce—Let us love one another;
(4) And lastly, five rows of turnips—Turn up with a determination to be constructive. Turn up with enthusiasm, with new ideas, with a smile—and turn up at each meeting.—*Newsletter from the Office of the Chief of the Army Reserve, Washington, D.C.*

My gourd!

•

It is hereby notified that I, formerly known as A. Nathan, of Rural Health Training Centre, Jitra, will hereafter be known as

KASIVISVANATHAN s/o
ARUNASALAM

duly amended by the Registrar of Births and Deaths.—*Straits Times, Singapore.*

Back to the simple life, eh, Kas?

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

MIDINETTE
Calf $22.50

Superb hand-sewn, soft soled casuals—of barefoot comfort. Full color brochure on request. Available only in our salons.

MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.
IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco • Beverly Hills • Los Angeles

Jekyll ISLAND GEORGIA

AMERICA'S YEAR-ROUND HOLIDAY ISLAND

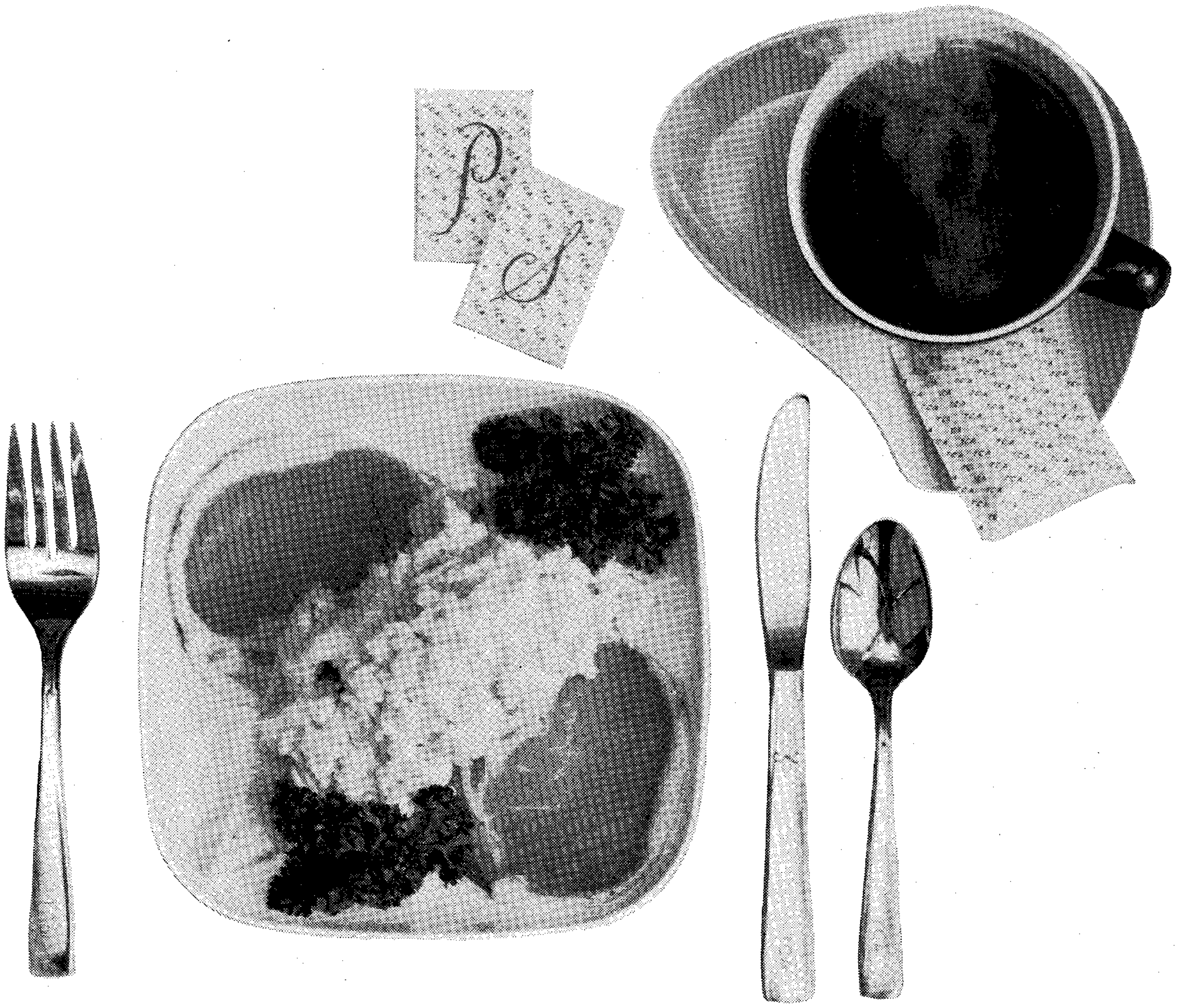
Former winter colony now open to public. 600 modern beachfront motel rooms. 9 miles of East Coast's loveliest, cleanest beach. Luxurious indoor pool. Free championship golf at doorstep. Fishing. Restored mansions. Off U. S. 17 at Brunswick, Georgia.

Write Dept. NI-25
Jekyll Island Resort Motels Assn.
Jekyll Island, Georgia

I. ZULOAGA 39⅜ x 31½

SCHWEITZER GALLERY
958 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Guess which one of the world's great airlines serves Canadian bacon with its scrambled eggs



Answer:
Trans-Canada Air Lines,
the airline with
more flights to more places
in Canada than all other
airlines combined.
(and the one that serves the best bacon!)

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES AIR CANADA

A Nice Place To Keep $15,000

Some companies like to make things. Others like to sell. We like to pay interest and the more we pay, the better we like it. If you like to get interest, pay attention to this happy news.

With continuance of favorable earnings we anticipate paying .... for the current quarter. . . .

4.40% a year

on savings on deposit for four consecutive quarters prior to the dividend period. 4% a year on all other deposits.

What better time to start an account for $15,000 or even $15.

An account in The New York Bank for Savings will be in the one savings bank in all New York that has paid dividends 144 years in a row. Your money will start earning dividends the very day it arrives.

For a money-making start in 1964 fill out the coupon. We left ample space below the $ sign for any amount from $1 to $15,000. Joint or Trust Account to $30,000. If you hurry you can catch the next mail collection!

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS (Dept. N. Y. 12)
280 Park Ave. So., New York 10, N. Y.

Please open a savings account in my name, as checked. Enclosed for deposit is $________.

☐ Individual Account
☐ Joint Account with__________
☐ Trust Account for__________

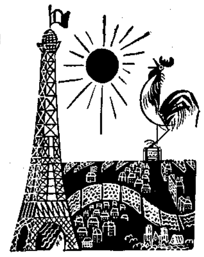
Name__________
Address__________
City______Zone______State______

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS
NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK
Assets over $1.3 billion

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

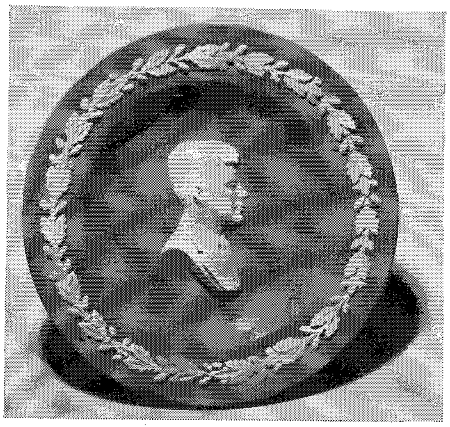
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 15



"BONHEUR, Impair et Passe" is the title of Françoise Sagan's new play, which has just opened at the Théâtre Edouard-VII. Each time that Mlle. Sagan writes a new novel, there is a nostalgic hope among many of those French who remember their sensational surprise at the youthful perfection of "Bonjour Tristesse" that once again, especially with experience added, she will repeat the phenomenon of freshness that made her fame. When she achieved her big hit with her enchanting first play "Château en Suède," there was a general feeling of restored satisfaction—that one's belief in the endowments of this girl who had become an international French personality was, after all, justified; that her forte had merely turned out to be writing fanciful plays of château-level lunacy, sadism, and charm; and that all she had to do to fulfill her career properly was to keep on going. This, unfortunately, is what she has just done in her new opus, which is her fourth theatre piece. This time, the château is near St. Petersburg in 1890. The whimsical, high-class cruelty is not lacking, since Count Igor has the habit of killing in duels of honor any other noble his wife looks at sidewise, for the reason that eight years earlier she was unfaithful to him, if only for an hour or so, and on champagne. The new Sagan family includes the regulation disreputable brother, in this case the homosexual, amusing, gossipy Ladislas, cashiered from the Czar's Army; there is as well the delightful, eccentric, silk-and-satin mother; and, with a knock at the château door, there appears the mysterious outsider—Prince Vladimir, who at least brings with him a new theme. Unable to commit suicide, he has come to challenge Igor to a duel, so that he may be honorably murdered even though he has never laid eyes on the faithless wife. End of Act I.

In Act II, where the scene is a different château—this time Vladimir's, down on the Black Sea—Vladimir and the wife have indeed met for an hour or so, as lovers, while Igor has been gambling until dawn and, of course, losing the last of the family estates. Boldly offering to pay these gambling debts in



THE JOHN F. KENNEDY COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE 6.50

Wedgwood's limited edition in blue and white Jasper. 4½" in diameter.
Mail and phone orders accepted.

Plummer McCutcheon
3 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK 22 PLAZA 2-7400

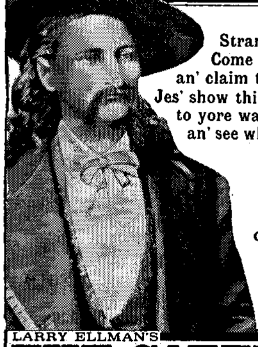
NEW YORK'S BELOVED Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining... and just a stroll to your theatre.

After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.



#

SURPRISE!

Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of PRIME RIBS

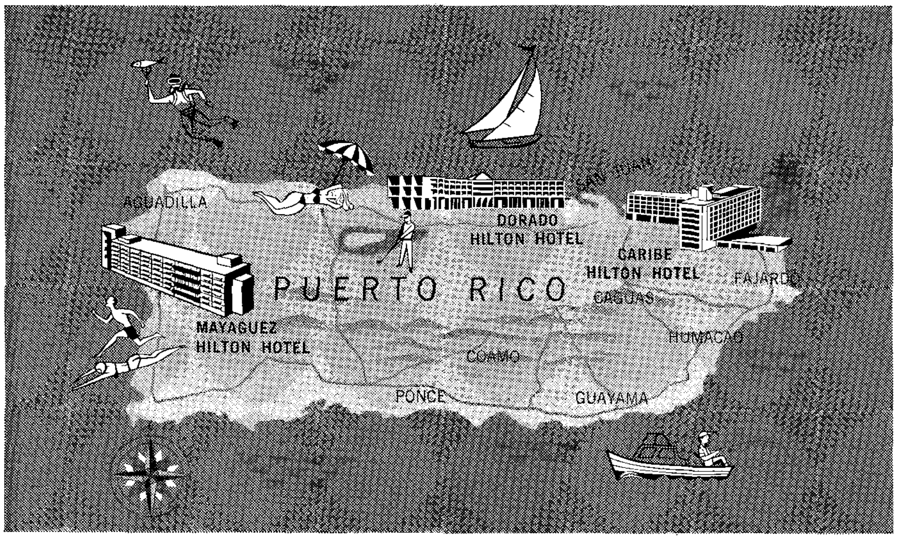
SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, MERCALDO ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

(Advertisement)

PUERTO RICO'S INSTANT PARADISE



by Peter Griffith

It's usually hard to tell the exact moment when a tourist attraction comes into fashion, but not with Puerto Rico. It happened on the day the Caribe Hilton opened. The hotel filled up right away and it's been busy ever since. And no wonder. Situated on a beautiful 17-acre estate jutting out into the ocean, with the ancient Spanish quarter of San Juan to the West and the exciting modern city to the East, the Caribe Hilton offers an endless variety of delights . . . sporting, sumptuous and spectacular.

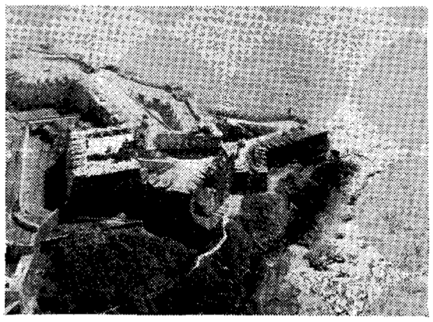
Step into an ocean of fun

The Caribe Hilton's wide, sweeping beach of coral sand, shaded by palm trees, has everything you need for sailing, skin-diving, water-skiing and just plain basking. There's a private pier, too, which runs right out to a coral reef, where the fish are very cooperative. And if you're feeling adventurous, you can always arrange for a boat to take you where the sea is deep and the marlin run big.

On shore, there are two huge fresh water swimming pools, championship tennis courts, bowling and shuffleboard on the premises. Golf is available at the Dorado Hilton, a short drive away. And there's a special sightseeing tour of the island, with lunch at Mayaguez, on the beautiful West Coast.

Step back four centuries

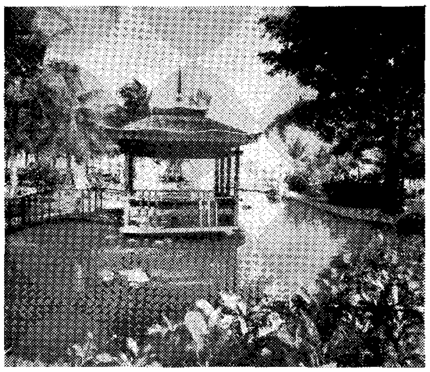
At the north-east corner of the Caribe Hilton estate, an old stone bridge leads to the 18th century bastion of San Geronimo. A short ride to the west brings you to the old town of San Juan. Here you'll find narrow, twisting streets, paved with blue stones that came as ballast in the galleons of Spain . . . delicate wrought-iron balconies . . . blue-tiled patios . . . the peaceful atmosphere of a Spanish city that was old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. You'll explore the huge fortress of El Morro, which Drake and Hawkins failed to capture in 1595. It covers 200 acres, has a nine-hole golf course in its moat.



The magnificent palace of La Fortaleza, seat of government in Puerto Rico for more than four centuries, is another treasure of old San Juan. And you'll find your own personal treasures in the shops and art galleries. Happy hunting.

Step out to a Latin Beat

After dark, the Caribe Hilton is the only place to be. You'll sip cocktails at the Caribar, a sophisticated rendezvous. Choose from the very finest in Caribbean, American or Continental cuisine in the superb Rotisserie Castillo, social center of San Juan night life. Or dine and dance in the cosmopolitan Club Caribe, with top international stars to entertain you. For a change of pace, sample the exotic Polynesian delicacies of Trader Vic's, with an exotic Polynesian garden to put you in the mood.



When you finally tear yourself away from the excitement, you'll sleep in a beautiful, air-conditioned room, with the sea murmuring at your balcony. And you'll wake in the morning to a breathtaking ocean view. Rates start at $24 a day, single, $29, double.

Grab a jet. Or if you can't go right away, grab a pen—write for color brochures and rate folders to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N. Y.

For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.

GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON

antartex regd
SHEEPSKINS

Linn Macdonald shows her Brown ¾ Coat of natural lambskin, with white fleecy wool, designed by Ronald Paterson, London. Price **$75.**, Man's jacket **$85.**

Order now.

MADE-TO-MEASURE AT

- Loch Lomond, Dumbarton, Scotland.

STOCK SIZES AT

- 139 East 76th Street, N.Y.C., LE 5-9079
- 50a Boylston, Cambridge, Mass.
- U. S. 50, Middleburg, Va.
- Quick deliveries direct to your home.
- Prices include everything—duty, post., & ins.
- Like-new dry cleaning, $7.
- Money Back Guarantee.
- Tannery Prices.
- Also, Hand-sewn Sheepskin Slippers & Mitts and hand-knit Sweaters & Suits.

Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd.
Loch Lomond, Dumbarton,
Scotland, or any of the above addresses.

Please find enclosed Check or Money Order for________
Amount

Male ☐ $85.00 ea. Female ☐ $75.00 ea.

coat size______height______weight______bust size______

FREE, with no obligations:
☐ Please send me further information (with free samples) of Antartex Sheepskin from Scotland.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

____

DEPT. 9-NY

ANT-AR-TEX SUPPLIED THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

exchange for one night of love with the wife, Vladimir loses to Igor on a one-card draw. Then comes the final thematic change. The tattletale brother denounces Prince Vladimir—who until now has been treated by the family like an innocent, soul-sick youth—as the infamous, wicked seducer who, it seems, recently ruined some noble lady, despoiling her honor and her fortune in vulgar Moscow and in such disgraceful circumstances that she was the one who committed suicide. In other words, both men are killers—Igor with his duelling pistol, Vladimir with his ruthless masculine egotism. So husband and wife make up happily. The play is over.

"Bonheur" contains long moments of charm, but also merely long moments. As a charm piece, it has not been aided by the wife's being named Angora, like a cat, and being played by Juliette Greco, the splendid music-hall singer, here in almost her first stage role, in which she is utterly inadequate, physically and mentally. The kibosh was put on it all, if one may say so about château circles, by the fact that Mlle. Sagan directed her own play, with no more professional experience than Mlle. Greco in the role of the heroine. The ladies' 1890 peplum gowns are gorgeous, Parisienne, and bewitching, with Mlle. Greco so tightly whaleboned and richly swathed in maroon silk that she could not bend her knees to curtsy in the curtain calls. Alice Cocea, as the frivolous mother, was her usual scatty, exquisite self. J.-L. Trintignant plays the chameleon character of Prince Vladimir with intelligent psychology, as if dealing with worthier stuff. At the opening of Act II, there is some interesting touchstone dialogue between the lovers about love—phrases that are fleeting, deft, vague, violent, true, and that sound like the younger Sagan voice. Her definite personal gift, when she exercises it, is to deal lightly with a certain civilized intensity of passion. "Bonheur, Impair et Passe" will probably run for a year or so, because whatever Mlle. Sagan writes, novel or play, inevitably arouses public curiosity.

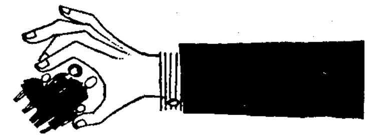
THROUGH the brilliant, restless energies of M. André Malraux, Ministre des Affaires Culturelles, who, despite criticism, obstinately persists in cleaning or preserving or reanimating multiple segments of the beauties of Paris, the city will be the possessor in May of his latest imaginative municipal invention—France's first al-fresco museum of great modern sculpture, set up on the greensward of the Jardin des

CLAVOS

SPANISH BEDSPREADS AND MATCHING RUGS

Bullock's
(all stores)
Bloomingdale's
(all stores)
Bethune & Moore
Denver, Colorado
Casa Cavanagh
San Juan, P. R.
Jim Coles & Assoc.
Phoenix, Arizona
Frank Bros.
Long Beach, Calif.
Frederick & Nelson
(all stores)
Hutzler Bros.
Baltimore, Md.
Jordan Marsh
Miami, Boston
Kaufmann's
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Marshall Field & Co.
(all stores)
Meier & Frank
Portland, Ore.
Van Keppel-Green
Beverly Hills
John Wanamaker
Philadelphia, Pa.
Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, D. C.
W. & J. Sloane
San Francisco Area
Z. C. M. I. Salt Lake City, Utah

Clavos, Inc., 325 East 75 Street, New York 21, N.Y.



RELOCATING *in an Unfamiliar City?* We'll find exactly your house—in any major city or prime suburb of the U.S., the Caribbean Islands, Europe or elsewhere. Acting as your deputy, Homerica safeguards your interests. Tell us all your family's requirements. We'll respect your confidence.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

HOT DOG! It's a foot long. A Feature of our suppers now being served from 3 p.m. to 1 a.m. Also famous omelets, casseroles, Texas chili, and the Frozen Hot chocolate. Sumptuous lunch starts at 11:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. 225 East 60th Street, New York City. TE 8-3531

serendipity 3

"A first class ticket has no business costing $41.80 more than coach!"

—C. R. Smith, President, American Airlines

Why American Airlines reduced its first class and family coach fares.

Starting January 15, we reduced our first class fares and our coach fares for families.

Mainly a service for people on business, first class provides extra privacy, extra room and extra service to make work and thinking easier while travelling.

But on long flights the cost has been so much higher than coach—$41.80 extra between New York and California, for instance—that we felt it was out of line.

Cities	Coach Fare	One Class	Old First Class	New First Class	Saving
New York—Los Angeles	$145.10	$153.00	$186.90	$160.90	$26.00
San Francisco—New York	145.10	153.00	186.90	160.90	26.00
Los Angeles—Washington	137.25	—	176.45	152.75	23.70
Chicago—San Francisco	105.45	111.00	135.40	116.55	18.85

all fares one-way plus tax

On our New York—California flights, this difference will now be reduced to only $15.80.

And it will be proportionately less on our other flights. [The chart will give you samples of our new first class fares.]

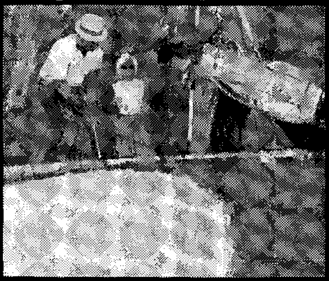
In coach, wives and children now will fly for 25% off the regular fare when travelling with their husbands.

Family discounts are hardly new in air travel, but they have customarily been offered only on first class fares in the past.

American believes the discounts starting January 15 are the first ever offered on coach fares, which means your family has never been able to travel by jet for less than it costs today. And just when you'd planned to spend your next vacation at home, puttering around the house.

CRAVE A CARIBBEAN BEACH?

GREAT GOLF?



FUN AFTER FIVE?

YES?...
THEN THE NEW
PUERTO RICO
SHERATON HOTEL
IS FOR YOU!

Here's the newest, most exciting hotel on the Island. 20 soaring stories of luxury, right on Condado Beach in San Juan. Air-conditioned rooms, all with private balcony. Enormous swimming pool. Tennis, championship golf. Gourmet specialties, penthouse dining room, supper club with big-name entertainment. And all a quick jet hop away: Pan Am, World's Most Experienced Airline, flies direct by Jet Clipper® from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore / Washington, Miami. For Insured Reservations, call your favorite travel agent or your nearest Sheraton Hotel or Reservation Office.

PUERTO RICO SHERATON

Tuileries, near Napoleon's Carrousel Arch. This outdoor museum, with its art exposed to the sun and the rains, will consist of sixteen of Aristide Maillol's celebrated female nudes, some given by Maillol's widow, others the result of the generosity of the model who posed for most of them—Mme. Dina Vierny, to whom old Maillol gave the use of his molds, from which new statues are now being cast as second originals. If, as is reported, they are cast in lead, they will provide a poetic gray-toned female population of sculpture, anachronistically well suited to the carved-stone purlieus of the Louvre. It was said of Maillol, a hardheaded, simple genius from the Midi, that no matter what an art patron commissioned—a statue to symbolize "L'Air" or "La Méditerranée" (both to be included in the garden museum)—Maillol always made the same thing, a vigorous female nude. When asked where he found such magnificent models, he said, "I look at the women in my countryside, at my wife, Clothilde, at our little maid; I lift a skirt, and there is marble." One of his greatest works to be included is "Hommage à Cézanne"—no mere admirable peasant form but a reclining female deity, stretched full length in her repose, a nude as stylized and practiced as any that was created in the antique art imagination of man.

A CHOICE showing of about two dozen canvases and drawings from the Fontainebleau *maniériste* school has been on view at the Left Bank art gallery L'Oeil, as a valuable foretaste of the refined, fleshly aesthetic appetites of that *bellifontain* epoch, to be the French state's spring and summer exhibition this year at Fontainebleau itself (probably of minor interest to the tourist crowd, but rewarding to special informed travellers). French *maniériste* art, a fantasy of the overexcited sixteenth century, was a fertile miscegenation between imported Italian artists, left over from the great Florentine and Roman renaissance, and the ardent northern *beaux-arts* appetites of the Valois French court, beginning with Francis I, original purchaser of the Mona Lisa. In this schizophrenic century, which produced Luther and Rabelais, the Reformation and the religious wars, there was also produced this art cult for the female nude, like a perfected, painted object of idealized realism—the cold-visaged northern Venus with bosoms as if of the finest enamel, created amid an intellectual climate of involved mythology, liberated intelligence, astrology, new sciences,

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests
IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE
FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
U.S. Agent
ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!

SEE BIG PICTURES in our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 30¢, Department N, **UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.**

DANCE CALENDAR

TUESDAY
EXHIBITION TIME
11:15 P.M.
FREE DANCE
LESSONS 8-9
PACHANGA
CHA CHA
BOSSA NOVA

WED Continuous from 7:30 P.M.
THU MAT. 1:30 to 5 • EVE fr. 7:30 DANCE CONTEST
FRI Continuous from 7:30 P.M.
SAT MATINEE 1:30 to 5 P.M. EVENING from 7:30 P.M.
SUN Continuous all day from 3:30 DANCE CONTEST

TERRACE RESTAURANT
and BAR

NO TICKETS! NO EXTRAS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
BALLROOM

Roseland
DANCE CITY

ON 52nd STREET West of Broadway

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., permits use of its trademark "Sanforized-Plus" only on fabrics which meet its established test requirements for shrinkage, smoothness after washing, crease recovery, tensile strength and tear strength. Fabrics bearing the trademarks "Sanforized" or "Sanforized-Plus" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

Be suspicious!

Make sure you see it on the label.
If you don't, stomp off.
Or see the manager.
Be a real pain in the neck.
You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see •SANFORIZED• TRADE ® MARK
You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see •SANFORIZED plus• TRADEMARK
Right there. On the label.
Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."
If it is, why doesn't it say so?
You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".
Get them.

Give her L'Aimant...
before someone else does

L'AIMANT
parfum de **COTY**
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

©COTY, INC. 1964—ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

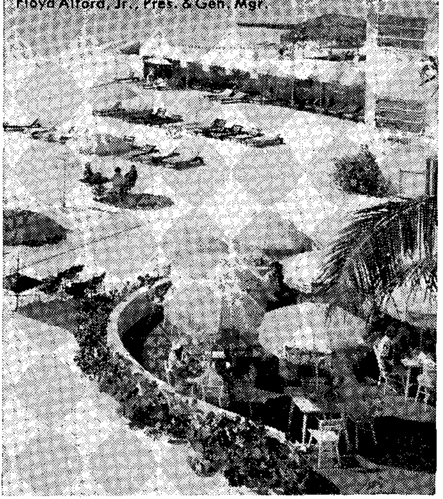
and waning Catholic ideology: the ideal, sensuous hybrid nude of fevered international imaginations. L'Oeil's exhibition includes examples of notable *maniériste* creations, such as Primaticcio's famous canvas "Ulysses and Penelope," with its large Italianate figures, semi-nude and conjugal, refleshed in the French manner to lean together with intimate curiosity, gazing into each other's eyes. In Niccolo dell'Abbate's "Taking of Carthage" is concealed the military devastation that the current victories and defeats were bringing to most of Europe, with truth hidden under this picture's byplay with antiquity, in which nude heroines and heroes in gold Roman helmets survey the exotic ruins of some imagined African citadel. The *bellifontain* art dominated a strange, sophisticated, yet naïve epoch. For the first time, there were bathtubs in the Fontainebleau château, and court ladies had their *maniériste* nude portraits painted in them.

FROM Rome there has come a report of the death of the American-born Princess Marguerite Caetani, a great patroness of foreign letters—and American letters, too, which must have seemed almost foreign to her after sixty or more adult years of constant residence abroad, mostly in Italy but, in her youth, also in Paris. She was born Miss Chapin, in New London, Connecticut. Until a few years ago, she kept a small walkup flat on the Rue du Cirque, near the Rond-Point, where she used to come, spring and autumn, for a month to look over the Parisian literary scene. She was short of stature; had fine teeth and a fine laugh, ruddy coloring, and thick pale-yellow hair, which she wore in plaits; and until lately still had vivid health and still retained her elegant, old-fashioned New England drawl. She is remembered today especially as the founder of *Botteghe Oscure* (or *Dark Shops*), her remarkable magazine, which was named for the street on which the vast Palazzo Caetani stands, near the Piazza Venezia, in Rome—a magazine that was the first great international bi-annual of our time to publish works in English, American, French, and Italian. She had an especially tender heart and a fine ear for poetry. Her favorite contemporary poet in France was the metaphysical René Char. In Paris, she is still famous for her quarterly *Commerce*, which she published here from 1924 to 1932 and financed by selling her excellent small collection of canvases by her friends Vuillard and Bonnard. In it, she published the most distinguished French authors then ex-

YOURS TO ENJOY
The warm blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico . . . snow white sands of a safe private beach . . . sophisticated club-like setting. New 18 hole golf course, tennis, fishing, sailing. Superb food.

For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462

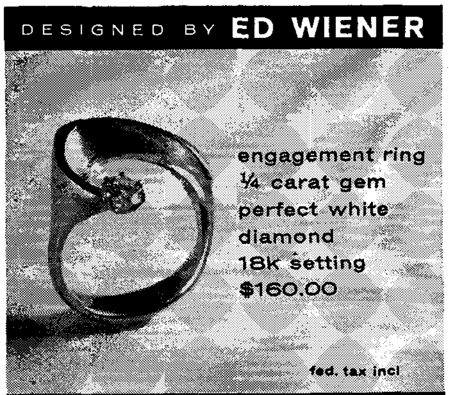
Lido Biltmore
CLUB HOTEL
Floyd Alford, Jr., Pres. & Gen. Mgr.



LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino
ON THE
Park
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

DESIGNED BY **ED WIENER**

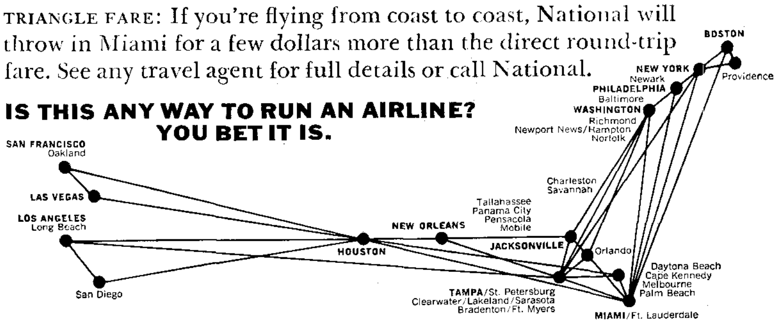


engagement ring
¼ carat gem
perfect white
diamond
18k setting
$160.00
fed. tax incl
send for free catalog
Arts & Ends Inc. 46 W. 53 St., N.Y.C.

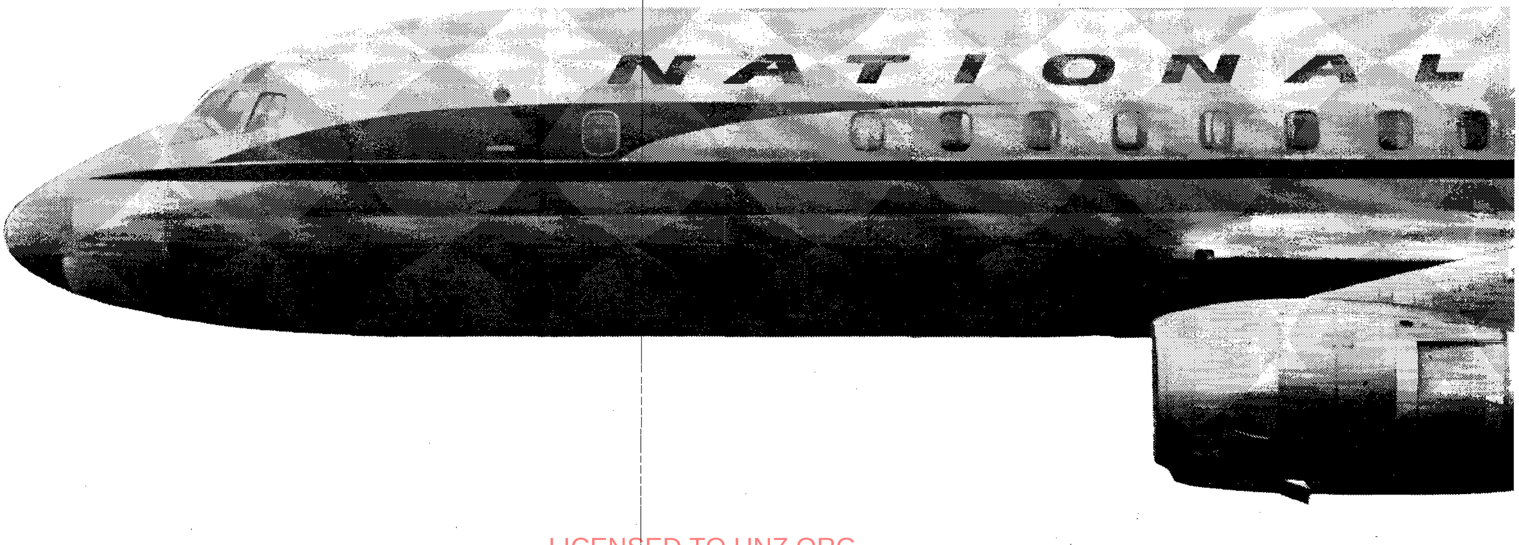
Take a peaceful little cruise into the islands. Buy one. Some of them are still for sale, cheap.
When you're good and ready, come back to Florida. Dance in all the nightclubs. Play a little tennis. Meet the live mermaids at Weeki Wachee. Look for the Fountain of Youth.
National Airlines flies you to all of Florida's key cities. Come on.

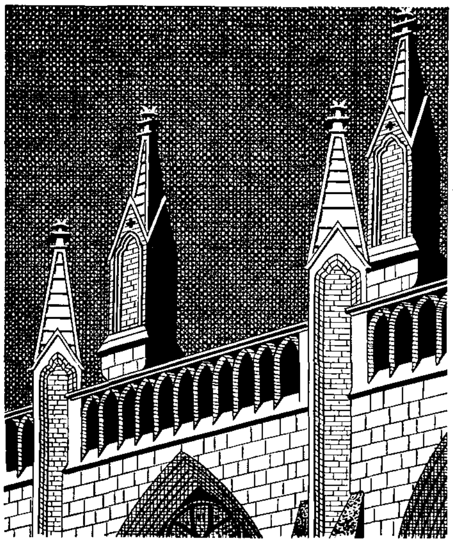
TRIANGLE FARE: If you're flying from coast to coast, National will throw in Miami for a few dollars more than the direct round-trip fare. See any travel agent for full details or call National.

IS THIS ANY WAY TO RUN AN AIRLINE?
YOU BET IT IS.


BOSTON
Providence
NEW YORK
Newark
PHILADELPHIA
Baltimore
WASHINGTON
Richmond
Newport News/Hampton
Norfolk
SAN FRANCISCO
Oakland
Charleston
Savannah
LAS VEGAS
Tallahassee
Panama City
Pensacola
Mobile
LOS ANGELES
Long Beach
NEW ORLEANS
JACKSONVILLE
HOUSTON
Orlando
Daytona Beach
Cape Kennedy
Melbourne
Palm Beach
San Diego
TAMPA/St. Petersburg
Clearwater/Lakeland/Sarasota
Bradenton/Ft. Myers
MIAMI/Ft. Lauderdale

Escape to Florida.
Let National plot your jetaway.





pinnacle

It's an upright architectural member topping a buttress or angle pier... and therefore, by extension, represents the summit or highest point of anything.

And when, as professional financial advisers, we endeavor to help you buttress your financial structure... we feel that we have added the pinnacle when we show you a way to add income—*without* adding income tax.

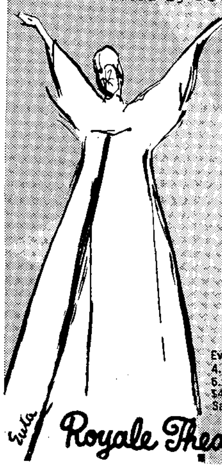
It can be done... through investment in Municipal Bonds, the obligations of state and municipal governments or governmental authorities. The income from such bonds is entirely exempt from Federal income tax—and often from state income tax as well, in the state of issuance. And they're an investment second in *soundness* only to securities of the Federal Government itself.

If you're interested in building up your income, without building up your income tax as well... our Municipal Bond Department is at your service. Its staff is able, experienced, and well-informed—in fact, we think they're the very pinnacle of their profession!

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated
Members New York Stock Exchange and other leading exchanges
20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia • Chicago
Boston • San Francisco
Albany • Allentown • Cleveland • Dallas
Hartford • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

tant. Not all important authors were included, but those she chose were selected with lucid and exact genius. In the first year alone, she published part of the first translation into French of Joyce's "Ulysses," Valéry Larbaud's essay "Ce Vice Impuni, La Lecture," a *chronique* by Léon-Paul Fargue, and a contribution by Paul Valéry. Later, she published the twenty-page poem by Jacques Prévert "Description d'un Dîner de Têtes à Paris-France;" "Nadja," by André Breton; first-water works by Claudel; some by Gide, whom she disliked; and, above all, certain of the greatest poems of St.-John Perse, and essays and poems by Paul Valéry. The autumn and winter numbers of a new literary magazine de luxe that is also called *Commerce* appeared here recently. No. 2 carried a belated homage to the Princess as the founder of the original magazine of that name. It is perhaps too soon to make any summing up of this new *Commerce*, which is handsomely published by M. André Dalmas, except to say that it is nothing like Princess Caetani's *Commerce*, if only because her original, really great literary contributors are now all dead, except for Paulhan, who is now contributing to the new *Commerce* like a writer who has forgotten his own past.

Rolf Hochhut's play "Le Vicaire," which, as you may recall, features among other war references the historic silence of Pope Pius XII on the Nazi extermination of the Jews, is still being interrupted, every ten days or so, by rioters in the audience; is still being protected at every performance by uniformed and plainclothes police; is still playing to packed houses at the Athénée; and now, at the end of its fifth week, has lasted longer in the face of menacing disturbances than any other play in the history of the Paris theatre. The recent Auschwitz trials in Frankfurt heightened the Athénée tension. Late in December, a contingent of about thirty young right-wing paratroopers in civilian clothes jumped in well-trained groups of three from the balcony boxes onto the stage, completely filling it, and shouting "*A bas les Juifs!*" After Pope Paul VI's recent unprecedented Holy Land visit, the words he spoke in Jerusalem in loyal defense of his predecessor and in obvious reference to the Hochhut play eventually promoted new violence among the regular pro-Catholic rioters here. His Holiness said, "You know the suspicions, and even the accusations, launched against the memory of this great previous Pontiff. We are happy to declare in this place and on this day



ROGER L. STEVENS presents
MARGARET LEIGHTON
ALAN WEBB JOHN WILLIAMS
ENID BAGNOLD'S new comedy
The Chinese Prime Minister
Directed by JOSEPH ANTHONY

"The author of 'The Chalk Garden' is writing again with civilized wit... teasingly subtle and joyously direct."
—Howard Taubman N.Y. Times

"It shimmers on the stage... there is not a single careless line."
—Walter Kerr N.Y. Herald Trib.

Eves. Mon.-Thurs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Fri.-Sat. Eves.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Mats.: $5.40, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90.
Royale Theatre 242 W. 45 St., N.Y. Circle 5-5760

"ONE ENCHANTING EVENING" —CHAPMAN, Daily News
"ALL LAUGHTER AND MAGIC" —TAUBMAN, N.Y. Times
THE COMEDY TRIUMPH
The Private Ear
The Public Eye
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Eves. Mon.-Thurs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Fri.-Sat. Eves.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: $4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Mats.: $5.40, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90.
MOROSCO Theatre 217 W. 45 St..N.Y. Circle 6-6230
"A CAPTIVATING EVENING" —KERR, Herald Trib.

OPEN NOW
JULIUS MONK'S
PLAZA 9-
new show
'BAKER'S DOZEN'
with GERRY MATTHEWS
Two shows nightly—8:45 & 11:30 P.M.
Reservations: PLaza 9-3933
at The Plaza
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

HAWAII KAI
NEW YORK'S MOST BEAUTIFUL POLYNESIAN RESTAURANT
Fabulous Food
Exotic Drinks
COCKTAILS • DINNER
AFTER THEATER SUPPER
Continuous entertainment in the LOUNGE OF SEVEN PLEASURES
BROADWAY AT 50th ST.
Reserv: PL-7-0900

What makes a resort hotel really great?

Ask the man who runs one.

Lou Puro, for instance. He's chairman of the board of El San Juan Hotel in Puerto Rico. He'll tell you.

First of all, you need a lot of land so guests can see where they are. You need warm wonderful perpetual sunshine—the kind you can purr under without getting scorched. Then you need a really big beach with groves of romantic palm trees all over the place. A swimming pool of course; but it has to be a really big pool, Olympic size. Then you surround this pool with plenty of the most comfortable chaises you can find.

The rooms have to be big and beautiful and the closets have to be very spacious and you have to have everything air conditioned including the main lobby. You need some wonderful restaurants (like El San Juan Hotel's Four Winds & Seven Seas or The Lemon Tree) each with a different atmosphere and each with a different gourmet menu; entertainment lounges that swing on into the night; a dazzling night club (at El San Juan it's called the Tropicoro and it's the biggest on the Island), where you feature the great names in show business like Eddie Fisher, Sammy Davis, Jr., Milton Berle, Tony Martin, Sophie Tucker, Rosemary Clooney, Louis Armstrong, Alan King and Frank Sinatra, Jr.

A really great hotel requires a large staff of experienced people who care; telephone operators who can operate; room service that can really service.

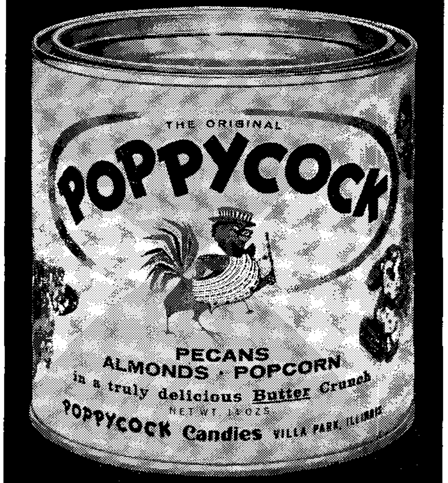
Once you've been to El San Juan, you'll know what makes a resort hotel really great. You won't have to ask Lou Puro. But stop by anyway to say hello. You can usually find him in cabana 8.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE EL SAN JUAN HOTEL, 850 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y., MU 8-8815/SOL W. GELTMAN, MANAGER/SAM SCHWEITZER, PRESIDENT

El San Juan Hotel

ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

The Millionaire's Popcorn


THE ORIGINAL
POPPYCOCK
PECANS
ALMONDS • POPCORN
in a truly delicious Butter Crunch
NET WT. 14 OZS.
POPPYCOCK Candies VILLA PARK, ILLINOIS

The extraordinary thing about this "popcorn" is that there's so little popcorn in it. It's mostly nuts. Whole toasted pecans and almonds, exquisitely held together with caramelized sugar and butter. And more butter. And more butter. Actually the popcorn only serves to silence the crunch so you can eat Poppycock in the still of your club, or in your box at the opera. We know one woman so rich she even buys Poppycock for her little millionaire grandchild, though personally we never considered Poppycock a children's confection. Inasmuch as it costs $2.00 a can. It's sold mostly in fancier department and food stores.

that nothing is more unjust than this attack against one of such venerated memory." On January 11th, a fake bomb, fortunately containing only bad smells, was thrown onto the stage from the front row. Interested, like many Parisians, in knowing how the Athénée management supports this continued, if now only sporadic, rioting, we talked to Mme. Françoise Spira, director of the Théâtre Vivant experimental group, which has been playing at the Athénée for the last year or so. She said that at first, with the idea that she would have to attract audiences otherwise likely to stay away for fear of the rioting, she had reduced the price of all seats to eight francs. Then she further reduced the gallery seats to three and five francs, to make sure of having young people up there—youth being customarily liberal-minded and poor of pocket in France—so as to have loyal, loud support for her performers when the rioting began. And she had raised the orchestra seats back to fifteen francs fifty. At the present price scale, if every seat in the house is sold out, "The Deputy" can continue to play. Mme. Spira also said that the well-known movement called the M.R.A.P. (Mouvement Contre le Racialisme et l'Antisémitisme, et Pour la Paix) had volunteered to lend her a hand in keeping order at the Athénée, but since it is something of a debating society, she felt that she had better rely on the Paris police, trained not to argue. By now, the police who are nightly sent to her theatre know the regular rioters by sight, and even by name, from having repeatedly thrown them out. Every time they turn up—of late, less and less—the police at the theatre door warn them to keep the peace. But there is apparently no French law about breaking the peace to the point of arrest unless the disturber also starts breaking theatre property or other customers' heads. It seems that Paris theatres operate under an unwritten law that governs French entertainment, according to which there are "people who pay to come and listen, and there are people who pay to come and whistle." On the usually quiet nights now, Mme. Spira says, she can hear some of the orchestra audience complaining during the entr'acte, "*Eh bien, on ne se bat plus?*" —GENÊT

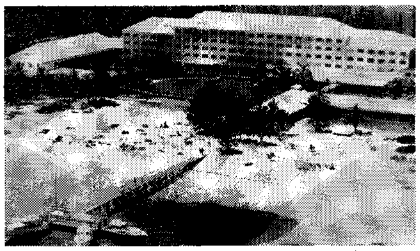
•

Fred Renz named ad director at Harper's Bazaar. That magazine now has a new ad director: Robert E. Brown, who was ad director at Harper's Bazaar.
—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

What else is new?

"The Shame!
My son flunking
Bartender School
for not using
Angostura in Manhattans!"

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS
©TA-WC, 1963
The Angostura-Wuppermann Corp., 79-20 Barnwell Ave., Elmhurst 73, N. Y.



How to Be A New You
Take the Winter Vacation you've always promised yourself. Live the easy-going colonial way of life in Nassau at Emerald Beach Hotel.

EMERALD BEACH HOTEL
Nassau, The Bahamas

See your Travel Agent or call LA 3-4497, Boston; RA 6-0624, Chicago; RI 1-6814, Dallas; MA 6-7581, Los Angeles; FR 1-6661, Miami; JU 6-4500, New York; YU 2-6905, San Francisco; MU 2-1981, Seattle; EM 3-2693, Toronto; RE 7-2642, Washington.

Restaurant
VOISIN
30 East 65th Street

Open every day for
luncheon, cocktails, dinner

Reservations, Michel: LE 5-3800

$300

now buys you
a round-trip
jet ticket* to London
on BOAC...

or a half-dozen
other airlines.

So why fly BOAC?
Our remarkable people,
that's why.

All airlines are alike. Only people make them different.

ALL OVER THE WORLD
B·O·A·C
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

Look at these other fabulous new round-trip jet fares BOAC will offer you in 1964: First Class, New York-London $712.50; Economy Class Summer-Season, New York-London $484.50; Thrift-Season, New York-London $399. And BOAC will offer you equally stunning savings on your round-trip jet fare to London from Boston, Washington, D. C., Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Honolulu. For complete information and reservations, see your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation.

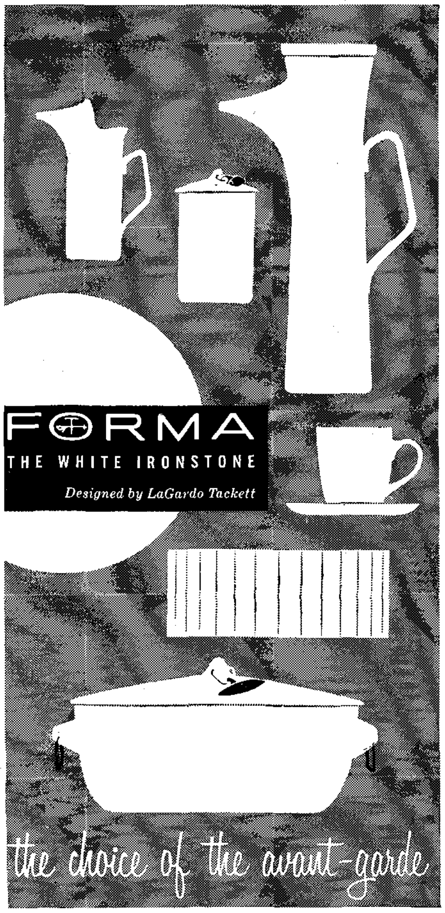
*BOAC's new 21-day Economy Jet Fare from New York, effective mid-week April 1 through November 5, except for certain Summer peak travel periods. All fares effective April 1, subject to Government approval.

Sausage from Wisconsin's dairyland

The old Jones Farmstead
JONES DAIRY FARM
Little Sausages
at better markets everywhere.

In this rich farm country of southern Wisconsin, we still make Jones Dairy Farm Sausage the way we did a century ago—from choice cuts of tender young pork seasoned with fine natural spices. Try JONES SAUSAGE for real farm flavor.

JONES *Sausage*
DAIRY FARM
Jones Dairy Farm, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.



FOR FORMAL & INFORMAL SERVING • COOKING • STORAGE
At fine stores everywhere. Write for brochure
SCHMID INTERNATIONAL 280 SUMMER ST. BOSTON 10 MASS.

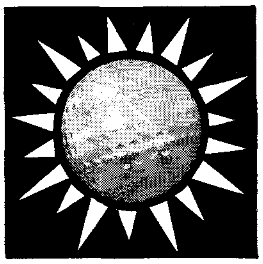
THE RACE TRACK

Grand Opening

LAST weekend was Opening Day for this department, as well as for Hialeah in Florida and Bowie in Maryland. Bowie's was not without extraneous incident. My favorite observer down there reports that on Friday the place looked like a setting for a winter-sports carnival, and while he didn't know whether any of the more than nine thousand horseplayers had come on skis, they certainly could have done so. To complete the picture, a small avalanche of wet snow slid off the roof of the grandstand shortly after the second race and fell on a number of spectators, thirteen of whom were taken to the track's first-aid room to be revived. Unfortunately, none of them had a daily-double ticket on Harvest Days, in the first race, and Painting, in the second, which paid $294.70. It was no day for favorites; not one was first all afternoon, the biggest disappointment coming when Benedict C. finished far behind Miss Pinchmore, Brow Band, and Alpenhorn in the E. Palmer Heagerty Purse. On Saturday, the sun warmed the backs of the crowd, which was nearly twice as large and enthusiastic as it had been on Friday. The best race of the afternoon was the Federal Purse, in which Space Skates, once a stablemate of Candy Spots and almost as well thought of, beat Coppahaunk, an old favorite of Marylanders, by a head.

BY comparison, Hialeah had a conventional opening—weather clear, track fast, and lots of horses to bet on. The Royal Poinciana Handicap—the first of the stake races at the meeting, which started Friday and ends on March 3rd—went to Lester, an old stager whose form was so lightly regarded that he paid a $33 mutuel when he won by a nose from Ornamento. Jet Traffic was third. The Hibiscus Stakes, on Saturday, was more interesting, being the first of the events for three-year-olds leading up to the Flamingo Stakes, on the last day of the meeting. I caught the Hibiscus on TV, and I must say that I was impressed by the performance of Bupers, who mowed down the leaders in the stretch and won in a photo finish with Journalist. The eleven other runners were bunched well behind.

Sun! Golf!



this winter in the comfort and luxury of the
ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL

Private, *uncrowded,* 18-hole championship course. Many, many other luxuries. This rare resort is a happy paradox . . . It is as if a complete, cosmopolitan hotel had been transferred to the desert and set down on a 1400-acre oasis of lawns, flowers, citrus groves...Here you enjoy the sunny Southwest to the fullest without having to go the least bit "Western" or giving up the comforts of home. For this great resort is staffed and operated as a fashionable, metropolitan, luxury hotel.

Modified Am. Plan (includes breakfast, dinner). For pictorial folder, contact Henry B. Williams, V.P., Gen. Manager.

ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL • PHOENIX, ARIZ.

FOR *Gardeners* ONLY!

Star Roses
Spring 1964

If your garden or patio planter needs new beauty and tone, send for the Star Rose Catalog and plan your planting now. For, in the flower world, there's no more envied name than *Star* Roses. These are the roses of such high quality that they are unconditionally guaranteed to bloom . . . they'll be show pieces, every one. This catalog is free.

Send no money.
Mail a note or card to:
STAR ROSES
Box 341,
West Grove, Pa. 19390

Star® Roses

Round Hill
MONTEGO BAY • JAMAICA
The renowned beach resort.
December 15 to April 30.
See your Travel Agent, or
call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington
Toronto/Miami/Boston/London

Bupers, you may remember, had a tough campaign last autumn. After winning the Futurity, he ran seven times in the next few weeks against the top colts of his age, and although he didn't win again, he was unplaced only twice. I wouldn't have been surprised if all that had soured him a bit on racing, but on Saturday he seemed to run as willingly as ever. With half a chance, he might go far.

EARLIER last week, Santa Anita reopened after being strikebound for eight days, and perhaps the shutdown affected the form of some of the horses. For example, B. Major, the hot favorite, was beaten in the first division of the San Fernando Stakes the other afternoon, and Lamb Chop, a champion filly last season, was beaten in the second. The winners were Nevada Battler and Gun Bow, and each won by five lengths or more. On Saturday, a filly named Curious Clover romped off with the Santa Maria Handicap and paid $78.20.

AS was more or less expected, Raise a Native, who dazzled us in his four starts last spring, and who then bowed a tendon and was retired to the stud, is top weight, under 126 pounds, in the Experimental Free Handicap, the official appraisal of the 1963 two-year-olds. One pound below him on the list is Hurry to Market, and then come Golden Ruler, Roman Brother, and Chieftain, at 124 each; Northern Dancer, Canada's best, at 123; and Amastar, at 122. Bupers is in at 119. Tosmah and Castle Forbes head the fillies, under 115 pounds each. Tommy Trotter, the handicapper to the Jockey Club, has also rated a hundred and twenty-one other colts and fillies for the Experimental. I hope they turn out to be worthy of his efforts.

ALL I'll say about the dates for New York's season—from March 20th through December 7th—is thank goodness no more days were scheduled for Aqueduct than were scheduled last year. As it is, there will be two hundred and one days at the Big A—a hundred and sixteen before Saratoga (August 3rd to the 29th) and eighty-five after. Is everybody happy? —AUDAX MINOR

•

He said elimination of price controls would lower package-store prices, which would lead to increased sales but not necessarily to increased consumption.
—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

Hire this fellow!

Her Majesty
LINGERIE AND SLEEPWEAR

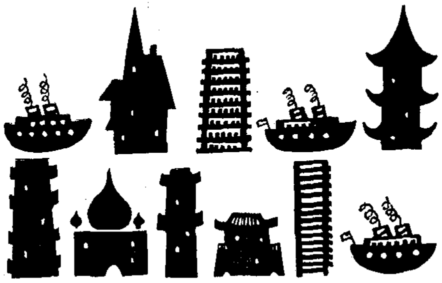
Shortie niteshirt P. J. s, taken from the boys and prettied up with an embroidered motif on one, bib front on the other. Both in striped cotton oxford shirting with matching shorts. Red or blue pen line stripe on white. Left: Young Junior sizes 9/10, 11/12, 13/14 and 15/16. $4. Right: Girls' sizes 4-6x, 8-14. $3.

At Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; and other fine stores everywhere.
HER MAJESTY, 130 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK

OUR TROPICAL PULLOVER FOR BOYS

We see this versatile, double cotton knit on any vacation day—for playing tennis or post-swim. It's soft-shaped for good looks with sweater ribbing, has a V-neck and border stripes. In white with blue, gold with black or Riviera blue with white. 6-12 sizes, 6.00; 14-20 sizes, 7.00. Boys' Shops. Mail and phone; no c.o.d's.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Around the World in 11 Hotels
(3 of them ships)

It's a most unique world tour. 55 extraordinary days in all. Half your trip is aboard famous cruise liners; lavish vessels like the Queen Elizabeth and the France. The other half is spent discovering the great cities of the world. You stay at the finest hotels, like the Peninsula in Hong Kong and the Imperial in Tokyo. During extended inland visits, you really see each country and its people. **It's such a complete tour that it takes a 16-page brochure to describe it.**

One low cruise fare covers everything: visits to 22 ports of call, hotels, sightseeing, transfers, and most meals. 4 departures monthly: 2 from New York; 2 from San Francisco. 55 days from **$2295.**

See your travel agent or write:
Four Winds Travel, Inc. Dept. NY-8
175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.
Rush your **FREE** 16 page brochure.

Name
Address
City State

FOUR WINDS®

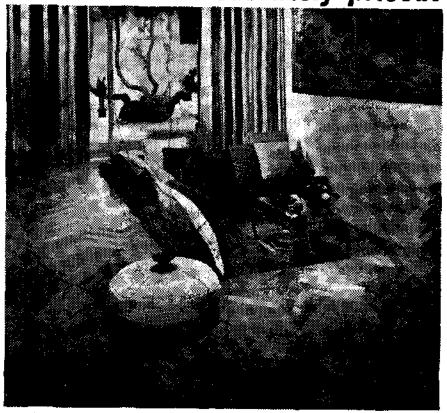
MUSICAL EVENTS

À Point

I HAVE done a good deal of complaining this season about the lack of good French singers and singing. I must retract all my complaints when it comes to the performance, in concert form, of Poulenc's "Dialogues des Carmélites" that took place in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, under the auspices of the American Opera Society. The skill in casting shown by the Society's director, Allen Sven Oxenburg, far outclassed anything I have encountered in French opera at the Metropolitan in many years. The "Dialogues" requires a huge cast, mainly female, and nearly every member of Mr. Oxenburg's company sang French in the most idiomatic manner. Moreover, every member without exception sang well—so well that it is difficult to pick out individuals for special praise. A great deal of the credit for what turned out to be one of the most distinguished musical events of the season belongs to Georges Prêtre, a conductor of modest appearance but absolute authority, who was obviously in control of every breath drawn by the singers and every sound produced by the orchestra, and, in addition, showed immaculate musical taste.

The star of the evening was, or was supposed to be, Denise Duval, who, as those who have heard her before know, is a distinctive personality—not so much a great opera singer (her voice is a very small one by our standards) as a theatrical presence. Dressed in a black sheath affair, and wearing no makeup except mascara, she looked something like a very holy model out of the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, but she had the beauty and the fragility to make the role of Blanche de la Force (or Sister Blanche of the Agony of Christ) credible and engaging. She was not, however, by any means the only striking singer of the evening. Andréa Guiot, a sterling soprano of the typically French variety, imported from the Paris Opéra (the sort that Mr. Bing, of the Metropolitan, ought to sign up for his Manons), sang the role of the New Prioress beautifully; Sylvia Stahlman, as Sister Constance, delivered some superb high pianissimos

Choice of the discriminating . . .
. . . now moderately priced!



Herring-bone pattern in home designed by Gerald Jerome A.I.D.

TRULY ELEGANT! GENUINE IMPORTED

Thai-Teak
PARQUETRY FLOORING

NOW! You can install genuine Thai-Teak ("Tectona Grandis") from Thailand at a price that actually competes with domestic flooring! Enjoy the lustrous, lasting sheen . . . the durable, rot-resistant toughness of this truly distinctive flooring . . . and benefit from the amazingly low price! Your decorator can show you a wide assortment of beautifully, decor-correct patterns and designs!

Write now for illustrated folder

BANGKOK INDUSTRIES, Inc.
Sole Agents for Thai-Teak Flooring in Strip & Parquetry
1545 W. Passyunk Ave.
Phila. 45, Pa.
DEALER-INQUIRIES INVITED

enjoy the best for less . . .

Modified American, Family and European Plans at pleasing rates which include Free Parking, Free TV and Free BATHERAPY!

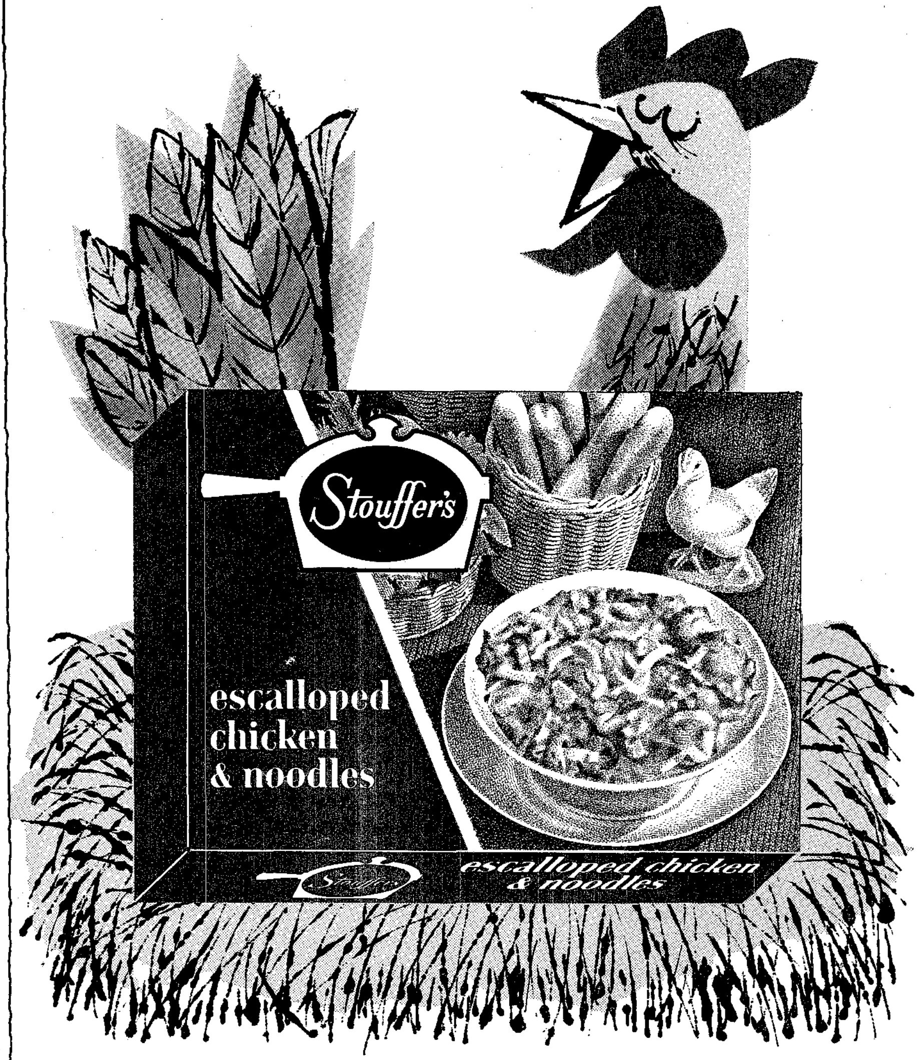
CLARIDGE
HOTEL
Atlantic City
Area Code 609—345-1271

DISTINCTIVE DINING
The Murray Hill
RESTAURANT • COCKTAIL BAR
Park Ave. at 42nd St.—S.W. Cor.

Lamps and Shades
WARD & ROME
63 East 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

while giving the role just the right air of wavering between the sacred and the worldly; and Betty Allen sang the part of Mother Marie as if she were the Rock of Ages. Among the men, Davis Cunningham, as Blanche's brother, and Russell Christopher, as her father, performed admirably; a new tenor named André Montal, with a peculiarly rich, velvet voice, served as the Chaplain; and Howard Fried and Ron Bottcher, among others, represented civil authority with the appropriate amount of crushing implacability. But the big hit of the evening was Claramae Turner, as the Old Prioress. She sang magnificently, and carried through her death scene with such deep pathos that an ovation inevitably followed.

In case you have forgotten, "Dialogues des Carmélites" is Poulenc's last opera, and was first heard hereabouts several years ago in a television broadcast by the N.B.C. Opera Company. The San Francisco Opera had done it previously, but both that production and N.B.C.'s were in English; thus, last week's performance was the first in America in the original French, and the phraseology and cast of thought of the whole work are so peculiarly French that this was a distinct advantage. It is a very special kind of opera—one of the few in history where sex does not play a dominant role. It deals with the doings in a Carmelite convent during the French Revolution, and its drama is psychologically subtle. A young girl of obviously unstable character enters the Carmelite order because she is not at home in the real world; after the Revolution breaks out, she leaves the convent in terror, but when the nuns are condemned to the guillotine, she loses her terror and joins them in death. The interplay of personalities within the convent is intricate, and the end is truly touching. To my mind, "Dialogues des Carmélites" is one of the few real masterpieces of the twentieth century. Like much French opera, and as its title indicates, the libretto is somewhat talky. Poulenc's score, however, is so consistently eloquent, so magical in its evocation of emotion, that one is scarcely aware of this. One is also able to let its highly interesting technical features slide by while it is casting its dramatic spell. While it is true that there are reminiscences of "Pelléas et Mélisande" here and there, and that there are also (despite the views of the French anti-Wagnerites) reminiscences of Wagner, the work is nevertheless pure Poulenc, the creation of a sincere and wise master who was above being influenced by the

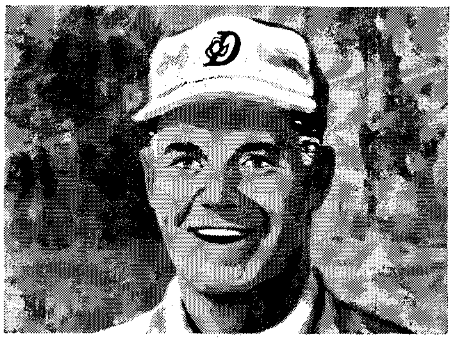


not cheep, cheep—but good, good!

Eating alone? Dine royally on Escalloped Chicken and Noodles. Unexpected guests? Serve 'em sumptuously. Or why not just surprise the family with it some night—for no reason at all but the flavor. Stouffer's blends generous chunks of chicken with noodles in creamy gravy, makes it ready to serve in 30 minutes from a standing start. Pick some up next time you pass the quality section of your grocer's freezer.

Stouffer's
Frozen Prepared Foods

One of STOUFFER'S RESTAURANTS' most popular recipes.



...are you the

DORAL

kind of person?

Chances are you're a good club golfer. You and your wife prefer your fall or winter holidays in a spacious, gracious country club setting. You expect the finest in golf courses, superb food, excellent accommodations, fine entertainment and music. Most important you prefer *to meet other people like yourself who* enjoy golf in a setting of warmth, elegance and exquisite taste. If this describes you . . . you'll like Doral . . . for Doral was designed for people like you.

See Your Travel Agent
or write for Brochure NY

HOME OF THE $50,000
DORAL INVITATIONAL

DORAL HOTEL and COUNTRY CLUB
Set on 2400 acres in Miami, Florida
Jean S. Suits, Exec. Dir.

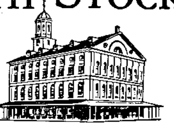
MASSACHUSETTS
INVESTORS
GROWTH STOCK
FUND
FOUNDED IN 1932

The Fund offers a diversified and supervised investment in the common stocks of more than 90 companies selected for better than average growth possibilities. A Prospectus and other descriptive material may be obtained from your investment dealer or write —

VANCE, SANDERS & CO., INC.
111 DEVONSHIRE STREET
BOSTON 9, MASS.
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

Please send me without obligation Prospectus on MASSACHUSETTS INVESTORS GROWTH STOCK FUND.
NY

Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . . *State*. . . . .



temporary changes of fashion brought about by lesser men.

ON the previous evening, I attended what was possibly the first performance here in a century of Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani," done in concert form at Philharmonic Hall by the Concert Opera Association, under the baton of Thomas Scherman. It is difficult to account for the lack of popularity (outside Italy) of this opera, which belongs to the same rich middle period of Verdi's career as "La Traviata" and "Rigoletto;" perhaps the number of corpses left at the final curtain—the result of a massacre by the Sicilians of their French overlords (Ah, those Sicilians!)—has been too much for the sensibilities of operagoers in more placid countries. It is true that the libretto is somewhat naïve, but then so are some other Verdi librettos. The music, however, is mostly topnotch Verdi, certainly equal to that of "Un Ballo in Maschera," for example. The performance the other night had some good things in it—notably the fine, robust singing of Giuseppe Taddei as the French Governor of Sicily, and the quite exciting virtuosity of Irene Jordan in the formidably difficult role of Duchess Elena, who conspires against him with a great deal of old-fashioned full-throated *fioritura*. On the other hand, the cast included a tenor too terrible to mention; Mr. Scherman's conducting was not exactly inspiring; and the rest of the roles were either important ones sung indifferently or unimportant ones sung well.

TO me, the most interesting thing about last Sunday's television broadcast by the N.B.C. Opera of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" was the grace and almost total comprehensibility of the English translation, by Anne Grossman. Until I heard this translation I hadn't believed there could be a successful one, because this venerable opera is so bound up with everything Italian. Actually, the English version had the virtue of making "Lucia" seem more like Sir Walter Scott than most Italian productions do. The musical side of the production (under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein) was generally excellent, though the famous sextet did not come through with the assertive power that it should possess. It is difficult to judge singers on television, but Richard Torigi and Chester Watson, both of whom I had heard on the operatic stage, seemed to have considerable authority as Enrico and Raimondo, and Linda Newman, as Lucia,

Again
FIRST TO FLORIDA
AND THE SOUTH
THIS WINTER!

...in all-weather dependability ...choice of MORNING or AFTERNOON departures from New York of the SILVER STAR and SILVER METEOR to BOTH COASTS OF FLORIDA ...modern Pullman and coach equipment, spacious lounge facilities, excellent cuisine.

For de luxe Pullman and coach reservations in New York:
Circle 5-7380
Seaboard Ticket Office
12 W. 51st St., New York 20

SEABOARD RAILROAD

THE ROUTE OF COURTEOUS SERVICE

Juliet Prowse
is the gambit in the
PERSIAN ROOM
January 8 through February 4
Performances at 9:00 and 12:15
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

STRAPARAMA®

The authority on Fine leather watchstraps. Made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All widths and lengths; all colors. Attached in one minute; for men and women. 2.50 to 10.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. New York 17, N. Y.

"Enro, the name that's hard to remember"
(shirtbuilders)

and Michael Trimbel, as Edgardo, were at least handsome to look at, and they sang in tune. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

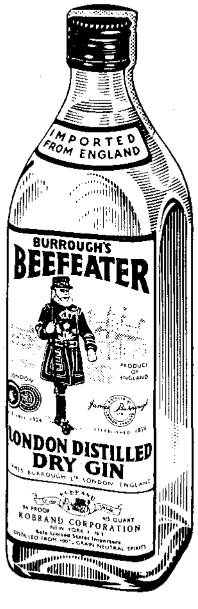
The Great Diddler

CRITICS are drawn to artists of small and careful output; as in a cash drawer at the end of a quiet day, all is in order and easily counted. Those who flood the artistic landscape year after year are not nearly as attractive. Their untidy abundance is bewildering; in the commentator's mind the trees soon coalesce into matted forest, and overfamiliarity sets in. In short, the quickly satisfying precisionist critically beats the proliferating trial-and-error diddler, his occasional golden eggs notwithstanding. Duke Ellington is such a diddler, and because of this I have come down hard on him in recent years, not always pausing to think that each weary performance or recording of his is offset, somewhere in his myriad current works, by a fresh performance or recording. Indeed, in the twenty years since his first and triumphant phase ended, Ellington, the inevitable slag discarded, has composed, arranged, and played an extraordinary amount of original music. He has kept his superb band more or less intact for an unequalled number of years. He has been produced on Broadway, and he is now writing for it again. He has composed full-length movie scores and performed them on the sound tracks. He has dabbled in radio and television. He has written ambitious orchestral suites, and he has travelled up and down the Western world, appearing night in and night out at dances, in theatres, at festivals, and in night clubs. (He has just wound up a three-month tour of the Middle East, undertaken for the State Department.) And he has made countless recordings, with large and small groups.

Jazz musicians are ultimately judged by their recordings, and in the past year or two Ellington has done uncommonly well. Moreover, he has done it by uncharacteristically stepping out of his band and recording as a piano soloist and with groups whose styles cover most of the rest of jazz. Four of these efforts are "Money Jungle: Duke Ellington-Charlie Mingus-Max Roach" (United Artists 15017), "Duke Ellington: Piano in the Foreground" (Columbia CL 2029), "The Great Reunion: Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington" (Roulette R 52103), and "Duke Ellington and John Coltrane" (Impulse! A-30). Why Ellington has all at once

The imported one
BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®

Martini Men appreciate the identifiable excellence of imported
BEEFEATER GIN

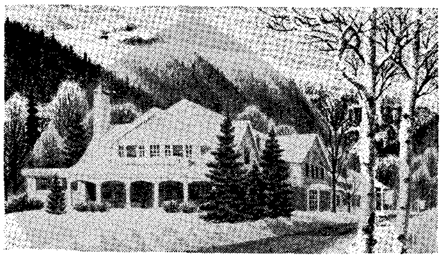


94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N. Y.

AT THE TUSCANY LIFE IS AN
ADJUSTABLE BED OF ROSES

Long famed for its fabulous "firsts" in guest luxuries . . . The Tuscany has done it again: FIRST HOTEL ANYWHERE TO INSTALL A SIMMONS BEAUTYREST ADJUSTABLE BED IN EVERY ROOM! At the touch of your finger, "The World's Most Obedient Bed" props you into perfect position for reading, lounging, sleeping. Want to breakfast in bed? . . . Watch your Tuscany color TV set? . . . Press the button — You're Sitting Pretty! Among other Tuscany firsts: Every room has bathroom extension phone, Irish Linen towels, butler's pantry, BarcaLounger Chair, air conditioning, Electric Shoe Polisher, Color TV. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too. MAY WE SEND YOU A BROCHURE?

"NEW YORK'S BIGGEST LITTLE HOTEL"
THE Tuscany
39th Street Just East of Park Avenue, N. Y. 10016
Phone (212) 686-1600. Teletype (212) 867-6585
Bertram Weal, General Manager



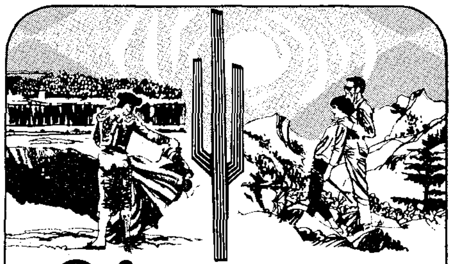
THE LODGE
at Smugglers' Notch

Centered among the most extensive ski facilities in the U.S.A. Gay luxurious ski living, continental atmosphere. Renowned French cuisine, wine cellar, extolled in Holiday. Game rooms, dancing, skating. Sport shop, world-famous ski school. Reservations advised. Tel. *Stowe* 253-7311. Write: Ivor Petrak, *Mgr.* Brochure.
STOWE 4, Vermont

shed his modesty is not clear. Perhaps he has at last admitted his virtues as a pianist, hidden so long beneath the great bushel of his band, or perhaps he just wants to spell out some of his music *himself*, the way a director might suddenly take over his star's role. No matter which, the results have been beneficial, for we now know more about the origins of such revolutionaries as Thelonious Monk and Cecil Taylor, and we know a good deal more about Ellington. A master of circumlocution, he has never before spoken so clearly.

Ellington is a reformed stride pianist who enjoyed the tutelage of Fats Waller and James P. Johnson, the second of whom he particularly admires. Stride piano was more a way of life than a mere style, and Ellington's playing reflects this; it is accidental rather than calculated. His attack, suitably, is orchestral and melodic. He uses a great many chords whose strangeness and richness summon up massed instruments. In between are generally brief single-note passages in the form of raggy arpeggios or spraddled rhythmic patterns. He has a clean, casual touch, and he never fluffs a note. Most pianists handle tempo as if it were a thermometer (slow equals cool, fast equals hot), but Ellington sees it as the means to varied moods. In slow tunes, he will rhapsodize, emitting romantic vapors and shadowy figures suitable for twilights and moon-blessed nights. He becomes pianistic in middle speeds, and instead of simply consorting with the melody, he will bear down, producing arabesques at once modern and Gothic. He does not take fast tempos seriously. He will fool around in the lower octaves with thunderous chords, rocking them heavily back and forth; he will ride for a chorus at a time on one or two notes, sending coded messages to another reformed stride man, Count Basie; or he will pluck necklaces of notes out of the thin air of the upper registers. Urbanity keeps emotion at heel, and Ellington is a notably urbane man. (He was undeniably the first *complete* non-Uncle Tom Negro artist, and it is only recently that others have begun to catch up with him.) So it is not surprising, after all, that he has hidden his piano; for all its rococo quirks, it is basically primitive and very hot.

"Money Jungle" and "Piano in the Foreground" are solo excursions with rhythm accompaniment. The first, done with Charlie Mingus and Max Roach, is an almost warlike affair. Mingus and Roach, and many of their generation, have considerable respect for Ellington. Mingus, in fact, idolizes him,



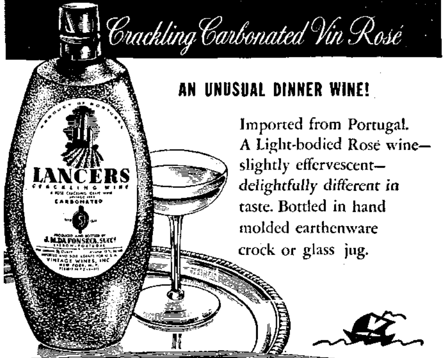
9 Sunny Vacations for the Price of 1

In Tucson the sun is shining on the mountain climbers / aficionados / horseplayers / golfers / fishermen / skiers / swimmers / cowpokes . . . even those who just laze around after dancing all night! How great to do these things and never be more than an hour or two from your sensibly priced accommodations. You can in Tucson . . . "FAR AWAY FUN . . . AT-HOME PRICES!"

Tucson
Western Gateway to Mexico

See your travel agent or write for more wonderful details.
SUNSHINE CLIMATE CLUB DEPT NY14D, TUCSON, ARIZONA

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé



AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—*delightfully different in* taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

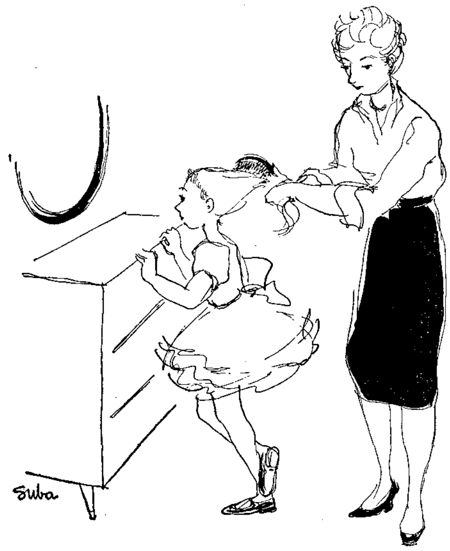
SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.

SCULPTURES & DRAWINGS
ANNE POST
Jan. 26-Feb. 8
ARTISTS LITTLE GALLERY
135 EAST 62nd STREET, N.Y.C.

Convenient for theatregoers
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialties:
Soupe à l'oignon
Moules Mariniere
Rock Cornish Game Hen
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

but an idolater brought face to face with his inspiration can, out of fear and/or excitement, turn into an unwitting combatant. Accordingly, in this recording Mingus sounds nervous and pushing and overwrought. Time and again he plays tight, obtrusive high notes, some of them with what appear to be his nails, and many of them in defiant staccato rhythms. He seems to be saying, I revere you and I shall prove it by demolishing you. Roach, on the other hand, reacts with confusion and uncertainty. His playing is muffled and lustreless, though Ellington *is* an extremely rhythmic pianist, and he frequently gets tangled up in Mingus's stridency. The result of this back-room free-for-all is a coarse thicket of sounds that do not bother Ellington at all. In "Money Jungle" and "Very Special," medium Ellington blues, he is firm and businesslike, but in "Caravan" he simply overrides his companions and out comes a stirring performance, full of big chords and brisk bass and tomtom work. And in the slow, pastel "Warm Valley" and "Solitude," Mingus and Roach slip nearly out of sight, leaving Ellington to marvellous ad-lib ministrations.

"Piano in the Foreground" is very different. Ellington is backed by Aaron Bell and Sam Woodyard, who are helpful and mostly self-effacing. Of the eleven selections, five are notable and one—"Summertime"—is a small masterpiece. An imitation Negro lament, "Summertime" generally brings out the worst in its interpreters, and it has been handled in every way from tumid semi-operatic to tumid rock-and-roll. Ellington treats it with irony. After a hands-on-the-tomtoms introduction by Woodyard, he states the melody with lagging single notes. These soon fade into rocky,



and another great tape is born

Transistor
Tape Recorder works
on flashlight batteries

Now you can make professional-quality recordings anywhere! The new Norelco '101' is as portable as your candid camera—weighs only 7 pounds—and gives you two full hours of recording (or playback) on a single 4" reel. Simple to operate: push two buttons to record, one to play back. Comes with ultra-sensitive dynamic microphone and built-in wide-range loudspeaker. Also records directly from your radio, TV or phono and plays back through radio or hi-fi.

Try it at your camera store, hi-fi dealer, or wherever good sound is sold. You'll be surprised at its low price. Send for Brochure F to: North American Philips Company, Inc., *High Fidelity Products Division,* 100 E. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

Norelco®

Whether you like your house . . .

on the rocks . . .

with water . . .

long . . .

or strong . . .

you'll warm to Techbuilt's award-winning contemporary designs. And the odds are good that we can plan you one (*custom-designed* in all but price, thanks to our famous modular construction) to meet all your specifications.

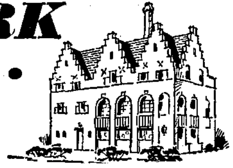
▶ As the first step, why don't you send for our new Portfolio? It contains large illustrations and floor plans of ten distinguished Techbuilt homes, plus a handsome brochure which reveals most of our secrets. It's yours for fifty cents. Techbuilt, Inc., Dept. N-3, 127 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

TECHBUILT®

KNIFE & FORK INN . . .

ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD

Est. 1912



reiterated chords, decorated with jarring trills and off-notes. Heavy outright blues figures are hammered into this granitic procession, which grows increasingly intense. Then he suddenly relaxes the pressure, drifts back into mild single notes, and ends with a splintering Beethoven chord that is held until its last dissonance has lumbered out of sight. "It's Bad to Be Forgotten," a new Ellington tune, has a charming melody, and he approaches it with lightness and affection, using widely spaced notes and echoing upper-register plinks. "So," another new and irresistible piece, which is done slowly, is nearly equal to "Summertime." After a simple statement of the melody, Ellington drops into a thoughtful, possibly mocking low-register single-note passage, reminiscent of Eddy Duchin at his best, then moves gradually up the keyboard and into a chorus of descending blues tremolos, and exits softly. "Yearning for Love," a regrettably forgotten Ellington tune, first recorded in 1936, is given a two-chorus rendition, which is enough to reveal its grace and to suggest that it should be recorded again by the band. The record closes with the newly composed "Springtime in Africa." It is the epitome of Ellington the impressionist; all is delicate, tingling, nebulous, barely stirring. There are, as well, fascinating reworkings of "I Can't Get Started" and "Body and Soul," the second of which has a bridge whose gorgeous, irregularly placed dissonances surpass Monk.

Ellington has recorded before with Louis Armstrong, and in "The Great Reunion" he sits in with Armstrong's group, which includes Trummy Young and Barney Bigard. Barring a fine solo in "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," he stays largely in the background. Armstrong, challenged by the all-Ellington material, plays and sings better than he has in years, and in his opening solo for "It Don't Mean a Thing" he fashions an annunciatory statement that recalls his celebrated introduction for "West End Blues." One wonders what beauties might have transpired if Armstrong in his best days had worked with the Ellington band.

Ellington's collaboration with John Coltrane is equally agreeable. Neither is frightened of the other, and their musical differences are easily resolved. When Coltrane gets involved in one of his Himalayan scalar exercises, Ellington drops out and listens, and when "In a Sentimental Mood" and "My Little Brown Book" are called for, Coltrane stays close to the melody, handling it

get away from it all!

at the

Rock Sound Club

Eleuthera in the Bahamas

Play and relax on satin beaches... We have miles and miles on both Sound and Atlantic...the Waters teem with fighting fish from Bone to Sail. Here, midst a tropical garden setting, relaxation becomes an art... service whispers refinement...cuisine is prepared by unrivaled master chefs. Miles and miles to roam, explore, play tennis, golf or go horseback riding along sun dappled paths.

Accommodations, naturally, are the finest.

Write for colour brochure

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or

Int'l Reps.: ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
New York • Boston • Chicago
Washington • Toronto • London

NEW CORY
ELECTRIC
KNIFE
& SCISSORS
SHARPENER
Stones and Hones all blades professionally

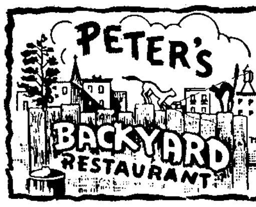
CORY CORPORATION

Chicago 45 / CORY CORPORATION (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

Burpee Seeds Grow

Grow the best flowers and vegetables with Burpee Seeds, the Best That Grow. Write today for a copy of the colorful, new Burpee Seed Catalog. **FREE**

W. Atlee Burpee Co. 783 Burpee Bldg. Phila., Pa. 19132 or Clinton, Iowa 52733 or Riverside, Calif. 92502



STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER-SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

with reverence. Ellington's occasional solos are good, and it is a treat to hear his composure when Elvin Jones, on drums, slips into interweaving streams of double- and triple-time accents. It's too bad that Jones, who is replaced in three numbers by Sam Woodyard, is not present all the way through. He understands Ellington's sly rhythmic complexities more thoroughly than most of Ellington's contemporaries.

Despite such delightful forays among his subjects, Ellington and his band are inseparable. "Afro-Bossa: Duke Ellington and His Orchestra" (Reprise R-6069), made a year or so ago, is proof. In spite of its title, the record has nothing to do with the *bossa nova;* instead, its twelve numbers, many of them new, are rendered in rhythms ranging from the bolero to belly-dance Egyptian. (Ellington began exploring such rhythms long before Xavier Cugat, Stan Kenton, the cha-cha, and the *bossa nova* were invented.) The band is in top condition, Cootie Williams is back in the trumpet section (Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, and Harry Carney are also on hand), the arrangements are less fragmentary than in many recent Ellington band efforts, and all in all the record is the most impressive one the group has made since "Such Sweet Thunder." Especially appealing are "Purple Gazelle" (a handsome Carney-led saxophone-section figure, loosed at leisurely wa-wa trumpets; a fine Williams plunger-mute solo), "Absinthe" (more fascinating saxophone writing), "Moonbow" (a Nance wa-wa trumpet solo over tomtoms and a clarinet trio and, eventually, a big ensemble *hmmmmm*), and "Sempre Amore" (Nance soloing on the violin, with a bow and pizzicato, against a wholly bewitching *chaconne* reed figure of the sort Ellington has been dropping into his backgrounds for thirty years). There are also wasted numbers, but these do not matter. The Ellington organism—from Ellington and Billy Strayhorn (who plays most of the piano) to Cootie Williams—is here in full armor. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

> Once this simple decision is made, the smoker must only survive tortures rivaled only by the withdrawal symptoms of a mainliner. Dr. James J. Short said the first week would produce "a great craving for cigarets, intense restlessness, lethargy, mental confusionfi nervargy, mental confusion, nerv- and tremors."
>
> —*The Post.*

We understand, Doctor.

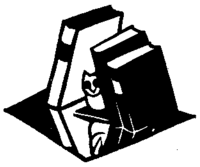
Yum Yum
would've
if
she
could've...
carpeted
the
Palace of the Mikado
with
carpet
by
magee

the fibre Acrilan ACRILAN acrylic fiber CHEMSTRAND

The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

BOOKS

The Underside of the Tapestry



A SHORT flight of fancy may serve as a prelude to discussion. Let us suppose, therefore, that we are issuing invitations to a small and preposterous party. We shall request the pleasure of the company of:

Henry Carey Baird, an industrial publicist of the last century, who declared that "too much education of a certain sort, such as Greek, Latin, French, German, and especially bookkeeping, to a person of humble antecedents, is utterly demoralizing in nine cases out of ten, and is productive of an army of mean-spirited 'gentlemen' who are above what is called a 'trade.' "

The young John Dos Passos, who found himself and his fellow-radicals "a pretty milky lot, with our tea-table convictions and our radicalism that keeps so consistently within the bounds of decorum. . . . I'd like to annihilate these stupid colleges of ours, and all the nice young men therein, instillers of stodginess—every form of bastard culture, middle-class snobism."

A. H. Lauchner, a high-school principal, who said, "We shall someday accept the thought that it is just as illogical to assume that every boy must be able to read as it is that each one must be able to perform on a violin."

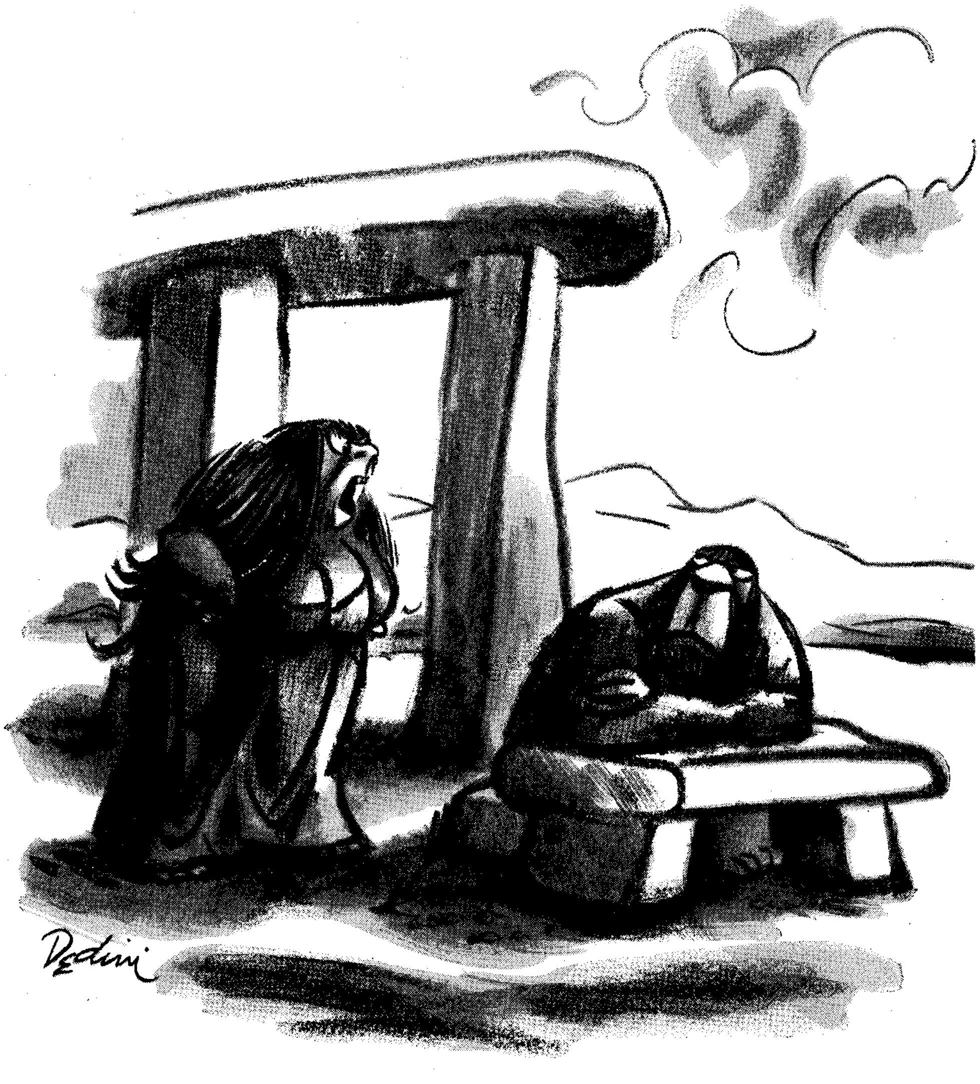
Dwight D. Eisenhower, who remarked to a group of California Republicans, "By the way, I heard a definition of an intellectual that I thought was very interesting: *a man who takes more words than are necessary to tell more than he knows.*"

Robert Welch, a manufacturer of candy bars and political fantasies, who founded the John Birch Society and in its name called Eisenhower a "dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy."

If all these people could be brought together in a single room, the conversation probably would be more interesting than agreeable. Affinities would be few and antagonisms many. Perhaps hard words would be spoken and glowering looks exchanged. Certainly these guests would resent any suggestion that they were assembled to be chums together, on the strength of a supposed common outlook on life. Nevertheless, a kind of common outlook, or mental kinship, can be shown to exist. For each of the statements above, in addition to being no very pretty specimen of the mind at work, displays a certain contempt for rational thought and works of the mind. That is to say, each exhibits an aspect of the trait that has come to be known by the ungainly word "anti-intellectualism."

Our imaginary guest list does much to explain why anti-intellectualism is so elusive and difficult a subject to discuss. One sees that the phenomenon occupies no precise and consistent place in our society, for men who cannot agree on anything else will be in tacit accord when it comes to distrust of the life of the mind. The anti-intellectual impulse is found in business and in labor. It is visible on the Right in politics, and on the Left, and at every intervening gradation. It is common to those who have little money and those who have a great deal. It is evident among the cultural vigilantes, strident of voice and red of neck, who delight in attacking our schools, and it also can be seen—lamentably—among those milder persons who teach in them. It can even be observed at times among intellectuals themselves. The task of discovering connections among this luxuriant growth of contrarieties is one that strongly inclines the mind to boggle and balk. It is evident that if all these forms of anti-intellectualism actually do spring from common roots, then these roots must lie at a considerable depth.

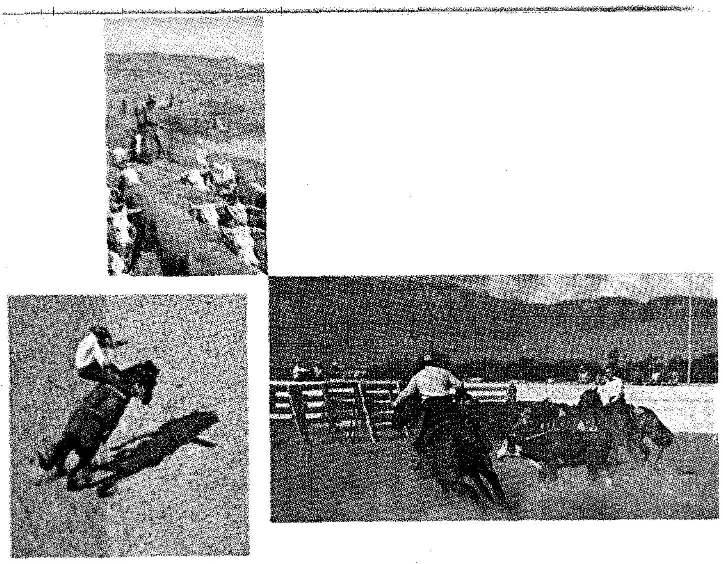
Professor Richard Hofstadter, of Pulitzer Prize celebrity and Columbia University employment, has elected to delve for such roots in the national past. His "Anti-Intellectualism in American Life" (Knopf) is a profound excavation of the neglected back yards of American history. The growths he uncovers there frequently border on the grotesque, but he rummages among them with the utmost good nature and judgment, pointing out every delicate jointure of the present with the past and gradually discovering a network of connections that

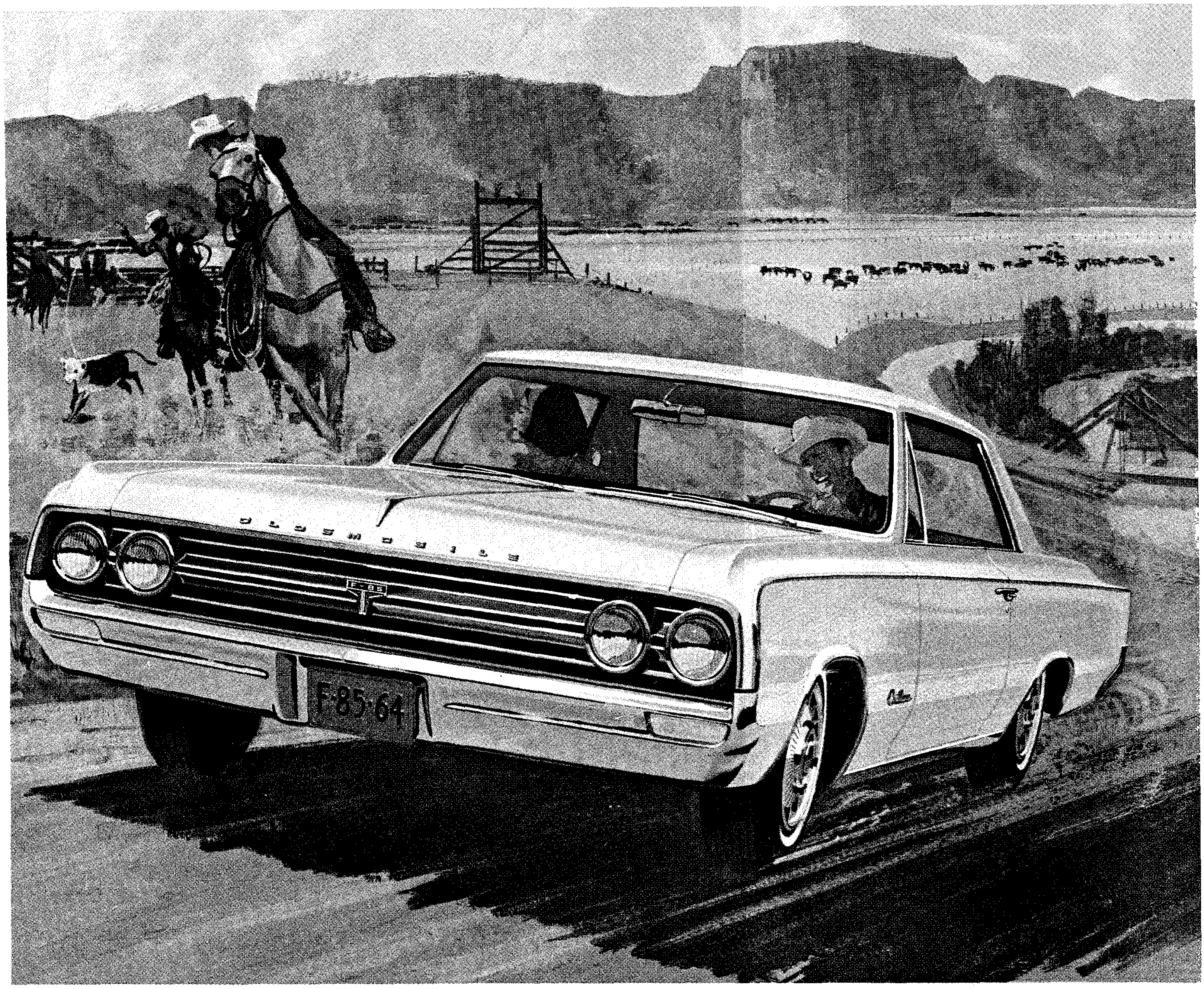


"Admit it! You'd just love to sacrifice me to the gods, wouldn't you?"

'64 OLDS

WHERE THE ACTION IS!



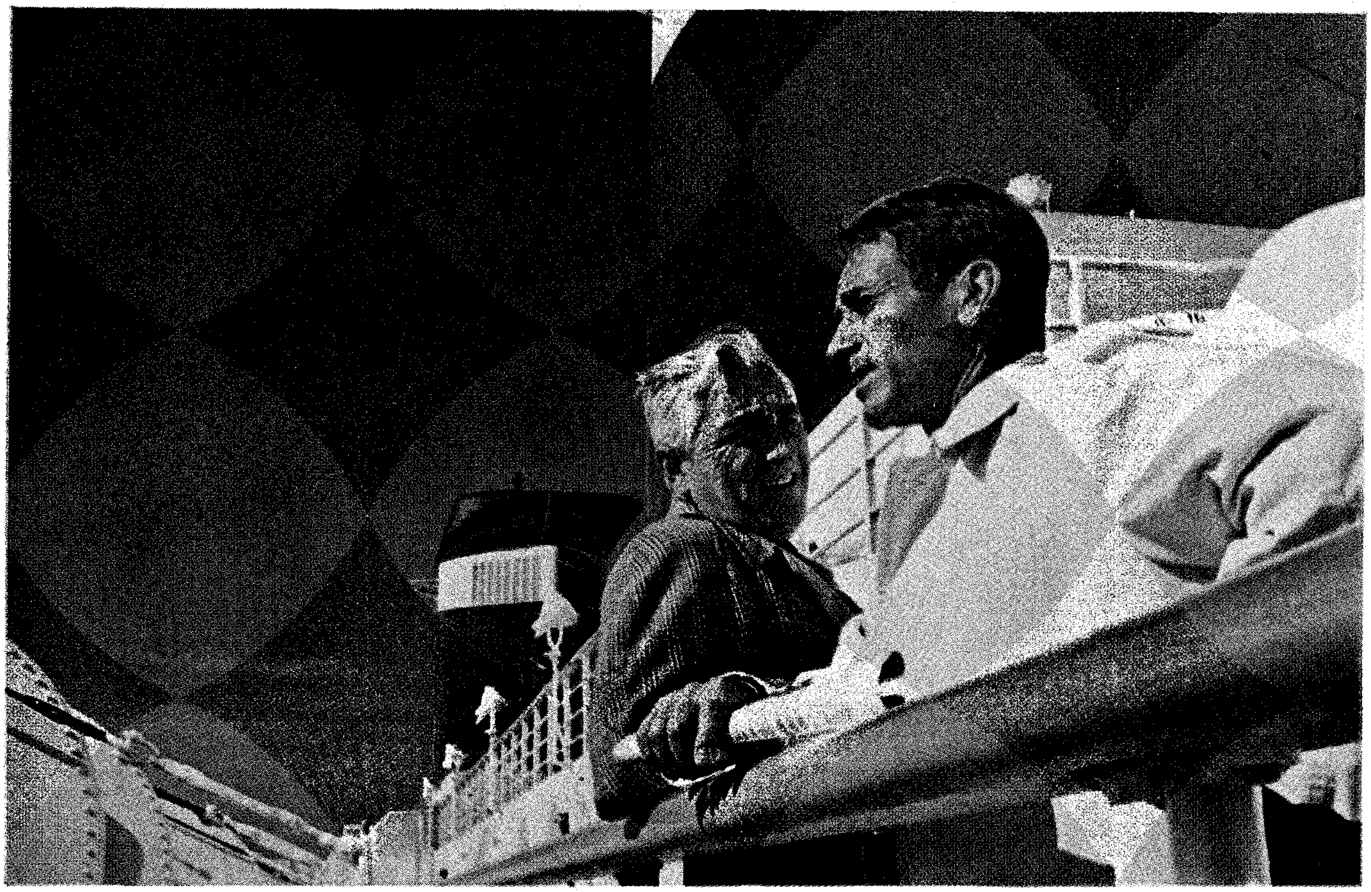


Nothing was spared (including the horses!) Oldsmobile's spanking new F-85 Cutlass puts together more well-bred horses than you'll find at a bronc-bust! 290 of 'em (that's 95 more than ever before) teamed with new variable-vane Jetaway transmission* that puts satin to shame for smoothness. Your choice of three Cutlass models—new hardtop Holiday Coupe, a Sports Coupe and a Convertible—all with ucket seats as standard equipment. Isn't it time you headed for your nearest ldsmobile Quality Dealer's . . . and put your brand on a Cutlass? **Optional at extra cost*

F-85 Cutlass

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • QUALITY BUILDERS OF NINETY-EIGHT, STARFIRE, SUPER 88, DYNAMIC 88, JETSTAR I, JETSTAR 88, F-85

TAKE THE EXECUTIVE ROUTE TO EUROPE



JOIN THE DISTINGUISHED TRAVELERS WHO SAIL TO EUROPE ON THE WORLD'S FASTEST SHIP

Mr. & Mrs. P. Huber Hanes, Jr., have made many crossings. He is President of P. H. Hanes Knitting Company.

Mr. Clarence Francis, former Chairman of General Foods Corp. chooses s.s. United States again and again.

The George O'Neils enjoy s.s. United States. He is President of the Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co., New Rochelle, N.Y.

James Landauer, President, Grand Central Building, Inc., has made several crossings on s.s. United States.

Brownstone fronts and crosstown traffic lie far astern. With the Atlantic slipping past at more than 30 knots, life takes on a new dimension, for, suddenly, time no longer matters. Yet in only a weekend and three business days you'll arrive in Europe, relaxed and rested.

A voyage to Europe on the fast United States is the supremely perfect compliment to a valuable executive. Here you have the time to think, the space you like. May we suggest that your wife accompany you so that you both can enjoy the heated pool, deck games in champagne-like air, bridge tournaments, dancing and the many other opportunities for pleasure.

If you *must* work, secretaries and dictating machines are available, while from your telephone you have communication to almost any spot on earth. No wonder experienced international businessmen sail on the s.s. United States or the America again and again. We also offer de luxe cruises to the West Indies this winter.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

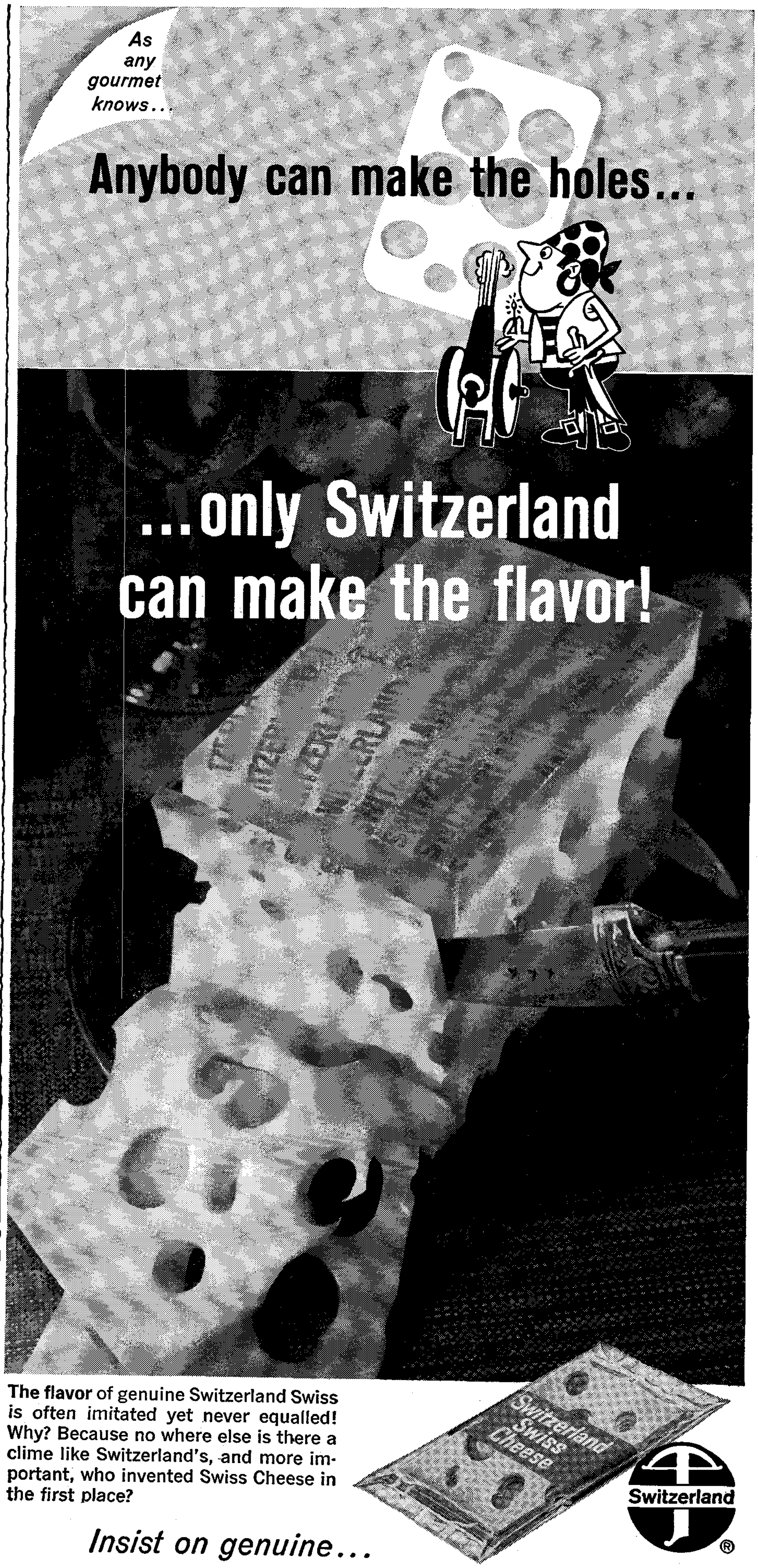
S.S. UNITED STATES
S.S. AMERICA

UNITED STATES LINES

largely succeeds in reducing the manifold complexities of the subject to a rich and subtle order. In this process, Professor Hofstadter himself reveals a variety of intellect that is as valuable as it is scarce. Skeptical, exact, and humane, his intelligence strives always for a just balance between the claims of the intellectuals, who are overinclined to regard themselves as vessels of pure light, struggling to survive in the clamorous national darkness, and the entirely human concerns of the anti-intellectuals, whose own claims commonly are too absurd to require discounting but whose anxieties and attachments often are worthy of a better voice. It is greatly to the credit of the author, as a stylist and thinker, that he provides this voice when the need arises, and invests it with his own eloquence. He has grouped the bulk of his material into four separate and parallel studies. In the first of these, he traces the religious component of anti-intellectual thought from the sturdy revivalists of Colonial times to the doubtfully Christian crusaders against Communism of the present. In the second, he observes the paradoxical rise of a contempt for intellect in the political life of a country whose very Constitution was the creation of intellectuals. In the third, he ponders the anti-intellectualism implicit in the American passion for practicality, chiefly as it is expressed by businessmen. In the fourth, he surveys the effects of anti-intellectualism upon our school system and dwells at particular length on the astonishing achievements of those educators who are bent on "life adjustment" and who by a peculiar compound of good intentions and staggering fatuity have successfully extracted so much intellectual substance from the curriculum.

Perhaps the best way to gather some notion of the author's method and manner with this material is to settle first upon a single analysis—the one that deals with anti-intellectualism in religious thought. The American mind, Professor Hofstadter observes, was initially shaped in the mold of early modern Protestantism, and so it follows that anything tending to diminish the role of intellect in this religious sensibility would later diminish its role in secular culture. It was in the pulpit that American anti-intellectualism enjoyed its first success—even before America had arrived at its national identity. The victims of this early triumph were the learned men of the Puritan ministry.

> Like most intellectual groups, the Puritan ministry had serious faults, and these became dangerous when the ministers wielded power. But what is significant



As any gourmet knows...
Anybody can make the holes...
...only Switzerland can make the flavor!
Switzerland Swiss Cheese
Switzerland

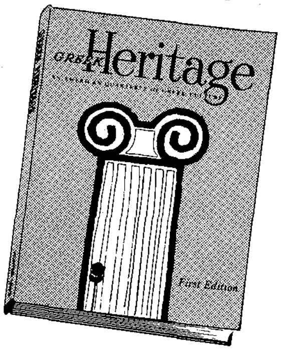
The flavor of genuine Switzerland Swiss is often imitated yet never equalled! Why? Because no where else is there a clime like Switzerland's, and more important, who invented Swiss Cheese in the first place?

Insist on genuine...

Switzerland Swiss Cheese

©1964 Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

YOU ARE INVITED TO BECOME A CHARTER SUBSCRIBER TO GREEK HERITAGE



"This is the best and most beautiful quarterly ever done on Greek culture."
—Dennis Powers—OAKLAND TRIBUNE
Edited in Athens by Kimon Friar, and hardbound like a fine book, GREEK HERITAGE brings you 6000 years of Greek classics and the best writing in Greece today.

CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION RESERVATION
To: GREEK HERITAGE, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
☐ $....Enclosed ☐ Bill me. ☐ Charge my AMERICAN EXPRESS card number.
N.Y. 71-1
Please reserve my Charter Subscription for the first four quarterly issues of GREEK HERITAGE at the special pre-publication price of $20. I understand that I need send only $5 now and will be billed for the balance only after receiving the first issue. I also understand that I may cancel my Charter Subscription reservation if the first issue does not completely fulfill my expectations.
Information about the special GREEK HERITAGE trip to Greece will be sent to Charter Subscribers. Please print.
Name......................................
Address...................................
City..............Zone....State.........

MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best
Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.
HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel

Maharas
in Cleveland for superb
CHATEAUBRIAND STEAK
and "THAT" SALAD
Convenient to Motels and Hotels

for us—and it may serve as a paradigm of the situation of the intellectual in America—is that the Puritan ministry is popularly remembered almost entirely for its faults, even for faults for which it was less culpable than the community in which it lived. It is significant, moreover, that this rather odious image of the Puritan clergy, for which the name of Cotton Mather is a byword, has dominated not only our popular historical lore but also the historical thinking of our intellectuals. The reputation of this, the first class of American intellectuals, has gone down in infamy, and subsequent generations of intellectuals have often led the campaign against them.

The decline of this estimable body of men was precipitated by the great religious awakening of the mid-eighteenth century. Among the revivalists who released the religious fervor that had lain dormant under scholarly preaching were men like Gilbert Tennent, whose ranting and stamping fairly frightened his listeners into seizures and conversions, and George Whitefield, who was credited, by a possibly envious David Garrick, with the ability to send an audience into paroxysms merely by pronouncing the word "Mesopotamia." The awakeners regarded the regular clergy not as fellow-toilers at a common spiritual task but as competitors, and poor ones. "Orthodox, Letter-learned, and regular Pharisees" was Tennent's contemptuous phrase for them, and another revivalist went so far as to burn their sermons in public, while offering rude surmises upon their prospects of salvation.

These were the excesses of the Great Awakening, and Professor Hofstadter is at pains to point out that such colleges as Princeton and Dartmouth were founded by men who had been influenced by the revivals, that the Awakening served to quicken the democratic spirit in America, and that it lent impetus to such humane movements as abolitionism. He is inexorable, however, in pursuit of his theme, and so he also observes that the Awakening first demonstrated the lively American possibilities of a perfervid evangelism divorced from intellectual discipline, and he further observes that the repudiation of secular learning, which was typical only of a minority during the Awakening, later became common in Protestantism. For in historical fact, once revivalism moved from the traditions and restraints of New England into the expanses of the advancing frontier, "it became more primitive, more emotional, more given to 'ecstatic' manifestations.' " Its audience, as the author vividly illustrates with contemporary observations, was not only unchurched but largely uncivilized and

You'll always find good skiing at Buck Hill ...only 100 miles away
Snow is made to your order on expanded ski slopes. Two Poma Lifts and heated Ski Chalet. Instruction, equipment rental. Skating and sledding. NEW at Buck Hill—an entirely new West Wing with 80 guest rooms, new dining room and fine cocktail lounge. Fully automatic elevators. Come see for yourself! Enjoy winter fun and a change of pace—only 2½ hours away.
THE INN Buck Hill Falls
IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Reservations and information: N. Y.—30 Rockefeller Plaza, CI 5-5620; Phila.—PE 5-2433.

the Hibiscus shop

in Barbados
where exciting original designs for men, women, and children (casuals, too) are custom-made in elegant imported fabrics.
PAYNES BAY, ST. JAMES

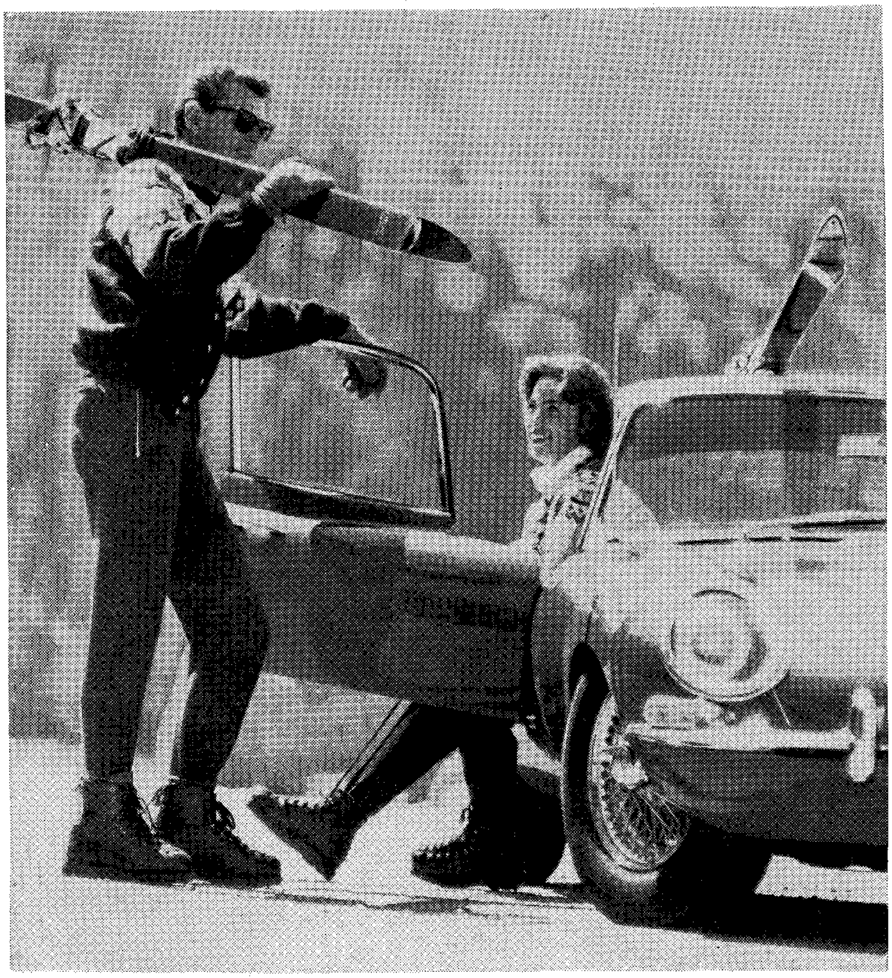
MONSIGNORE
RESTAURANT
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists Open 7 days

TOM'S Shangri-La
Res: MU 3-0996
237 MADISON AVE.
near 37th Street
Cantonese & Mandarin Cooking
3 Private Rooms for meetings & parties
AMPLE PARKING AFTER 6 P.M.

unlettered. The evangelists who harvested this territory were thus not debasing a high culture but introducing a first glimmer of civilization to regions that verged on barbarism. Nevertheless, the success of these doughty missionaries was bought at the expense of intellect in religion, for, "in general, it might be said that the congregations were raised and the preachers were lowered." The real content of religious commitment took second place to the great aim of gaining converts, and a kind of pragmatic test was applied to preaching, with success in winning souls being taken as proof of the truth of a sermon. Doctrine dwindled to dogmatic simplicities, a retreat from "worldly" studies became common among the evangelical faiths, and the way was opened to fundamentalism and the thumping of Bibles.

Professor Hofstadter then pursues the spirit of revivalism through the careers of Charles Grandison Finney, Dwight L. Moody, and Billy Sunday, limning the emergent connection between the evangelical mentality and the business mind, and noting the gradual decay of the plain vernacular style of preaching to outright slang of staggering vulgarity. "Jesus could go some," Sunday informed the multitude. "Jesus Christ could go like a six-cylinder engine, and if you think Jesus couldn't, you're dead wrong." Sunday also thought it important to share with his audience the private revelation that Jesus "was no dough-faced, lick-spittle proposition," being, indeed, "the greatest scrapper that ever lived." Beneath this truculent rhetoric, Professor Hofstadter discerns the spirit of fundamentalism at bay. As secular learning—Darwinism, for spectacular example—began to spread among the public, it inevitably fell into conflict with the unscrutinized simplicities of fundamentalist thought. The ferocity with which some fundamentalists entered into battle was a measure of their desperation, and alarming in itself.

> I do not want to suggest that a kind of quiet religious withdrawal from the mental environment of secular culture ceased to be possible; but for many combative types it ceased to be desirable. Religion, for many individuals and groups, may be an expression of serene belief, personal peace, and charity of mind. But for more militant spirits it may also be a source or an outlet for animosities. There is a militant type of mind to which the hostilities involved in any human situation seem to be its most interesting or valuable aspect. . . . One can trace in Sunday the emergence of what I would call the one-hundred per cent mentality—a mind totally committed to the full range of popular fatuities and determined that no one shall have the right to challenge them. This type



IMPORTED?

Depends on which side of the ocean you're on. At Innsbruck, Head Skis are imported. At Sun Valley, they're not. Surprisingly, more skiers buy Heads in Europe than buy the best foreign skis over here.

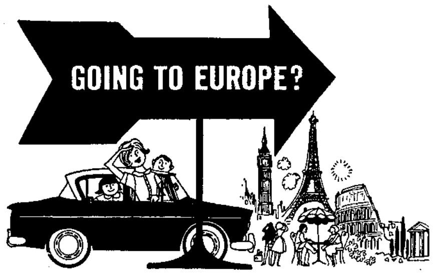
On second thought, what's surprising about it? Head Skis have changed skiing everywhere in the world . . . made it easier to learn, easier to *enjoy* than wood skis ever did for fifty centuries B.H. (Before Heads). Their burnished black beauty hides the reason why . . . performance that is merely magical.

Heads seem to adapt themselves to both the skier and the snow. They float in powder, hold on ice, track like a missile, almost turn *themselves* when you tell them to. They win confidence for the tyro, trophies for the pro, years of fun for all fanatics in between.

If you want to import Heads, go to Europe. If you prefer to buy them duty-free, go to the finest ski shop in your area and ask for a pair of great skis.

Olympic poster, anyone? For a full-size, full-color version of our new ski poster pictured here, mail 50c to Head Ski Company, Inc., 53 W. Aylesbury Road, Timonium, Maryland, U.S.A. We'll send along definitive data on all Head Skis . . . Standard, Shortski, Deep Powder (each $98.50), Master ($119.50), Vector ($132.50), Competition ($142.50), Youngster's Competition ($112.50). Plus poles ($24.50). Available only at authorized, serious ski shops, the world over.

. . . *and who makes great skis?* HEAD *of course!*


GOING TO EUROPE?

HOW TO CUT TRAVEL COSTS

and get more fun out of your trip to Europe!

You save up to $500* on the U.S. purchase price—and cut down on car rentals, plane and rail fares when you order your new *Hillman, Sunbeam "Alpine"* or *Humber* here for delivery **overseas!** Besides, it's so much more fun to tour Europe in your **own** car. Only Rootes offers a choice of sedans, sports cars, convertibles and station wagons. All backed by a world-wide organization with delivery and service facilities in 163 countries. Liberal trade-in allowance and financing plan. See your travel agent or Hillman-Sunbeam dealer today.

*Depending on which car you select.

Only Rootes offers delivery in London or Paris at the same low prices!

Ask about our Repurchase Plan

For details mail coupon today!

ROOTES MOTORS, INC. Dept. F-2
505 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. or
9830 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full details of Rootes Overseas Car Delivery Plan.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________

Goddard's
DRY
CLEAN

The Dry Clean from England

Spray on, brush off—SPOT'S GONE!

Goddard's Dry Clean is from the 120-year-old developers of the fine English Cabinet Makers Wax. A remarkable product. Almost instantly it safely removes spots and stains from clothing, wallpaper, furnishing fabrics; artificial as well as all natural fibres. Simply spray on area from aerosol container. A faint powder appears. Whisk off, stain is gone. Soil, greases, beverage, food spots disappear, leaving no ring. Indispensable for last minute spruce up. Order generous container today, $2.95 postpaid. You will be well pleased.

John Jarrell INC.

84 Broad Street, N. W., Atlanta 3, Ga.

A UNIQUE SUMMER CAMP. IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS:
MUSIC, DRAMA, FOLK DANCE
ARTS & CRAFTS, FOLK MUSIC
A special program for the talented.

For brochure write: APPEL FARM
ART&MUSIC CENTER ELMER 5, N.J.

of mentality is a relatively recent synthesis of fundamentalist religion and fundamentalist Americanism, very often with a heavy overlay of severe fundamentalist morality.

From the nineteen-thirties onward, this mentality has been an important element of the extreme right wing of American politics, and today the crusades and movements of that baroque periphery are led in general by preachers, ex-preachers, and the sons of preachers. Professor Hofstadter suggests that "one reason why the political intelligence of our time is so incredulous and uncomprehending in the presence of the right-wing mind is that it does not reckon fully with the essentially theological concern that underlies right-wing views of the world." A secular political intelligence, he says, accepts conflict as an enduring human reality, and has developed its own methods of handling the facts of conflict so as to preserve the equipoise of society. The fundamentalist mind, by contrast, sees the world as an arena for mortal combat between pure good and stark evil.

The issues of the actual world are hence transformed into a spiritual Armageddon, an ultimate reality, in which any reference to day-by-day actualities has the character of an allegorical illustration, and not of the empirical evidence that ordinary men offer for ordinary conclusions. Thus, when a right-wing leader accuses Dwight D. Eisenhower of being a conscious, dedicated agent of the international Communist conspiracy, he may seem demented, by the usual criteria of the political intelligence; but, more accurately, I believe, he is quite literally out of this world. What he is trying to account for is not Eisenhower's actual political behavior, as men commonly understand it, but Eisenhower's place, as a kind of fallen angel, in the realm of ultimate moral and spiritual values, which to him has infinitely greater reality than mundane politics.

The distance between the Puritans of Colonial New England and the John Birch Society of the present, however one chooses to measure it, is obviously immense, but Professor Hofstadter has succeeded, I think, in laying bare the historical connections. As this study is augmented by similar investigations in politics, business, and education, connections of another sort appear, and suggestive analogies begin to link together the varieties of anti-intellectual thought. We have seen, for instance, that the revivalists were inclined to repudiate learning in favor of the untutored promptings of inspiration. In politics, this impulse finds an echo among those who disdain trained political leadership and plump for the supposed intuitive, folkish wisdom of, say, the nearest convenient military hero. In business,

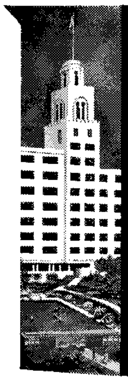
IN NEW YORK CITY
NEW
FASHIONABLE
CONVENIENT
REASONABLE

NEW—every room & suite newly decorated. Direct Dial Phones. **FASHIONABLE** — on Central Park, in the heart of New York City's plaza neighborhood. **CONVENIENT** — only blocks from midtown, steps from the Coliseum, Fifth Avenue shops. **REASONABLE**—200 singles at $12, doubles from $16.

HOME OF CAFE DE LA PAIX AND RUMPELMAYER'S

St. Moritz
ON-THE-PARK
50 Central Park South, N.Y. 19, N.Y.
PLaza 5-5800

Baltimore 752-8185	Boston HA 6-4994
Chicago 427-1107	Cleveland SU 1-0820
Detroit 962-4415	Los Angeles DU 8-1151
Montreal 866-3391	Philadelphia WA 2-4080
Pittsburgh CO 1-7191	Providence 331-3331
San Francisco EX 7-2717	Seattle MA 3-1177
Toronto 364-0764	Washington 638-4556



RETURN TO
Elegance
and enjoy the fullness of gracious hospitality at this famed resort. Private 18-hole Championship Golf Course and Club, all water sports, acres of woodland and gardens. Southern cuisine par excellence. Write for brochure (N).

THE
Edgewater Gulf
HOTEL *AND COUNTRY CLUB*
Reginald G. Nefzger, Gen. Manager
Edgewater Park, Mississippi (Biloxi P.O.)

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55 ST. JU 6-5950
daily except Sunday
luncheon
cocktails
dinner

once again, we find intellect derided in the name of a rather mysterious vision of "practicality." One begins to suspect that these are but three aspects of the single mechanism of an unexamined habit of belief.

Whenever it is possible, Professor Hofstadter allows his representative figures to speak in their own voices, and the consequent polyphony lends a peculiar depth to his demonstrations, quite as if the analytical skills of the historian were supplemented by the mimetic arts of the novelist. From these personal declarations, the reader derives a knowledge that is at once larger and more intimate than argument alone can provide. He also may find, as I did, that these anti-intellectuals commonly are entertaining company and often are very likable. Consider William Manning, an embattled farmer of North Billerica, Massachusetts, who in 1798 took pen in fist and composed "The Key of Liberty," a vividly democratic manifesto in which he argues that "the few are always crying up the advantages of costly collages, national acadimyes & grammer schooles, in ordir to make places for men to live without work and so strengthen their party." To balk the schemes of this indolent faction, Manning urged that colleges be converted entirely to the production of inexpensive instructors for the common schools, so that "we should soone have a plenty of school masters & misstrises as cheep as we could hire other labour, & Labour & Larning would be connected together & lessen the number of those that live without work." No one with any appetite for character, I submit, could altogether dislike this fatheaded old democrat. But Manning's example obliges us to recognize that much real mischief can be worked upon the intellectual life of the nation, not by men wickedly set against intelligence but by men who are acting upon the best of classic American motives. A passion for equality and a native suspicion of privilege have been the wellsprings of a great deal of anti-intellectual activity. A conviction that the citizen ought to be capable of governing all his affairs accounts for much foolish insistence on elementary solutions of complicated problems and much misplaced distrust of governmental experts. Anti-intellectualism, then, cannot be regarded as merely an incidental blot upon the American tapestry. It is, rather, the underside of the weave, and it reveals the same threads that go into so many of the bright figures of the exhibited front.

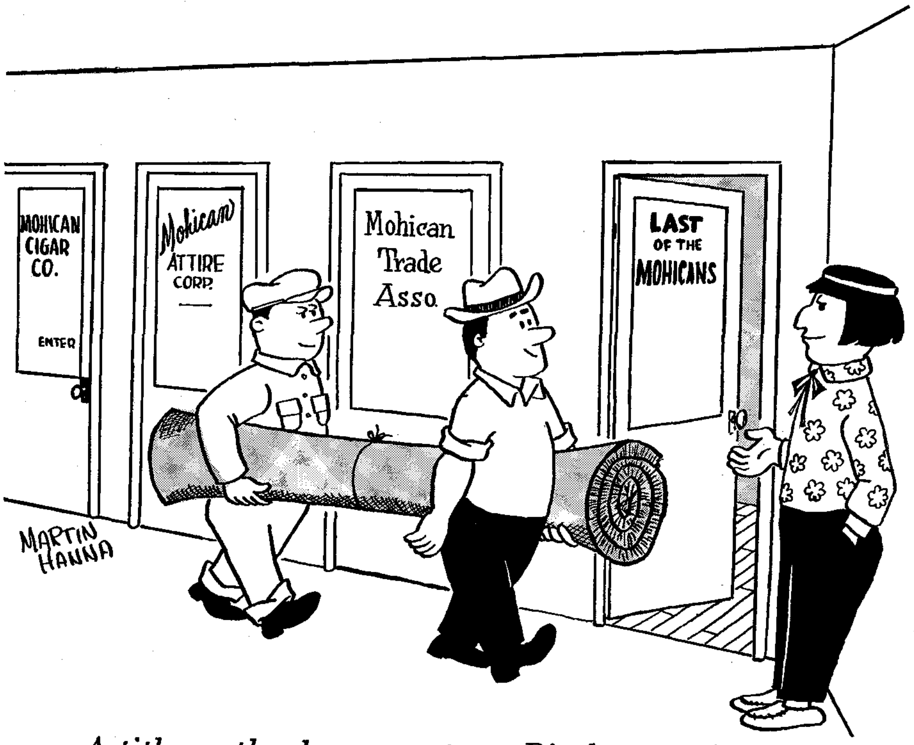
Hence, as far as possible, our anti-intellectualism must be excised from the

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

The others are not J&B rare scotch whisky

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

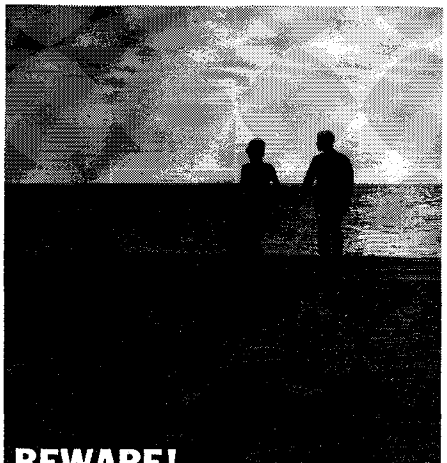
"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · THE PADDINGTON CORP., N.Y. 20


MOHICAN CIGAR CO.
ENTER
Mohican ATTIRE CORP.
Mohican Trade Asso.
LAST OF THE MOHICANS
MARTIN HANNA

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. One sure way to tell the Chief from the tribe is to look at the carpet on the wigwam floor! To give your office heap big quiet, comfort and distinction, install a beautiful Bigelow. Bigelow Carpets are available in special designs, colors and textures. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Department, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

(*Advertisement*)



BEWARE!

Aruba can be habit-forming! You'll never want to leave this Dutch West Indies isle, thanks to superb accommodations, cuisine, entertainment and dancing at the air-conditioned

ARUBA CARIBBEAN HOTEL/CASINO

For reservations, call your Travel Agent or Utell Int. in N.Y. JU 2-3780. Or write Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino, Suite 219—160 Central Park So., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8

☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include postal zone number)

benevolent impulses upon which it lives by constant and delicate acts of intellectual surgery which spare these impulses themselves. Only in this way can anti-intellectualism be checked and contained; I do not say eliminated altogether, for I believe not only that this is beyond our powers but also that an unbridled passion for the total elimination of this or that evil can be as dangerous as any of the delusions of our time.

Professor Hofstadter himself offers innumerable examples of the fine rational surgery for which he calls. There is a final irony in the reflection that the cutting edge of his thought, being bound within a book, will never be felt by those who stand most in need of it.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TRAVELLERS, by Jean Stubbs (St. Martin's). A wry, raffish little tale of the last days of an old town house in England that has fallen very far from the elegance of its youth. The floor boards are rotten and the stairs are about to collapse, but the roof is still sound enough to shelter a mixed crowd of roomers, including a very young newly married couple, Mair and Ben MacIntosh, and an exotic and meddlesome hunchback, Chantinall, who wears a long cloak and calls himself a poet. The innocent freshness of Miss Stubbs' approach to her work almost makes up for its lack of originality.

A SUDDEN WOMAN, by Christine Lambert (Atheneum). Lisa Tenant, a pretty forty-two-year-old widow who owns a successful interior-decorating business, and Doro, her seventeen-year-old daughter, enjoy a private life of remarkable peace and harmony until Doro falls passionately in love with a penniless Hungarian refugee twenty-eight years her senior. After a series of coincidences and misunderstandings, the mother and daughter become rivals for the affection of the Hungarian, who knows without a doubt which one of them he loves. This unlikely and overheated story, which is not improved by the false delicacy of the author's tone, is set in New York.

GENERAL

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES DE GAULLE, by Alfred Fabre-Luce, translated from the French by Antonia White, with an introduction by Dorothy Pickles (Praeger). This naughty French book deals with politics rather than with sex, so it has been banned in France but is available in Boston—

ANNUAL SALE at LLOYDS

Furniture & Decorations Through February 5

Once a year Lloyds goes overboard... offers dramatic savings on unusual items... gives new meaning to the word "value"... and turns normal prices topsy-turvy.

Once a year we go mildly insane... and you reap the benefits.

ALL MERCHANDISE OF THE FINEST QUALITY. AN OUTSTANDING COLLECTION OF HUNDREDS OF PIECES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, IN KEEPING WITH OUR USUAL HIGH STANDARDS

- **One-of-a-kind antiques**
- **Exceptional estate pieces**
- **Fabulous reproductions**
- **Objets d'art**

Merchandise illustrated in our catalogue is not included in the sale

LLOYDS

116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

A RINEHART SUSPENSE NOVEL

The doddering but intrepid Dr. Blow and his partner, Professor Manciple, solve still another madcap mystery!

SHE DIED BECAUSE...

By KENNETH HOPKINS, Author of "Dead Against My Principles" $3.50

HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.

GENUINE JAPANESE GRASSCLOTH

Only $4.50 Per Roll

Send 25¢ for set of color and texture samples, or visit

MAYFLOWER WALLPAPER CO., INC.

Dept. NY

363 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N.Y.

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK SUNDAYS FROM 5 P.M.

RESTAURANT Laurent

111 East 56th St • PLaza 3-2729

and everyplace else. M. Fabre-Luce imagines that, in the near future, the French President has been deposed and is being tried. Witnesses (some of them real people, others the author's creations) representing nearly every shade of French opinion testify how de Gaulle has tricked, betrayed, or disappointed them. M. Fabre-Luce's intent seems mischievous rather than savage—he teases both the General and his attackers. His book is full of truth and very funny.

Dickens and Education, by Philip Collins (St. Martin's). Another excellent book by the author of last year's excellent "Dickens and Crime." Where that work showed Dickens to have been a very inconsistent and wobbly penological reformer, this shows him to have been a much more consistent and effective educational reformer. He had a blazing hatred of any cruelty to children, and, more positively, a characteristically twentieth-century conception of the child's mind as a bud slowly unfolding, rather than an oyster to be forced. Highly recommended.

All Honorable Men, by Walter Goodman (Little, Brown). Mr. Goodman conducts us on a leisurely tour of several recent misdoings, all of them polite, by scoundrels whose immoral behavior—price-fixing conspiracies in business, influence-peddling in government, quiz-rigging in show business, and the like—has been painfully close to, or parallel with, accepted practices. The scandals, for the most part, are still fresh in newspaper readers' minds, yet, thanks to Mr. Goodman's skillful work, his collection of case histories is considerably greater than the sum of its parts. The question he asks himself, in a mood of resignation rather than rage, is whether success has spoiled practically everybody, and though his answer is yes, he assumes that his audience, at least, is still capable of spontaneous and righteous indignation.

Peace Agitator: The Story of A. J. Muste, by Nat Hentoff (Macmillan). The Reverend A. J. Muste, who turned seventy-nine this month, has devoted his life to a number of causes, including the labor movement, but above all to pacifism. His admiring biographer questions some of his hero's old opinions (Muste, who was briefly a Trotskyite, thinks he was wrong to have been one, and so does Hentoff), but he agrees with Muste's present radi-

CELEDONIO ROMERO
Mercury RECORDS
GUITAR MUSIC FROM THE COURTS OF SPAIN
NARVAEZ, VARIACIONES • MILAN, PAVANAS • VISÉE, SUITE • GALILEI, SUITE
DOWLAND, GALLIARD • SANZ, ESPAÑOLETA • RAMEAU, GAVOTTE • BACH, DANCES

SR90296/MG50296

"His sound was lushly colored, his touch impeccable, his readings alive with an extraordinary range of nuance not often found in the guitar." Time Magazine

At Philharmonic Hall, Friday Feb. 7: THE ROMEROS

If your terrace looks seedy, your windowbox weedy, and your backyard bleak—let a city man with ten green thumbs show you how to change the scene!

Nine years ago, actor Philip Truex came out from behind the footlights to set up shop on New York's Third Avenue* as that happy anomaly—a successful city gardener.

In his new book ("a masterful job"**, and the first with tested-in-Manhattan techniques) he solves every problem faced by tillers-of-the-urban soil—novice or old hand, from ground level to rooftop. 344 pages packed with sage advice, landscaping plans, lists of city-tolerant plant life, and a 60-page week-by-week almanac for city gardeners. 29 pages of line cuts, 16 pages of photographs.

The City Gardener

by PHILIP TRUEX

*It's No. 437, and you're always welcome
**New York Times
$6.95, now at better bookstores
ALFRED • A • KNOPF

Faster and Faster

According to the Naval Observatory, the earth is slowing down. In a year and a half, it lost one-tenth of a second, which is a lot to an astronomer, though not much to the rest of us.

As a matter of fact, the old globe is just about the only thing we know that is slowing down. In our business, things seem to be moving faster than ever – so fast that the financial community has been busy taking steps to keep pace with investors' needs.

For example, this year the New York Stock Exchange will introduce its new high-speed ticker, which will be capable of sending reports of transactions from the Exchange floor around the country at a rate of 900 characters per minute as compared to 500 at present.

Many brokerage houses, including Merrill Lynch, have installed electronic data processing equipment to cope with the increased volume of trading and to help with basic research. At Merrill Lynch, we have not only two IBM 7074's for those purposes but also an automatic switching system to relay many orders directly from our offices to the exchanges for faster handling. And most of our offices are equipped with new electronic desk-top devices that provide quotations and other information instantly for most listed issues and many unlisted ones.

The earth may be slowing down, but the world isn't – not so you'd notice, anyway.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

cal notions about peace. Hentoff finds the coherence in Muste's career to be a matter of temperament rather than of his doctrines; he has always been a man who wanted to do—not just be—good.

"MISTER ABBOTT," by George Abbott (Random House). The memoirs of a long-lasting (1913—) theatrical figure. Mr. Abbott in his time has played many parts—actor, director, playwright, producer, and play doctor—with considerable success. His autobiography takes a place beside such earlier Abbott hits as "Broadway," "Three Men on a Horse," and "The Pajama Game," for it is honest, informative, fast-moving, and, when it's supposed to be, funny.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND IDEAS, by John Wain (St. Martin's). Learned, opinionated, sprightly pieces on a fairly wide range of literary subjects, from Alexander Pope to George Orwell. One essay—not on literature but, rather, a personal, reflective description of a visit to India—is nothing short of wonderful.

NOTE: Scribners has published "Emblems of Conduct," a book of reminiscence by Donald Windham. A number of its chapters originally appeared in this magazine in somewhat different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD, by John le Carré (Coward-McCann). An expert thriller about the last assignment before retirement (or coming in from the cold) of a redoubtable British agent. The pace is relentless, the tone is dark and moody, the intelligence that informs it is sharp, cynical, and bitterly authoritative, and the writing is first-rate. The scene is London, The Hague, and various points of interest in East Germany.

PRISONER'S PLEA, by Hillary Waugh (Doubleday). Three years after being convicted (on the leanest of evidence) of brutally killing his wife, and almost on the eve of his execution, an introspective, chess-playing printer manages to interest Mr. Waugh's methodical Police Chief Fred C. Fellows in reinvestigating the murder. The result is absorbing, intelligent, and satisfying. The scene is a small city in western Connecticut.

•

FEMALE PUPPY. 2 oo's old. Pedigree.
—*Adv. in the Humboldt (Calif.) Standard.*

No puppy talk, please.

those who expect
the very finest
find it at the
Palm Beach Towers

In a resort fabled for its splendor and beauty, the Palm Beach Towers is considered one of the world's most luxurious hotels offering Palm Beach's finest facilities. Make Your Reservation Now!

Palm Beach Towers
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
DONALD W. PATON, Gen. Mgr.
Palm Beach –
Area Code 305, TEmple 3-5761
New York –
Area Code 212, LExington 2-8514
Convention Information on Request

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
M. Pinaud — "that charming man from the Sûreté" (N. Y. Times) — now walks
THE STREET OF GRASS by PIERRE AUDEMARS
A gripping, remarkably realistic novel of France today. $3.50
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Mrs. MacF________met Odol® in Pisa and rediscovered it in Reno.
THE SUBTLY FLAVORED SUPER CONCENTRATED MOUTHWASH THAT'S INTERNATIONAL

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

Welcome Guest The World Over!

"White Label"

DEWAR'S

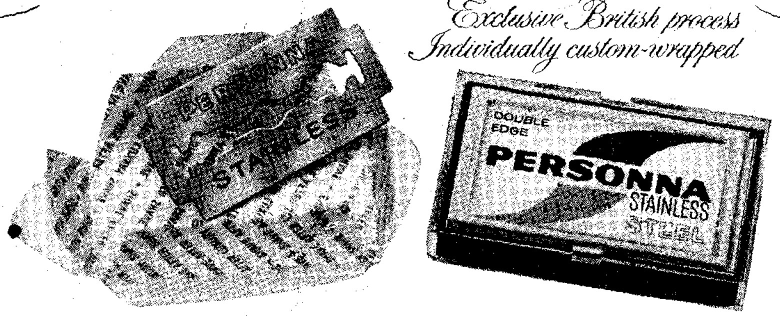
SCOTCH WHISKY

Dewar's never varies!
Dewar's
White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTLAND
86.8° PROOF

Paris plays host to the
Dewar's Highlander

SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, shown in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. #3, Schenley Imports Co., 1290 Avenue Of The Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y.© 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky.

Exclusive British process
Individually custom-wrapped


DOUBLE EDGE
PERSONNA
STAINLESS
STEEL
STAINLESS

*If Personna Stainless Steel Blades don't give you more luxury shaves than any other stainless steel blade, we'll buy you whatever blade you think is better.**

**Return unused blades to Box 500, Staunton, Va.*
© 1964 American Safety Razor Company